

Æ S O P I C K S:  
O R,  
A Second Collection  
O F  
F A B L E S,  
Paraphras'd in *Verse*, Adorn'd with  
*Sculpture*, and Illustrated with  
*Annotations*.

By J O H N O G I L B Y Esq;  
His M A J E S T Y's *Cosmographer*, *Geographick*  
*Printer*, and *Master of the Revels* in the Kingdom of  
I R E L A N D.

*Examples are best Precepts: And a Tale,  
Adorn'd with Sculpture, better may prevail  
To make Men lesser Beasts, than all the Store  
Of tedious Volumes vext the World before.*

*The Second Edition.*

L O N D O N,  
Printed by the Author, at his House in *White-Friers*.  
M. DC. LXXIII.

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To the most Illustrious Prince,  
**C H A R L E S F I T Z R O Y**  
EARL of S O U T H A M P T O N,  
Heir in Succession to the Dutchy of  
C L E V E L A N D,  
And Knight of the Most Noble Order of the *Garter* :

T H I S  
S E C O N D C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
**Æ S O P I C K S,**  
Paraphras'd in *Verse*, Adorn'd with *Sculpture*, and  
Illustrated with *Annotations* ;  
C O N T A I N I N G  
E X E M P L A R Y P R E C E P T S  
O F  
**Vertue and Morality,**  
Equally Accommodated to the Generous and Heroick  
Spirits of Noble Youth, as well as the more Serious  
Studies of the Grave and Judicious,

A R E  
M O S T H U M B L Y P R E S E N T E D,  
D E D I C A T E D, and D E V O T E D,

B Y  
His Honor's most Humble and Obedient Servant,

**J O H N O G I L B Y.**





A N N O T A T I O N S  
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*Annotations on Fab. I.*

**P**Age 2. line 2, *Orion*.] *Orion* was Son to *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury*, slain by a *Scorpion* for his insolence towards *Diana*, then assum'd into the number of *Constellations*, whereof one bears his Name. The rising of *Orion*, as well as *Arcturus*, and the *Pleiades*, presag'd Storms: *Plin.* 18. 28.

Ibid. *The Grand Hector*.] *Hector* of the Sky; for when he riseth, the Debauchery of the Heavens, and tempestuous Weather begins: As *Virg. Æneid. l. 1.*

( \* a )

*Cum*

*Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion  
In vada cæca tulit, penitûſque procacibus Auſtris  
Perque undas ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa  
Diſpult; huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris.*

When blustering *Orion* gilt the Skies,  
Tumultuous Storms us ſuddenly ſurpriſe;  
And upon dangerous Shelves, prevailing, bore;  
Onely a few were driven on your Shore.

P. 3. l. 1. *Cov'nanting.*] *Georg. lib. 1.*

—*Conjurati cælum reſcindere fratres  
Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelio Oſſam  
Scilicet atque Oſſæ frondosum involvere Olympum,  
Ter pater extructos diſjecit fulmine montes.*

The *Covenanting Brethren* thrice aſſail'd  
To pull down Heav'n, *Oſſa* on *Pelion* laid,  
On *Oſſa* green *Olympus* would have thrown:  
Thrice *Jove* with Thunder threw thoſe Mountains  
down.

*Ibid. Gyants ſlain.*] *Claudian, lib. 3. De Raptu  
ſerpina.*

—*Phlegæis ſilva ſuperbit  
Exuviiſ, totûmq; nemus victoria veſtit.  
Hic patuli riçtus, hic prodigioſa Gygantum*

*Tergo*

*Tergora dependent, & adhuc crudele minantur  
Affixæ facies truncis, immaniæque Oſſæ  
Serpentum paſſim tumulis exanguibus albet,  
Et rigide multo ſuſpirant fulmine pelles,  
Nullæque non magni jactat ſe nominis arbor, &c.*

—The Woods in Spoils *Phlegæan* Pride,  
The whole Grove Vict'ry cloath'd; Here, Gapings  
wide

Of horrid Jaws; there, Backs of hideous ſize  
Hung, and ſtak'd Faces, threatning ſtill the Skies:  
Huge Serpents Skeletons in bloodleſs Piles,  
There, bleaching white, lay in voluminous Coyls,  
Whoſe ſcaly Sloughs ſmell with Sulphureous flame:  
No Tree but boaſts ſome mighty Giant's Name.  
This, loaden, under ſtern *Ægeon* yields,  
Who uſ'd an hundred Swords, as many Shields;  
That, brags bold *Corus* bloody Spoils; this bears  
The Arms of *Mimas*; that, *Ophion*'s wears.  
But higher than the reſt, with ſpreading Shade,  
A Fir *Enceladus* Creſt and Corſlet lade,  
The Gyants King, which with its weight had broke,  
If not ſupported by a Neigh'ring Oke.  
Hence a Religious awe preſerves the Woods,  
And none dare wrong the Trophies of the Gods.

*Ibid. l. 4. Your Golden Chariot drem.*] *Juno* is ſaid  
to have her Chariot drawn by Peacocks. *Ovid. Met. l. 2.*

—*habili Satarnia curru*

• (\* a 2)

*Ingreditur*

*Ingreditur liquidum parvonibus aethera pictis.*

Hence the *Samii* have the protraiture of this Bird stamp't upon their Coins, because *Juno*, to whom this Bird is dedicated, was by them ador'd.

Ibid. l. 20. *Thee Beauty gave.*] *Ælian* saith, That this Bird was transported from the *Barbarians* to the *Grecians*; at the beginning so rare, that amongst the *Athenians* it was not to be seen without Money.

And further he relates, That *Alexander the Great* having seen this Bird among the *Indians*, was so much taken up in the admiration of it. that he laid a heavy Punishment upon all those that should dare to kill it. Whence *Martial*,

*Miraris quoties geminatas explicat alas,  
Et potes hunc servo tradere, dure, Coco?*

When thou admiring on his Wings dost look,  
Him would'st thou kill, and send unto the Cook?

Ibid. l. 21. *The Raven Fate.*] *Pierius* reports that Ravens to portend future Enmity between two Friends; wherefore he saith, That two of the Kings persecuting an Eagle which sat upon the Palace of *Augustus*, were by her cast to the Ground, even at that time when he transferr'd the Bands of the *Ten Viri* into *Bononia*; they presag'd and foretold the Civil Wars, and fatal Battel at *Philippi*.

Ibid. *The Crow Ill Luck to tell.*] *Virgil*, *Eclog. 1.*

*Sape sinistra cavâ prædixit ab Ilíce cornix.*

Ah! had we not been blind, th' unlucky Crow  
Oft from th' old Elm this Mischief did foreshow.

Ibid. l. 22. *Chief Chorister.*] *Isidorus* saith, That she is call'd *Luscinia*, as if *Lucinia*, because by her Singing she doth denote Day-breaking.

### Annotations on Fab. II.

PAG. 4. l. 2. *Patient Labor.*] *Pierius* reports, That amongst the *Greek Authors* the Ox is call'd *Γαῖον*, because he is ordain'd and appointed to labor about the Earth. The *Mathematicians* observe, That those Children which are born when the Sun enters into *Taurus*, are condemn'd to perpetual Servitude; for which cause the *Tyrians* having entred upon the Building of *Carthage*, broke off their Work upon the finding of an Oxes Head, which strange sight portended nothing but anxious Labor; until such time as they found a Horses Head, which being not long after, they renew'd their former Resolution.

Ibid. l. 11. *A wild Sooterkin.*] Of one of which kind of monstrous After-births there is an Anatomy to be seen at *Amsterdam*.

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(\* a 3 )

Pag. 5.

P. 5. l. 24. *A little Tadpoles Coach.*] Alluding to the Paraphras'd Fable of the *Frogs* inform'd that the *Sun* would Marry; beginning thus,

*Low-Country Provinces, United Bogs,  
Once Distress'd States, now Hogen Mogen Frogs, &c.*

### Annotations on Fab. III.

P. Ag. 8. l. 2. *You Asfs, come hither.*] *Ovid* brings in *Midas*, for his preferring *Pan's* Rustick Song before the Divine Hymn of *Apollo*, thus by the Gods to be punish'd; That those Humane Ears which err'd in Judgment, might be transform'd into an *Asses*.

*Ibid.* l. 3. *Reynard's a cunning Snap.*] *Horat. de Artu Poeticâ.*

*Nunquam te fallent animi sub Vulpe latentes.*

Let none thee like a cunning Fox deceive.

*Lucretius* saith, That this Creature is naturally crafty and subtle.

*Varro* saith, That such is the subtilty of this Creature, that from thence the Word *Vulpinari* was made, whic the *Greeks* call *Ἀλωπεκίζειν*.

*Ibid.* l. 20. *Leopards gaudy Spoils.*] *Oppian.*

*Vesicolor pellis nitido micat aurea fusco  
Interfusa nigris maculis candore nitente.*

The

The various colour'd Leopard's Skin behold,  
Whose black Gown shines with Silver Studs and Gold.

### Annotations on Fab. IV.

P. Ag. 10. l. 19. *Had th' Okeland Fleet.*] Alluding to *Great Britain*, in the Map form'd like an Oaken Leaf, as *Ireland* a Bear's Foot, and *Italy* resembling a Man's Leg. *Strabo.*

### Annotations on Fab. V.

P. Ag. 13. l. 5. *Republick Stork.*] *Storks* are observ'd to breed onely in Republicks, as *Venice*, *Switzerland*, *Geneva*, *Helvetia*, and the *Low Countries*.

*Ibid.* l. 15. *To a Swan.*] *Swans* are Birds-Royal, and so the King's Game.

P. 14. l. ult. *A Ballad-gagling Goose.*] Alluding to a foolish Poet, nam'd *Anser*, an Emulator of *Virgil*, whom *Servius* takes notice of in *Eclog* 7. and again in *Eclog* 9. thus he writes;

— *Argutos Anser strepit inter olores.*

— The Goose 'mongst warbling Swans appears.  
( \* a 4 ) and

and affirms, that he wrote the Acts of *Anthony*; and therefore the more maligned by our Author.

Annotations on Fab. VI.

P Ag. 16. l. 12. *Like Brussels breed.*] *Brussels* and *Geneva* famous for large Poultry.

Annotations on Fab. VII.

P Ag. 19. l. ult. *Twenty Miles out-right.*] The *Fox* is observ'd to be the subtlest Beast in preying, and most discompos'd and silly when in danger of his Life, then trusting onely to his Heels.

Annotations on Fab. IX.

P Ag. 26. l. 8. *Nor Precipices.*] The *Crabs* are observ'd at Spawning-time, in the *Western Isles*, to come down from the Mountains to the Sea in a direct Line, not baulking Houses, Rocks, or whatever obstructs their Passage.

Anno-

Annotations on Fab. XI.

P Ag. 32. l. 6. *When Bulls spur'd on.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib. 3.*

*Atque ideo Tauros procul, atque in sola relegant  
Pascua post montem oppositum, & trans flumina lata  
Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.  
Carpit enim vires paulatim, uritque videndo  
Fœmina*————

Far off the *Bulls* alone are feeding ty'd,  
Behind a Mountain, or beyond some Flood,  
Shut up at plenteous Stalls with pleasant Food :  
For seeing of the Female wastes their Strength,  
Who burning mind not Grass, nor Groves, at length;  
She with her sweet Inticements oft provokes  
Proud Rivals, till their Fury turns to Strokes.  
In pleasant Groves the Beauteous Heifer feeds;  
But they joyn Battel, and in War-like Deeds  
Gain many Wounds; their Fodies bath'd in Gore,  
Closing their Horns, most dreadfully they rore;  
The mighty Woods & Heavens vast Court resound.  
No more these Warriors Pasture in one Ground;  
Exil'd to Coasts unknown the Vanquish'd goes,  
Moaning his shame, & the proud Conqueror's blows,  
That unreveng'd from him his Love was took,  
Viewing his Stalls, and Native Realms forsook.  
Then

Then carefully recruits his Force, being laid  
 On a hard Rock, a Bed but roughly made,  
 Feeds on harsh Leaves, and bristly *Carix* eats;  
 His Horns then exercising, Anger whets  
 Against a Tree, venting on th' Air his spite,  
 Scattering the Sand, as Prologue to the Fight.  
 His Force recruited, on the Foe he sets,  
 And boldly up his careless Quarters beats.  
 As when at Sea the mustred Waves grow white,  
 And rolling from the Ocean gather height;  
 And now at Land 'gainst Rocks they strangely roar,  
 Nor less than Mountains break upon the Shore;  
 The deep Floods boyl, whirl'd with the foaming  
 And working, cast up Sand on ev'ry side. (Tide)

See *Virgil, Aeneid. lib. 12.*

*Cum duo conversis inimica praelia Tauri  
 Frontibus incurrunt, pavidi cessere magistri,  
 Stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque Juvencæ,  
 Quis pecori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur;  
 Illi inter sese multa vi vulnera miscent,  
 Cornuæque obnixi infigunt; & sanguine largo  
 Colla armosque lavant; gemitu nemus omne remugit.*

So when from *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we  
 Two Bulls engag'd in bloody Battel see,  
 Their frighted Owners fly; silent with fear  
 The Cattel stand, the Heifers doubtful are  
 Who shall Command, whom must the Herd obey;  
 They gore each other in the dreadful Fray,

Til

Till Streams of Blood their Necks and Shoulders  
 drown,  
 And echoing Woods the Bellowers Cries resound.

P. 33. l. 25. *Bitten by a Gad.*] A kind of Fly that  
 vexeth Beasts, nam'd by the *Greeks* *Oestron*, which hath  
 its signification and derivation from ὀτρυν, to be mad,  
 because it makes them furious. See *Virg. Georg.*  
*lib. 3.*

*Est lucos Silari circa, ilicibusque virentem  
 Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo  
 Romanum est; Oestrum Graii vertèrè vocantes:  
 Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterita silvis  
 Diffugiunt armenta, &c.*

A Fly about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,  
 And high *Alburnus*, green with stately Plants,  
*Asilus* call'd by Romans, but the same  
 The *Greeks* stile *Oestron*, by an ancient Name;  
 Extremely fierce and loud: whose spite to shun,  
 To sheltring Woods affrighted Cattel run, (Round,  
 And with their Bellowings strike Heavens arched  
 Which Groves, and shallow *Tanagrus* resound.  
 With this dire Monster *Junò* long ago  
 Her spite did on th' *Inachian* Heifer show:  
 This, for it rages in the scorching heat,  
 Thou must with care from teeming Cattel beat,  
 And feeding Herds, both when the Sun shall rise,  
 Or Night with glorious Stars adorn the Skies.

Anno



## Annotations on Fab. XII.

**P**Ag. 37. l. 8. *The Day of Doom.*] Which Story Germany is at large set down in that Treatise concerning the *Lutherian War*. *Sleiden*.

*Ibid.* l. 15. *When thus the King.*] See *Virg. Æneid* lib. 4.

*Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum  
Cum populant, hyemis memores, lectoque reponunt,  
Est nigrum campis agmen, prædâque per herbas  
Convectant calle angusto; pars agmina cogunt,  
Castigantque moras: opere omnis semita fervet.]*

So chearful Ants plundering a Heap of Wheat,  
And minding Winter, to their Granges get;  
The black Bands march, a Convoy guards the Sp  
Through narrow Tracts, some with joyn'd For  
toil

To bear one ponderous Grain, whilst others bea  
The tardy Troops, all Paths with Labor heat.

*Ibid.* l. 22. *Alcinous Fruit.*] See *Virg. Georg.* lib.

## Annotations on Fab. XIV.

**P**Ag. 41. l. 12. *On tender Vines.*] See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 2.

*Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris  
Ceditur, & veteres ineunt proscenia ludi.*

Onely for this Crime we on Altars pay  
Bacchus a Goat, and act the ancient Play.

## Annotations on Fab. XV.

**P**Ag. 44. l. 23. *The Rising Sun.*] The King's happy Restauration.  
P. 45. l. 7. *Two such Heçtors.*] See *Virg. Æneid* lib. 8.

— *Ductores primi, Messapus & Ufens,  
Contemptorque deum Mezentius, undique cogunt  
Auxilia, & latos vastant cultoribus agros.  
Mittitur & magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem,  
Qui petat Auxilium, &c.*

*Ann* Messapus and bold Ufens Generals were,  
With proud Mezentius, who no God did fear:

Each



Each where they Press, and empty spacious Plains  
To fill their Regiments with sturdy Swains.  
They *Venulus* send to great *Tydid*es Seat,  
Against the *Trojans* landed, Aid t' entreat;  
And tell, *Aeneas* vanquish'd Gods did bring,  
Who stiles himself, by Fates Decree, a King;  
That many Nations with the *Dardan* side,  
His Name through *Latium* spreading far and wide.  
Of such Beginnings, what may be the End;  
If favouring Fortune should his Sword attend,  
Was far more evident to him alone,  
Than to King *Turnus*, or *Latinus*, known.

## Annotations on Fab. XVI.

P Ag. 48. l. 1. When a Nod.] See Virg. *Aeneid*.  
lib. 9.

—idque ratum *Stigii* per flumina fratris,  
Per pice torrentes, atraque voragine ripas,  
Annuit, totum nutu tremefecit *Olympum*.

This by his Brother's *Stygian* Streams he swore;  
And by the Brimstone Lake, and dismal Shore,  
By the Black Gulf, and the Infernal Pit,  
Whose Nod *Olympus* shook, confirming it.

*Jupiter* is said to do all things *nutu*, with Nodding  
whence

whence the Word *Namen*, *Turneb.* l. 26. c. 30. See  
*Scaliger*, l. 5. c. 3. *Nannius Miscel.* l. 7. c. 14. observes,  
That what in Men is a Nod, in *Jupiter* and *Juno* is  
Thunder.

*Ibid.* l. 22. Headed like a Shock.] Those Household  
Gods, or *Penates*, had Humane Shapes, but Headed like  
Dogs.

## Annotations on Fab. XVII.

P Ag. 50. l. 1. Summon'd by Jove.] See *Virgil*.  
*Aeneid.* lib. 10.

*Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi;  
Conciliumque vocat divum pater, atque hominum Rex,  
Sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnes,  
Castraque Dardanidum aspectat, populosque Latinos.  
Considunt tectis bipatentibus, incipit ipse.*

Mean while Heavens spacious Court spreads open,  
The Father of the Gods, and King of Men, (when  
A Council call'd, where, from his Starry Throne,  
Th' *Ausonian* Quarters, and Beleagu'd Town,  
With the whole Worlds vast Regions he survey'd:  
Then to his House of Deities thus said.

P. 51. l. 24. Nor Rig out fifty Chambermaids a Night.]  
Alluding to *Hercules* greatest Labor, devirginating fifty  
Maids in one Night.

## Annotations on Fab. XVIII.

**P**Ag. 56. l. 8. *Though Bees boast Cælestial Race.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

*His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla sequuti,  
Esse apibus partem divina mentis, & haustus  
Æthereos dixere, &c.*

From these Examples, some there are maintain,  
That Bees derive from a Cælestial strain,  
And Heavenly Race; they say the Deity  
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and lofty Sky;  
Hence Men and Beasts, both wild and tame, derive  
And whatsoe're by breathing Air survive:  
To this they after are dissolv'd, and then  
They reassume First Principles agen:  
Nor is there place for death; their Spirits fly  
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty Sky.

## Annotations on Fab. XXIV.

**P**Ag. 75. l. 18. *Hybleans Consort.*] Which Epithet  
is deriv'd from *Hybla*, a City in *Sicily*, where  
great store of *Thyme*, which is the cause why that *Hy-*  
ney is the most pleasant.

Ibid.

*Ibid. l. 21. His Waxen Realms.*] See *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

*Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem,  
Quod nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpore segnes  
In venerem solvunt, aut fœtus nixibus edunt:  
Verum ipsa foliis natos, & suavis herbis  
Ore legunt: ipse regem parvosque quirites  
Sufficiunt, aulasque & cerca regnare figunt.*

'Tis strange that Bees such Customs should maintain,  
Venus to scorn, in wanton Lust disdain (breed,  
To waste their Strength, and without Throws they  
But cull from Leaves & various Flowers their Seed.  
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,  
Then Palaces, and Waxen Kingdom's frame.

## Annotations on Fab. XXVI.

**P**Ag. 80. l. 13. *Watches rout.*] See *Virg. Æneid. lib. 2.*

*Invadunt Urbem somno, vinoque sepultam;  
Caduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omneis  
Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia jungunt.*

They take the Town, buried in Sleep and Wine;  
They kill the Watch, and streight at open Gates  
Receive their Friends, & joyn to their known Mates.

(\* b)

Anno-

## Annotations on Fab. XXVIII.

P Ag. 84. l. 5. *Three Elements.*] The fourth Element is quite exploded by all Modern Writers.  
 Ibid. l. 8. *Its Spherick Cone.*] The Water swell above its Margents Spherically.

Ibid. l. 23. *The Austrian Eagles.*] See Bente and Famianus Strada, in their History of the Country Wars with Spain.

## Annotations on Fab. XXX.

P Ag. 90. l. 17. *A China Cacademon.*] The Indians usually paint the Devil White.

## Annotations on Fab. XXXI.

P Ag. 97. l. 13. *Like Clouds did march.*] The Clouds are observ'd to move like Clouds, step by step, as Mortals. *Virg. Æneid. lib. 1.*

*Et vera incessu patuit Dea—*

Her Garb a Goddess shews—

## Annotations on Fab. XXXIV.

P Ag. 107. l. 11. *Threw the first Stone.*] A Woman struck the first Stroke in the late Grand-Rebellion.

Ibid. l. 14. *Commers.*] Gossips.

## Annotations on Fab. XXXVII.

P Ag. 114. l. 12. *Tisiphone.*] One of the Furies of Hell, suppos'd to torment Homicides.

## Annotations on Fab. XXXIX.

P Ag. 120. l. penult. *His Mag.*] The Pedlar's Wife.

## Annotations on Fab. XL.

P Ag. 124. l. 18. *Hyenas.*] Hyenas are said to be a sort of Wolves, that counterfeit Humane Voices, and by their complaints draw Children, and the weakest of People out of Villages, and seising, make for Prey.

(\* b 2 )

Anno-

## Annotations on Fab. XLIII.

P Ag. 133. l. 26. *Hylax.*] A Shepherd's Cur.

——— *Et Hylax in limine latrat.*

. Virg. Eclog. 8.

## Annotations on Fab. XLIV.

P Ag. 136. l. 11. *A Basket in my Mouth.*] *Erasm.*  
Story of his Dog.

## Annotations on Fab. XLVI.

P Ag. 141. l. 20. *Their Indian Shapes.*] *Indians*  
always personated in the Scene in Coats of Fe  
thers.

## Annotations on Fab. XLVIII.

P Ag. 147. l. 21. *At Bacchus Festivals.*] *Virg.*  
*org. lib. 2.*

*Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris  
Caditur, & veteres ineunt proscenia ludi.*

*Pramia*

*Pramiaque ingenteis pagos, & compita circum  
Theſeida poſuere, atque inter pocula lati  
Mollibus in pratis unctos ſaliere per utres.  
Nec non Auſonii, Troja gens miſſa, coloni  
Verſibus incomtis ludunt, riſuque ſoluto.  
Oraque corticibus ſumunt horrenda cavatis:  
Et te Bacche vocant per carmina lata, tibiſque  
Oſcilla ex alta ſuſpendum mollia pinu.*

Onely for this Crime we on Altars pay  
Bacchus a Goat, and act the ancient Play.  
Then from great Villages *Athenians* haſte,  
And where the High-ways meet, the Prize is plac't:  
They to ſoft Meads, heightned with Wine, advance,  
And joyfully 'mongſt Oyled Bottles dance:  
Th' *Anſonian* Race, and thoſe from *Troy* did ſpring,  
Diſſolv'd with Laughter, Ruſtick Verles ſing;  
In Vizards of rough Bark conceal their Face,  
And with glad Numbers thee, Great *Bacchus*, grace,  
Hanging ſoft Pictures on thy lofty Pine.——

## Annotations on Fab. XLIX.

P Ag. 149. l. 7. *Ten harmleſs Shepherds.*] *Virg.*  
*Georg. lib. 2.*

*O Fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint,  
Agricolæ: quibus ipſa, procul diſcordibus armis,  
Fundit humo facilem victum juſtiſſima tellus, &c.*

(\* b 3)

O

O happy Swains, if their own good they knew!  
To whom just Earth, remote from cruel Wars,  
From her full Breasts soft Nourishment prepares,  
Although from high Roofs, through proud Arch-  
come

No Floods of Clients early from each Room,  
Nor Marble Pillars seek, which bright Shells gra-  
Gold-woven Vestments, nor *Corinthian* Brags,  
Nor white Wool stain'd in the *Assyrian* Juyce,  
Nor simple Oyl corrupt with *Cassias* use:  
But rest secure, a fraudless Life, in peace,  
Variouſly rich, in their large Farms at ease.

*Tempe's* cool Shades, dark Caves, & purling Stream  
Lowings of Cattel, under Trees soft Dreams;  
Nor lack they Woods and Dens where wild Be-  
haunt,

Youth, in Toil patient, and inur'd to want;  
Their Gods and Parents sacred; Justice took  
Through those her last steps when she Earth forsook  
Let the sweet Muses most of me approve,  
Whose Priest I am, struck with Almighty Love,

### *Annotations on Fab. L.*

P. Ag. 152. l. 13. *Arden.*] A famous Forest  
*France*, where the Lion kept his Court.

## ANNOTATIONS

ON

## ANDROCLEUS.

SECT. I. Pag. 155. l. antepenult. *Pairs of Wedded Palm.*] The Palm-trees are said to be Male and female, and are observ'd not to flourish, nor to be pregnant, unless they be in presence of each other.

P. 156. l. 10. *New-congested Drifts.*] These Drifts not onely swallow Travellers both Horse and Foot, which become afterwards to be Mummy; but whole Armies have suffer'd in this dry and dusty Deluge.

§. II. P. 158. l. 7. *Not Transmigrated be thy Soul.*] *thagoras* as not onely holding the Transmigration of the Souls of Living Creatures one into another, but also into Vegetives, and some Inanimates.

*Ibid.* l. antepenult. *Mis-ca-dits.*] The Topers.

§. III. P. 160. l. 14. *Seldom Colds attack.*] Little or no Cold in *Africa*.

*Ibid.* l. 28. *A Bi-form'd Race.*] Such as *Minotaurus*, the *Centaurus*, and the rest. *Ovid.*

§. V. P. 165. l. 12. *A Single Hand.*] Dictators, with  
(\* b 4)

with absolute Authority, always chosen in a dangerous Exigence by the Roman Senate, as *Furius Camillus*, &c.

Ibid. l. 15. *With my Phang-tooth.*] Alluding to our ancient Kings only so Sealing their Leases and Grants

§. VI. P. 167. l. 1. *Or Mutton raw.*] They eat raw Flesh, for which cause the Grecians call them *Omophages*, *Omoborci*, *Omophagoi*.

§. VII. P. 169. l. 14. *Your Stomach queasie.*] The Lions prey upon Apes, but more for Physick than for Nourishment. *Ælianus*.

§. VIII. P. 170. l. 19. *Arm'd with my Lench and Aule.*] *Homer's Odys.* lib. 11.

Βαλοῖμ' αὖ ἐπ' ἄρ' αὖτις ἐὼν δ' ἡπιοέμεν ἄλλω  
Ἄνδρ' ἐπ' αὖτις ἐὼν δ' ἡπιοέμεν ἄλλω  
Ἦ πᾶσι τεύεσσι καὶ πεφ' ἡμῶν αὖτις ἐὼν.

*Achilles* Ghost to *Ulysses* in the *Elysian* Shades :

*I rather would a Rustick be, and serve  
A Swain for Hire, ready almost to serve,  
And living be 'mongst all Misfortunes hurl'd,  
Than dead, an Emperor in this shady World.*

Pag. 171. l. 21. *King Amasis.*] *Amasis* King of *Egypt*, Transform'd into a Lion. *Philostatus*.

§. IX. Pag. 174. l. 15. *Alcides had been thrice strong.*

*strong.*] Alluding to the *Nemean* Lion's Skin, which *Hercules* us'd more for a Shield, than for a Mantle, or a close fitted Habit.

§. X. Pag. 175. l. 5. *Bunch-backt Camel I had kill'd.*] Camels Flesh much lov'd by Lions; as in an Expedition of *Darius*, the Lions breaking into his Camp, slew neither Men, Horse, nor Cattel, but fell upon the Camels.

P. 176. l. 20. *Dianira's Shirt.*] A Present to *Hercules*, steep'd in *Nessus* Blood, which put on, stuck so fast, that it could not be got off without tearing the Flesh from the Bones.

Ibid. l. 23. *The Mirror.*] Glafs.

§. XII. P. 180. l. 10. *The sportive Ass to hunt.*] *Eccles.* 13. *They hate extremely wild Asses, and pursue them as a Prey.*

P. 181. l. 12. *'Gainst the King of Birds.*] The Bear being in a Tree, under the Eagles Protection.

§. XIII. P. 184. l. 6. *Unlawful Sheets.*] See *Pliny*, for the Adultery of the Lionesses with the Panther and Leopard.

Ibid. l. 11. *At her Mothers to Lie-in.*] They also endeavor to hide their Surreptitious Issue in the Adulterers Dens. *Apollonius*.

P. 185. l. 10. *My self then Disciplin'd.*] All know how the Lion stirs up his Anger, by bearing himself

§. XIV.

§. XIV. P. 187. l. antepenult. *A single Fid.*] As in *Homer's Odyssey*, lib. 8. they imitated the more especial Scapes of *Mars* and *Venus*.

§. XV. Pag. 189. l. 7. *Learned Apollonius.*] *Apollonius* famous amongst ancient Authors, for the Interpreting the several Languages of Birds and Beasts.

P. 190. l. 1. *Saye.*] A City in *Egypt*, in which King *Amasis* reign'd.

§. XVI. P. 191. l. 14. *The honor'd Bay.*] The Bay-tree suppos'd by the Ancients to be the noblest of all Plants.

P. 192. l. 7. *They truly honor'd her.*] See *Cælius*. Not only the *Egyptians*, but the *Arabians*, held *Cats* in great Veneration and Worship, mourning solemnly at their Funerals.

§. XVII. Pag. 194. l. ult. *Lawrell'd Cæsars.*] The Stamp or Impression of their then going Gold: S. Luke 20. *Whose Image or Inscription is this? viz. Cæsar's.*

P. 196. l. 4. *Unto a Fencing-Master sold.*] A Master of the *Gladiators*: A frequent Custom at *Rome*, amongst the *Hectors* and *Deboishes*, to sell themselves to practice their Art, and venture their Lives in the *Amphitheater*.

§. XIX. P. 199. l. 6. *The Cest.*] A Roman Exercise.

§. XX

§. XX. P. 201. l. 8. *Women inconstant.*]

*Varium & mutabile semper Fœmina.* Virg. l. 4.

P. 202. l. 7. *Not Marina.*] A usual Custom in the Primitive Times to alter or contract their *Christian* Names, not to be much differing from their former.

*Ibid.* l. 14. *Petitions pin.*] A Custom among the *Heathens*, to stick their Petitions upon their Idols.

§. XXII. *New-found Silk.*] Then but lately found in the time of the *Cæsars*, and rarely us'd.

*Ibid.* l. 21. *A Triclinium.*] *Triclinia*, about which in three Seats nine Persons sate, beyond which number they seldom treated, according to the Juncto of the *Muses*; nor seldom fewer than three, the number of the *Graces*.

P. 207. l. 10. *Gems Stars out-vy'd.*]

*Hic petit excidiis verbem, miserosque Penates,  
Ut gemmâ bibat, & ferrano Dormiat ostro.* Georg. l. 2.

§. XXV. P. 214. l. 9. *No more Gorgons.*] *Medusa's* Head, her Hairs feign'd to be Serpents, the terrible Aspect turning all that beheld it into Stone.

§. XXVI. P. 215. l. 8. *That Syren.*] See *Homer's Odyssey*, lib. 12.

First thou the *Syrens* shalt discover, which All Comers with inticing Tunes bewitch.

Who

Who their sweet Voyces hear, remind no more  
 Their Wives, their Children, nor their native shore  
 In Meadows chanting, they 'mong dead Mens Bones  
 Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Skeletons:  
 But when thou failest by them, look that there  
 Thy Followers Ears thou stop, that none may hear  
 With yielding Wax: But if thou hast a mind  
 To hear enchanting Ditties, let them bind  
 Their Hand and Foot, and with strong Cordage fast  
 About thy Middle, tie unto the Mast;  
 So thou maist hear the Syrens melting Strains:  
 But if thou shouldst command them loose thy chains  
 And set thee free, then bid them harder tie.  
 But when these dire Inchanters are fail'd by,  
 Then thee I shall not punctually instruct,  
 In th' other Course thou maist thy self conduct,  
 By little Hints, how thou maist find the way.

§. XXVIII. P. 219. l. ult. *A Heurricane.*] Blowing  
 at all the Two and thirty Points of the Compass.  
 P. 220. l. 4. *Pild up Pyramids.*] It is observ'd that  
 the furious *Heurricanes* upon the Western Coast, being  
 a Whirlwind, rolls not the Seas in long Billows, but  
 heaps them up in spiry Pyramids.

# ANNOTATIONS

ON

## The Ephesian Matron.

**T**He first Author of this Story was the most witty Pe-  
 tronius, in his *Satyricon*; and from him many  
 others have made use of it: amongst whom, *Johannes Sa-*  
*isburyensis*, *Polycrat. lib. 8. cites one Flavianus, who*  
*affirms it really hapned at Ephesus, and that the Woman*  
*suffer'd the deserved Punishment of her Impiety and Adul-*  
*tery.*

§. I. P. 229. l. 1. *At Ephesus.*] *Ephesus* is by *Pliny*  
 call'd one of the Eyes of *Asia*, taking *Miletus* for the  
 other, likely, those two being by *Strabo* reputed the best  
 and noblest Cities of *Asia*, and *Ephesus* the chiefest  
 Place of Trade.

*Ibid. l. 2. Diana's Temple crown'd.*] The Temple  
 of *Diana*, saith *Solinus*, was built by the *Amazons*, so  
 magnificently, that *Xerxes* burning all the other Tem-  
 ples of *Asia*, spar'd this; and by *Pliny*'s esteem'd the  
 true Wonder of Magnificence.

*Ibid. l. 4. In that Worlds Wonder.*] Commonly rec-  
 kon'd as one of the Seven Wonders of the World;  
 the other six were, The Walls of *Babylon*, The Statue  
 of

ANNO



of *Jupiter Olympius*, The Pyramids of *Egypt*, The Colossus of the Sun at *Rhodes*, The Sepulchre of *Mausolus*, and The Palace of *Cyrus*, the Stones of which were cemented together with Gold; or, as more usually, The *Pharos* at *Alexandria*.

P. 230. l. 1. *Diana's Name.*] See the latter part of the nineteenth Chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, where, besides other Instances of the Greatness of her Name there, 'tis said, *ver. 34.* That there was a cry of the whole Multitude, as of one Voice, for two Hours, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*

§. II. P. 232. l. 18. *Th' Embalmed Corps.*] That the *Greeks*, contrary to the Custom of the *Romans*, preserv'd their dead Bodies, is warranted by *Petronius*, in this Story of the *Ephesian Lady*, and maintain'd by some Modern Authors.

P. 233. l. 1. *Then Arch'd a gloomy Vault.*] That many eminent Sepulchres of this fashion yet extant, would sufficiently evince, if Authors were silent, that they were in use.

*Ibid.* l. 3. *And o're a Lodge.*] That this was a Custom, we have an Inscription to prove: *M. AURELIUS ROMANUS & Antistia chresima uxor ejus fecerunt sibi Libertis suis posterisque eorum Monumentum cum Edificio super posito, &c.*

*Ibid.* l. 5. *There to attend.*] See the Story of *Telephron*, in *Apuleius's Golden Ass*; whereby it is intimated, that dead Bodies were watch'd, to preserve them from Attempts of Witches.

§. IV.

§. IV. P. 237. l. 12. *Steal the Corps.*] The *Romans*, for Example sake, denied Burial to notorious Malefactors, and therefore set Guards to watch their Dead Bodies: Yet *Augustus* writes in his Life, That he never refus'd them to their Kindred or Friends; whence perhaps *Joseph of Arimathea* obtain'd the Body of *Christ*.

§. VII. P. 244. l. 5. *In Thrace.*] The greatest, most Northerly, and least fruitful part of *Greece*, inhabited by a hardy Prince, a Warlike and Populous Nation.

§. IX. P. 249. l. 9. *Diana's Temple burns.*] *Heraclitus*, not long after *Xerxes* had spared it, at the same time that *Alexander the Great* was born at *Pella*, set fire to it with his own Hand, as himself confess, onely to get a Name, and perpetuate his Memory; which he could not o<sup>r</sup>, though *Anlus Gellius* reports, that by a General Assembly of all *Asia* it was decreed his Name should never be mention'd.

*Ibid.* l. 10. *The Wooden Goddess.*] *Pliny*, lib. 16. 40. saith, 'Twas doubted what the Statue of *Diana* at *Ephesus* was made of, some affirming it was made of Ebony; but *Mutianus*, thrice Consul, who had late seen it, writes it was of a Vine-stock, and was never chang'd, though the Temple had been seven times Rebuilt.

*Ibid.* l. 13. *A Conqueror bringing forth.*] *Cicero* commends

32 Annotations on the Ephesian Matron.

commends *Timeus's* Wit, for that speaking of *Alexander's* being born the same Night that *Diana's* Temple was burnt, he said, 'twas no wonder, she being from home at the bringing *Olympia* his Mother to Bed, Mis-wifery being one, among others, of her Employment.

Ibid. l. 16. *To Paphos rode.*] *Paphos* did so particularly belong to *Venus*, that it was counted her Home as by that of *Virgil*, *Aeneid*. 1.

*Ipsa Paphon sublimis adit, sedesque recepit  
Lata suas.*————

The pleasing Goddess back to *Paphos* flew,  
Her own dear Seats.————

and (as *Tacitus Hist. lib. 2.*) was the place where she first came on Shore from the Sea, from whence she sprung.

Ibid. l. 20. *Transformation of Aëteon.*] *Ovid. Met. lib. 3.*

§. XVII. P. 267. l. 19. *Cynthia's Power.*] *Cynthia* is a Mountain in the Island *Delos*, where *Latona* was delivered of *Apollo* and *Diana*, whence he is often called *Cynthius*, and she *Cynthia*.

Ibid. l. 20. *Cytherea's Faction.*] *Cythera* is an Island lying between *Peloponnesus* and *Creta*, where *Venus* (as is by most deliver'd, contrary to *Tacitus*) first arriv'd from Sea in a Shell, and thence call'd *Cytherea*.

F I N I S.



I

Æ S O P ' S  
F A B L E S.

---

The Second Part.

---

F A B. I.

*Of Juno and the Peacock.*

**T**HUS on his Patroness her Bird did call,  
 O thou that Empress art of Heaven *White-*  
*hall,*  
 Whom all the Gods in their Star-Cham-  
 ber fate  
 Court and Consult, like *Jove*, or sullen Fate;  
 \* B Whom

Whom I so oft in Dangers hurry'd by  
*Orion* the grand *Hector* of the Sky,  
 The mighty *Dragon*, Great and Lesser *Bears*,  
 And all the Monsters in their several Spheres;  
 Hear my Request, lest wanting your Relief,  
 I suffocate with overcharging Grief.

Then *Juno* said, you my old Servant are,  
 And long your Business well perform'd with Care;  
 What e're you ask, assure your self of me,  
 If feasible, if in my Power it be,  
 If yet not granted by my Husband *Jove*,  
 Nor any other Deity above:

I owe you for your Service in that Night  
 When all Heavens Houses set not out one Light,  
 The Sky in Black to the Horizon hung,  
 When in a Jealous Fit mad forth I flung,  
 Hadst thou not heard his Waves my Brother rate,  
 Realms in Commotion forming to a State,  
 We in the Hurly-burly had been dipt,  
 And o're our Stern rebellious Surges shipt;  
 When with a *Canceleer* thou drew'st to Land,  
 Where his fine Mistress felt my heavy Hand:  
 No more durst she me in my Bed supplant,  
 Nor *Jove*, though arm'd with Thunder, her Gallant

Her in good humor finding, the glad Bird  
 Thus his Petition to Heaven's Queen preferr'd:

Now many Years have circling Periods fill'd,  
 Since that the summon'd Gods a Council held,  
 When *Jove* and you were Crown'd in Starrie Robe  
 O're the Cœlestial and Terrestrial Globes,

And *Saturn* fal'n, Cov'nanting Gyants slain,  
 Government chang'd, began your Silver Raig:  
 Then, Madam, I, commanded forth by you,  
 Through Milky Paths your Golden Chariot drew,  
 New Conquests visiting from Sphere to Sphere,  
 This your Livery, which now I wear,  
 Adorn'd with all Colours deck both Earth and Skies,  
 Embroider'd with an hundred *Argus* Eyes;  
 That I would prouder be of courtest Rags,  
 Than be the scorn of *Linets*, *Stares*, and *Mags*;  
 That ill-set Musick *Wrens* and *Robbins* mock,  
 That *Buzzards* make my Notes their Laughing-stock.  
 Grant me *Philomels* enchanting Voice,  
 That I may You, and Gods, and Men rejoyce.  
 Then angry *Juno*, This no farther move,  
 Singular Gifts long since were past by *Jove*,  
 Quisits, Fees, and their Etnoluments,  
 And ratified with all the Gods consents:  
 I beg what is anothers Patent wave;  
 I pray to the Eagle Strength, thee Beauty gave,  
 The Raven Fate, the Crow Ill-luck to tell,  
 That chief *Chorister* conferr'd on *Philomel*:  
 Take heed lest I transform you to a Coot,  
 And sute your Livery to your Nore and Foot.

## M O R A L.

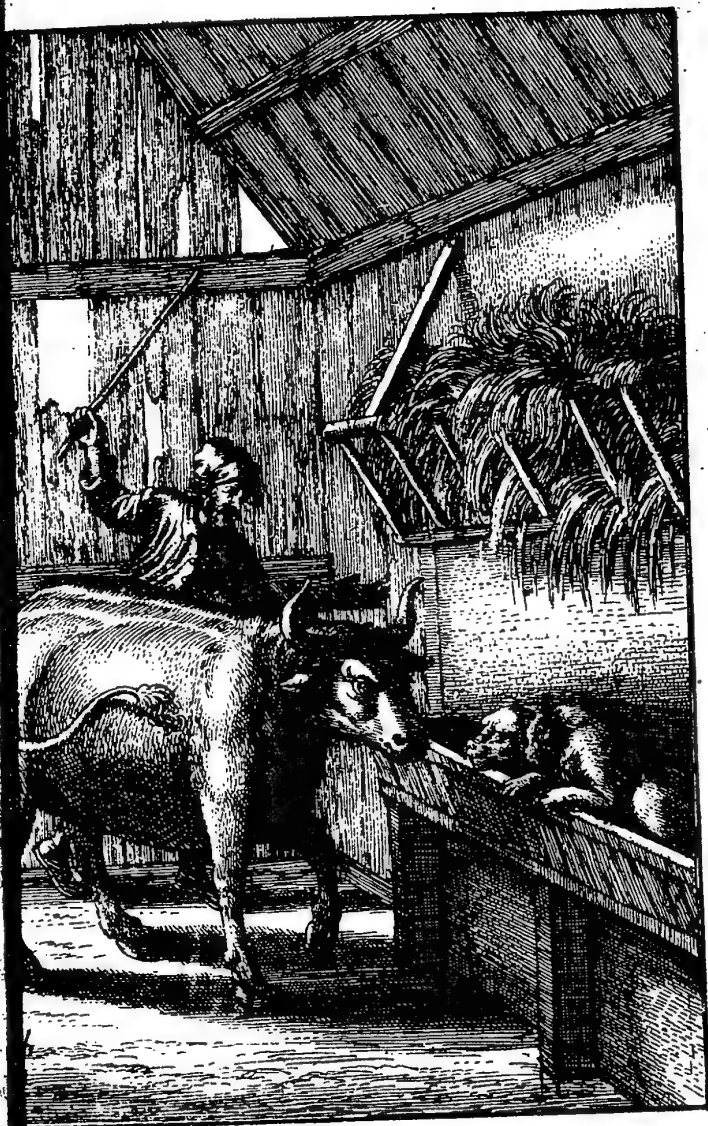
Some all Enjoyments slight; what they have not,  
 Though mean the Augmentation, must be got:  
 Those that in Felicity may dwell,  
 Of Trifles make their Heaven a Hell.

## F A B. II.

## Of the Ox and Dog in the Manger.

**T**O day this Ox gave more than ample Proofs  
 Of patient Labor by his gravell'd Hoofs,  
 His Back and Sides pink'd o're with nettring Goads  
 Turning hard Gleab in Ridges wide as Roads;  
 Who, late, and tyr'd, unyok'd went to his Stall;  
 Not doubting there he should to Supper fall,  
 Seeing full Mangers, and his well-known Place,  
 When up a Fury started in his Face,  
 Jaws dropping Foam, his fierce Eyes darting Flare  
 A cursed Cur, *Cromwell* his loathed Name;  
*Dutch Cromwell* a vile *Sooterkin* his Sire,  
 The Off-spring of a Stove and smothering Fire;  
 Whom, e're the Nurse or Midwife could attach  
 To stifle, pregnant made his Mothers Brach:  
 She in her Pangs had all the *Ufroes* help,  
 When her whole Litter prov'd this single *Whelp*,  
 Who snarling kept the Ox thus at a bay,  
 Not suffering him to touch one Lock of Hay.

Then said the troubled Ox, Pray Sir forbear,  
 I know you stand for no *Protector* here;



Why then thus drive you me from Cates prepar'd ?  
 Who toil, from Victuals should not be debar'd ;  
 Soon as the Dawn vermil'd her paler Brow,  
 and my Yoke-mate Harnes'd were at Plow,  
 Where Clods and Stones we up in Furrows tore,  
 Allow had lain at least nine Years before :  
 My Brother, quite wrought out, harass'd, and tyr'd,  
 fainting, dropt down, and suddenly expir'd :  
 They swore he fain'd, I sigh'd to see him fall,  
 yet Rest expected at his Funeral :  
 But then our cruel Goader put me to  
 double Task, the Work that both should do.

I know you at your Master's Elbow wait,  
 and seldom shift, I'm sure, an empty Plate ;  
 Now, in the Hall, Kitchen, and Larder, you,  
 besides your Vails, take more than what's your Due ;  
 Now in the Beggars Dole you go a snip,  
 and I have seen you miching after Sheep.  
 Why drive you me then from my well-known Crib,  
 and from what you disdain to touch, thus snib ?

Who growling, thus reply'd ; *Erre, erre*, I hate  
 Wretches maintain themselves by Toil and Sweat :  
 My Mother told me once, to her reproach,  
 Whelp she drew a little *Todpoles* Coach ;  
 So Idlers suffer'd in *United Bogs*,  
 where they turn Spits, draw Water, Plow with *Dogs* :  
 Those who are born to beat their Brains and Toil,  
 their Fortunes despicable are, and vile.

Whilst the poor Ox stood chewing a Reply,  
Their Master, well observing them, drew night,  
And with a Cudgel spiteful *Cromwell* bang'd,  
And after, for like Misdemeanors, hang'd.

## M O R A L.

Who others drive from that themselves not use,  
Those Dogs in Doublets, worse than Turks or Jews,  
Such cross-grain'd Curs, may they in want implore,  
Finding no Pity, Bread from Door to Door.



## F A B. III.

*Of the Leopard, the Fox, and the Ass.*

Soon as the Sun, Days glorious Lamp, arose,  
 Nights glittering Guards retir'd to their Repose,  
 The new-made Master of the Royal Game,  
 Lord *Leopard*, to a Crystal Fountain came,  
 Where he the *Fox* and *Ass* at Watering met,  
 Not of his new Employment hearing yet;  
 To whom he said, Conges forbear and Caps,  
 I hate all Complements and Formal Fops;  
 You are my Tenants, at this living Spring  
 Let's Tope a while; A Health, here's to the King,  
 Who last Night graciously my Warrant sign'd:  
 You know my Place, but I'll to you be kind,  
 Your former Walks shall all confirmed be,  
 Only my Secretary pay his Fee:  
 And since the Morning smiles, no sign of change,  
 Let's take the Air, and through the Forest range,  
 And if by chance on a Fat Buck we fall,  
 We'll share alike, and be Hail-fellows all.  
 They take his Word, at the first Motion joyn'd,  
 As if Indentures Tripartite were sign'd;  
 And singling out a well-fed Deer they slew,  
 Expecting, as agreed upon, their Due.



Then spake the *Leopard* in a rougher style,  
 You *Ass*s, come hither and divide the Spoil;  
*Reynard's* a cunning Snap; you may be Just:  
 But ah! in this bad World whom shall we trust?  
*When Beasts call'd Saints, that only have a Form  
 Of Godliness, rage with a Greedy-worm.*

The *Ass*'s Commission'd thus, as soon as said,  
 The *Quarrie* out in three Divisions laid,  
 His Honor then beseeching first to chuse.  
 A while he pondering stood, as in a muse;  
 Volleys of Oaths at last a Passage found,  
 That made Earth tremble, and the Groves resound:  
 Thus closing all; Now by the *Lion's* Head,  
 Thou wert in some malignant City bred,  
 Thus learn'st thou there to weigh out, slice, and mine  
 Thus measur'd they Rebellion 'gainst their Prince,  
 Dividing in the late unnatural Stirs  
 The *Lion's* Ermin, and his *Nobles* Furs;  
 Skinners on Stalls, took in their cruel Toils,  
 Hung *Panthers* Velts, and *Leopards* gaudy Spoils.  
 Thus raving, at the Innocent he flies;  
 Soon guiltless Blood the salvage Monster dyes.

Then turning to the *Fox*, bids him divide:  
 At his Friends Fortune strangely terrifi'd,  
 Soon as the Shares he up in one could get,  
 Himself and them casts humbly at his Feet:  
 Who smiling said, The Court you understand,  
 And Great Ones Power well as Law-Cases scan'd:  
 How could you hit, at what he shot so wide?

I took my aim from him, the *Fox* reply'd;

He

Here lies the President shall bear your Cause,  
 And fetch you off with Honor and Applause  
 In any Court, prove this a mild Rebuke,  
 And how the sawcie Beast himself mistook.

Then said the *Leopard*, You to purpose speak,  
 Lay the whole Burthen on the *Asses* Back;  
 Then shall the Country, and the City too,  
 Bring thee more Work than all the Inns can do:  
 For such a Lawyer, active, wise, and stout,  
 That labors well, can bring what's what about,  
 Blanch Crows, turn Cat in Pan a thousand ways,  
 Who will not such to Wealth and Honor raise?  
 But he whoe're to this Fat *Buck* pretends,  
 Had better, *Dam Me*, eat his Trotters ends.

## M O R A L.

'Tis dangerous to deal with Hee't'ring Lords;  
 That seldom pay but such as cary Swords;  
 Bonds, Bills, not signifie when sure's the Debt,  
 If due at l' Hombre, or a Game at Beat.

FAB.

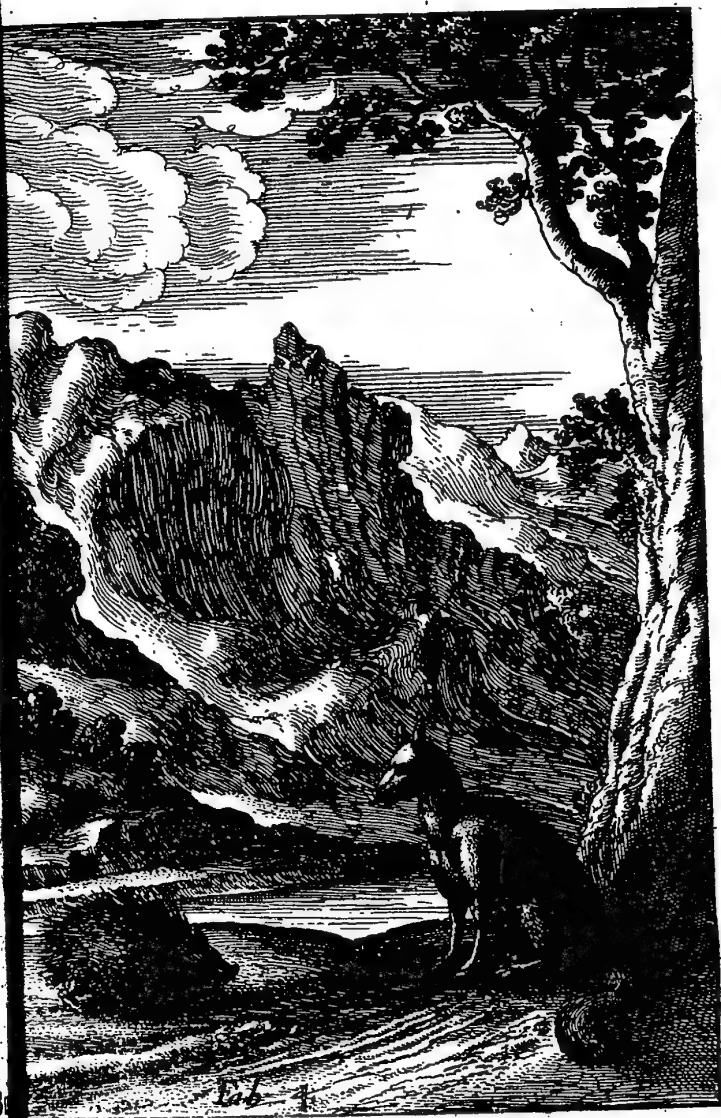
## F A B. IV.

*Of the Fox and the Porcupine.*

**S**Ir *Reynard's* Pregnant Madam now grown big,  
 Long'd to eat Swines Flesh, Bacon, Pork, or Pig;  
 T' inspect the Haslet and the bleeding Heart,  
 Else with her quickning *Embryo* she must part.  
 Thus hastned forth, to store with fresh Supplies  
 His fainting Wife, a *Porcupine* he spies;  
 Then joyful, said, What need I farther prog?  
 Yon *Urchin*, that small Parcel of a *Hog*  
 Will ease her Fit: But how shall I take in  
 This Armors Hall, this thwack'd up Magazin:  
 To Storm a Fort so Fortifi'd, decline;  
 When *Reynard* thus began to undermine.

Oft have I seen you, Sir, and wondred long,  
 How like an Army Forty thousand strong  
 You brandish't Pikes, Shafts ready drawn to shoot,  
 Would dim the Sun, and rout both Horse and Foot;  
 Such moving Towers, that so could Jav'lins spend,  
 The *Lion's* Army might entrench'd defend.

Had th' *Okeland* Fleet in every Vessel two  
 Such Engines, Quivers could unload like you,  
 Useless were bouncing Broad-sides, without noise  
 Decks would be clear'd of big-bon'd *Belgick* Boys.



But why where Quiet reigns, in such a Heat  
 Walk you the sultry Streets in Arms compleat?  
 To sweat with a Load would break a Camels Back?  
 When your grand *Cutters*, and your greatest *Heck*,  
 On each Punetilio fight as they would Play,  
 And lightly Arm'd with Whittles, Kill and Slay,  
 Divided Parties after a thrown Glas,  
 About a Straw, a Feather, or a Las,  
 Fiercely engage, and, warm with *Gallick* Boulds,  
 Tap with Steel Spigots one anothers Souls.  
 Oft as by Night Glas Windows go to wrack,  
 When they the Watch and Constable attack,  
 Though Fractures happen, and Brains beaten out,  
 Th' are not so often Routed, as they Rout.

But the *French Ape* the *Urchin Turk* o're-thre  
 Each loaden with a Magazeen like you;  
 Your *Jeffreys* mounted with short Swords and Daggs,  
 Clear'd the Campagne of Silver-crescent Flags:  
 Wear, Sir, a Vest, like Persons of your Note,  
 A golden Bauldrick over-thwart your Coat,  
 Which from Affronts you better shall secure:  
 This Load once laid aside, you'll ne're endure.

VWhen thus the surly *Porcupine* replies;  
 I smell a *Fox*; stand farther I advise!  
 No nearer draw! You like a Bailiff look,  
 And I stand charg'd upon the Taylor's Book.  
 I that have made of Alleys and By-ways,  
 Maps of this City, and no mean Essays  
 Of Places Privileg'd; each Nook and Lane,  
 A VVar Defensive better to maintain,

Hardly

Hardly will now into Arrest be gull'd,  
 By Dogs in Doublets to the Counter pull'd:  
 A Red-beard Sergeant, Pewter-button'd too!  
 More cruel are than Devil, Turk, or Jew.

## M O R A L.

*Those subtlest are, best know how to Trepan  
 Into Belief the Aprehensive Man:  
 Oft their Labors but small Audits make,  
 Duff'd by some Surly Fool, or gross Mistake.*

## F A B. V.

*Of the Swan and the Stork.*

**T**hat Formal Fowl, that Grand *Canary-Bird*,  
 Who first in our so late Rebellion stirr'd;  
 Prime Leader of the Hypocritick Crew;  
 Who Swearing hate, as much as telling True;  
 Th' Antimonarchical Republick *Stork*,  
 Steps forth be-moded, now your only Spark;  
 His Steeple-Hat reduc'd, and treacherous Ruff,  
 To a Low-Crown, short Sword, Vest, Coat, and Muff;  
 Struck into fresh Employment, new his Place  
 Chang'd, with his Habit, Character, and Face:  
 Who after Scepter-rising, Wealthy grown,  
 His Nest well Feather'd, Pluming of the Crown;  
 The long-bill'd Bird his old Note changing, sings,  
*I am the King's Canary-Bird! the King's!*  
 Who stalking through the Strand, thus to a *Swan*  
 Meeting by chance, facetiously began.

O my kind Foe, my old Antagonist,  
 We shall no more enter the Wrangling List,  
 And there in hot Disputes, and testie Jars,  
 Fight Tooth and Nail, the *Stork's* and *Eagle's* Wars:  
 I in those Counter-suffles play'd the Wag,  
 Dang'rous to whisper then, what now I brag;

I sent the King good store of Plate and Coin,  
From Friends collected, and no small part Mine;  
And now in Trust am with my Gracious Prince:

But what Preferment, Friend, may yours be since  
Your Loyal Pen not only merits Praise,  
But some Preferment, well as VVind and Bays.

Who thus reply'd, I'm glad you look so brisk;  
No danger running now the Royal Risk:  
Your Garb and Weeds are alter'd much! How big  
Your *Storkship* looks, Owl'd in a Periwig!  
But wearing Time makes Alterations strange,  
And to Extremes Fashions and Humors change.

What Crimes were Love-locks and Long Hair of  
When who-e're came before a Magistrate, (late  
Proud of exuberant Curles, his Cause, what-e're,  
Till those he had reform'd, they would not hear.  
That Frenzie o're, these Persecutors were  
Themselves not onely for a Cap of Hair,  
But ranker Harvests reapt from Damsels Heads,  
Curl'd Tresses flowing to their Girdle-steads:  
And some believe, E're long, who looks not big  
Before the Peruqu'd Bench, Wig facing Wig,  
Shall run th' old Ruffians Risk, his Knights o' th' Post  
And good Cause larded well with Bribes, be lost.

But as for me, and *Swan's* Affairs, the *Thames*  
Few *Signets* breeds, low run his famous Streams;  
Banks once resounding Notes more sweet and higher  
Than *Rome* e're boasted, or the *Grecian* Quire,  
Ring with Rhyme-dogrel, *Travesties* so loose,  
They would not serve a Ballad-gagling Goose.

No Heats of Love, no Points of Honor rage,  
But soft alternate Whinings cool the Stage;  
Deboth'd Nocturnals belch'd by toping Owls,  
Decoy in Flocks both Court and City Fowls,  
Where Heet'ring *Castrils* 'mongst young *Merlins* sit,  
Admiring Non-sense, little, or no VVit.

And you, Sir *Stork*, that hated once a Play,  
As Fiends, and Birds of Night to see the Day,  
Gin at chang'd Scenes, and edifying *Jokes*,  
Mongst Knighted *Daws*, and Parlimental Flocks.

Then said the *Stork*, Birds of my Coat and Feather,  
Like Steeple-cocks, turn round with wind and weather;  
And I that late at *Directories* sate,  
Hearing demurely tedious Pulpit-prate,  
Am pleas'd with VVit, and Sanctifie as well  
When pretty Ducklings Dance like *Mis* or *Nell*.

I care not, so my self not tumble down,  
Who gets the Best, the Copper or the Crown:  
All VVinds serve us, we Tack to every Port;  
Committee-Birds *Canary* now at Court.

Kings Chambers open lie; the *Eagle* Knights  
*Daws*, *Rooks*, and *Owls*, 'mongst gentle *Falcons*, *Kites*.

## M O R A L.

Princes should cast a serene Look on all;  
But if Preferments on the wrong side fall,  
Those who present them, lesser they should trust:  
Kings ne're, but Favorites may be unjust.



## F A B. VI.

*Of the Cramm'd Capons and the Lean one.*

Cock-chickens, *Mars* his Brood, Birds of the Game  
 By Decastration freed from *Venus* Flame,  
 And Duel-hearts ; no more these little *Hecks* :  
 Spurs yet but burgeon'd use, or tender Beaks,  
 Disputing senseless Jars on slender scores,  
 For Crums, a Barley-Corn, or vain Amours :  
 But penn'd up, live an Abby-Lubber's Life,  
 Where to be Fattest was their onely strife :  
 With Rice and Reasons cramm'd in several Pastes,  
 Large *Capons* strut with *Hogen Mogen* Wastes ;  
 Whose Leg *Pierce Plowman* would a Meal afford,  
 Like *Brussels* Breed, or a *Geneva* Bird !

Yet one of these, *Jean de Capoon*, who made  
 Them all the sport, grew pensative and sad ;  
 Feasts feed not him, he dwindling pines away,  
 Fearing that Scores would be, and Sawce to pay ;  
 This took all Rellish from his Cates and Jokes :  
 When *Jack-a-Lent*, mop't like a *John-a-Nokes*,  
 The Corpulent Fraternity thus charg'd :

What ail'st thou, that with us still over-gorg'd,  
 Liv'st at full Pleasure in a plenteous Coop,  
 Yet like the Picture dost of Famin droop :



be cur'd of Love, which keeps poor Mortals low,  
 why lookst thou like a *Rook*, or *Carrion Crow*?  
 by Mirth, that fed us more than all our Feasts;  
 inabusive, and such savorie Jests,  
 clincht Dry-bobs, nor borrow'd *Good Wits jump*,  
 is silenc'd in a Melancholy dump.

Who now grown serious, gravely thus reply'd;  
 the Steward Audits will for us provide:  
 must be backwards read, if understood;  
 Treatments signifie your Flesh and Blood:  
 on our Bodies and Estates will fall,  
 and bring us under *Premunire* all.

He then he peeps, and counts us with his Staff;  
 you may, but I small reason see to laugh:  
 his fow'r Looks I read some dire Design,  
 which makes poor *John* to languish thus, and pine.  
 Just as he spake, the *Major Domo* comes,  
 one breath thus pronouncing all their Dooms.  
*Grannie*, these *Capons* must one Charger fill;  
 that Rascal spare, but all the fat ones kill.  
 My Lord to morrow a Grand *Monsieur* Treats,  
 that Dish'd like *Larks*, on *Chapoones Boulie* eats:  
 it we must have an *Oleo*, and a *Bisk*,

or *Fin-fan Madam*, and fastidious *Brisk*,  
 stages, Grounds for Sawce, will cost my Lord  
 what a whole Month would keep a Country Board:  
 pick-peepers must be had, all sorts of Squabs;  
 for our Dames Gallants, and his Lady-Drabs;  
 they for sweet Change upon each other wink:  
 whilst Rents comes slowly in, thus flies the Chink.



This said, he *Exits*, huffing with a Curse,  
 Whilst to make ready hobbles *Granny Nurse*.

Poor *Captn John*, though for his Brethren sad,  
 This short Survey of both their Fortunes made.

## M O R A L.

*A Short Life, and a Merry, many cry;  
 Yet curse Rich Wine and Surfeits e're they die.  
 Others Long Poverty spin out till Age,  
 Their Lives whole Business scarce worth one Potage.*

## F A B. VII.

*Of the Fox and Bush.*

Wains forth, and Masters, Lords and Tenants,  
drawn,  
hall beleaguer'd e're the purpling Dawn;  
Solv'd for Injuries both to Man and Beast,  
themselves with Sport and sweet Revenge to Feast.

Reynard Alarum'd, feeling shady Roofs  
shaken with Clamors, Dogs, and thundring Hoofs,  
with mazing Terror struck, Life at the stake,  
use could of his Quirks and Quidits make;  
that his Country-Neighbors kept in awe,  
with Fox-fur only, and the Name of Law;  
Court too, so much Power and Interest gain'd,  
that some said Reynard, not the Lion Reign'd;  
no hanging on the King by either Ear,  
de Isgrim wait, Bruin his Dancing Bear,  
ending when his Leisure would vouchsafe  
ay, or their Clients might admittance have:  
now from beat-up Quarters takes his flight,  
a Course shews them twenty Miles out-right.

To him much tir'd, his Spirits almost spent,  
 A sheltring *Bush* her self seems to present;  
*Thorn-Castle*, in for safety he retires,  
 Forcing his Passage through a stand of Briers,  
 With some small buffle, and a little scratch,  
 Mastering a furlie and assiduous Watch:  
 Who when Pursuers he no more could hear,  
 His Wits recovering, stupified with Fear,  
 Thus threatned he the Captain of the Fort;

Of your Behaviour I'll inform the Court.  
 How dare you keep a Privy-Couns'lor out,  
 When open lies to Robbers your Redoubt?  
 Town-Bulls and Goats by you unquestion'd, Sin,  
 And make this Brothel-house their constant Inn;  
 To those shun Justice, or the King's Impress,  
 You grant Protection in this dark Recess:  
 But Loyal Subjects, when pursu'd by Foes,  
 Thus to their cruel Mercy you expose.

To whom the Captain of the Castle spake,  
 You are Sir *Reynard*, if I not mistake;  
 Such Counsellors the *Lion* may have store:  
 To take the Scepter, you advis'd the *Boar*,  
 His Brawny Shields with Ermine to infold,  
 And Swinish Temples Crown with Sacred Gold;  
 That Writs and Pleas might run as erst they were,  
 No matter who contaminates the Chair!  
 What *Dog*, what cursed Cur, or Hell-hound Raig,  
 So Lawyers Props and Timber-work remain'd.

corn your Threats; and though my Spear fell short,  
 With thee all these Javelins in thy Heart.

## MORAL.

The Proud and Rich, Death knocking at their Gates,  
 For a Horse will offer their Estates:  
 Fear once o're, they to themselves return,  
 uming soon their former Pride and Scorn.

## F A B. VIII.

*Of the Fox and the Crow.*

**T**His *Crow* a dainty piece of Cheese had nimm'd  
 Most Authors say, all of New-milk unskimm'd  
 But of what kind, or sort, scarce one agrees,  
 Whether our Home-made, or else Foreign Cheese:  
 Yet both Sides hearken to a Reverend *Bard*,  
 Who *Cambrian* stiles the Theft, so rank and hard,  
 Since it not melted in her Warry Mouth,  
 'Mongst humid Vapors, and the Wind at South;  
 And Smell, which through the ambient Air convey'd  
 To *Reynard's* Nostrils, so quick Passage made;  
 Whose Nose at random mounted, thence he hies,  
 And running, plots how to obtain the Prize:  
 Nor long he for the *Crow* nor Morfel search'd,  
 But found her on a Branching *Alder* perch'd.

To whom he said, O thou most Heavenly Fair,  
 Whose Plumes like *Peacocks* Train's, or Rainbows  
 Th' Embroider'd Lights and Shadows of thy Wings  
 Richer than Coronation Suits of Kings!  
 I thought you Black, when in a Mourning Gown  
 And Vizard-mask you lately came to Town:



But now that Shade and envious Curtain drawn,  
So *Venus* glitters ushering in the Dawn.

Ah could you sing ! To these add Heavenly Notes,  
Should procure you both the Houses Votes  
To be the King's *White Crow* ; He keeps fine Birds,  
That please him with new Songs, and well-set Words,  
When he from burthening Care himself unloads :  
*Musick and Beauty conquer Men and Gods.*

But, *Madam*, if at no such Heights you aim  
At first to soar, yet covetous of Fame,  
You, I'll my self, and all my Friends engage,  
To make the Prop and Glory of the Stage,  
Where in the Comick and the Tragick Scene,  
You Women shall undo, as well as Men :  
Those Days you Act, what Worlds will there resort,  
Both from the Country, City, and the Court ?

The fond Bird at the Court and Stages Name,  
Straight dreamt her self a Beauty of the Game,  
The Glory of the Scene, the King's *White Bird* ;  
*Why may not she be married to a Lord ?*

Thus wandering in her own Fools Paradise,  
Offering to Sing, down drops the savorie Slice,  
Which *Reynard* seiz'd, straight swallowing as his own ;  
Then said, Foul Witch, in that *French* Ruffet Gown,  
Hought'st thou thy self the *Phœnix* ? Ugly Toad !  
More like *Old Nick's* Niece in that mouldy Hood.

This said, he fleering, leaves her full of woe,  
Remembring then her self a Carrion Crow.

## M O R A L.

*Flattery wide Doors to Climbing Spirits opes,  
Beneath their Scorn then seem all former Hopes:  
Dreaming, to Great Preferments they aspire,  
Awak'd, with Dun, t'be Stabled in the Mire.*

FA

## F A B. IX.

*Of the Crab and her Mother.*

**H**Ad ever *Hiolding Crabs* such a *Miene* ?  
 Still hobling side-ward, thy foul Claws turn'd  
 Bale *Maggots* in a Magnifying Glas, (in !  
 Mongst *Chedar* Common-wealths, more comely Pace,  
 Conducting busie *Mites* from Grange to Grange,  
 Forts raising, or to build their New Exchange.

How wouldst thou of Step-stately Ladies learn  
 To raise a Dust, trailing thy Silken Stern,  
 Couldst thou but get into the City-Vain,  
 To trip up *Maiden*, or down *Mincing-Lane* !  
 I might be pleas'd with such a decent Sight,  
 Though Modesty be out of fashion quite.

Thus Beldam *Crab* her *Crablin* Daughter chid,  
 Because she hirpl'd as her Mother did.

When thus her ill-pac'd Little-one reply'd ;  
 Still you lie Baiting, always Braul and Chide :  
*Examples are best Precepts ; Talk's but Talk :*  
 Leave finding fault, and shew me how to Walk.

The Mother then, Daughter, y' are very short ;  
 Though Blows more fit than Words are to retort,

I'll



I'll take Advice : Come, bridle close your Chin,  
Thrust out your Breast, and keep your Belly in.

When I was Young, and Little, as thou art,  
I led a *Bevie* fir'd by *Cupid's* Dart,  
From Mountain-seats, to pay accustom'd Scores  
In *Thetis* Watry Court to brisk Amours ;  
With steady and Majestick Pace we walk'd,  
Nor Precipices, Rocks, nor Rivers balk'd,  
Ne're deviating Step, till in the Main  
Brisk Males attending us did entertain.

Come, follow me ; I once did learn to Dance,  
Walk'd stately Measures that ne're came from *France*  
The *Fairy* Court admir'd me, and *Queen Mab*  
Grew Jealous, though grown now a wither'd *Crab* :  
So ! to the Right, nor to the Left-hand swerve,  
But me your Mother punctually observe.

Th' old Beldam thus, Hip-shotten and Bunch-back  
Deny'd by Nature Amble, Trot, or Rack,  
Her Daughter taught ; to whom at last she said,  
You tread awry, and I move Retrograde ;  
My Steps like yours, as Coin drops from the Mint,  
With like Impressions yielding Sand imprint :  
But if my Observations be true,  
Court-Madams waddle now like me or you ;  
Who should Exemplars be, give others Rules,  
Waving Formalities of Boarding-Schools,  
Taking proud Freedom, scorn restraintive Law,  
Like Ships in Storms at Anchor rowl and Yaw.

No more 'gainst me and my Behavior Preach ;  
First Learn your self, and then your Daughter teach.  
*Who best are stor'd with Ignorance and Pride,  
Most others Imbecilities deride.*

## MORAL.

*Age, Youth instructs, Vices what're to shun,  
Whilst Children a're their Parents Footsteps run :  
Mothers their Daughters in the Oven find  
Where once they hid : and, Cat will after Kind.*



## F A B. X.

## Of the Bald Man and the Fly.

**T**He *Sun* and *Syrus* in Combustion joyn'd,  
 Broyl'd Rivers, and gave fiery Breath to Wind;  
 Whilst sultry Atoms moving from the South,  
 The Air inflam'd, as from an Ovens Mouth;  
 Which Heat on Broody Moisture Insects forms,  
 Buzzing about on Sarc'net Wings in Swarms.

    A weary *Swain* with sweltring Beams grown faint,  
 Ready almost in his own Brine to taint,  
 Down in a Checquering Bower and Fret-work Shade  
 Sate to repose, and by his Bonnet laid,  
 Rubs his high Forehead, where once had been Hair,  
 Now many Lustres *Oberon's* Bowling Bare;  
 Where 'mongst the fringing Purlues oft *Queen Mab*,  
 With her Gallant *Pigwigen* play'd the Drab.

On this strange Spectacle Sir *Cranion* look'd,  
 As on a Calves-head in the Shambls Cook'd,  
 By Heat, and Drought, and *Phæbus* busie Raies,  
 Made fit for his impregnating Essaies.  
 The *Fly* in high Case, novel Beauty warms;  
 They Death and Danger slight, that *Cupid* arms.



The

The fierce Amour falls on like Mad or Drunk,  
And eager thrusts in his bane-breathing Trunk.

The *Swain* at once a tickling felt, and smart,  
From Poyson of th' injected venom'd Dart;  
Plotting Revenge, the *Fly* how to dispatch,  
At once the Criminal Punish and Attach,  
He lifts his Hand up softly, with a Rap  
To dissipate him like a Butcher's Flap;  
Which coming down swift as the Ax and Lead  
That falls upon the Malefactor's Head:  
Yet he on Wings expanded makes Escape,  
Triumphing at the Bravery of the Rape,  
And that the *Rustick* he had so trepann'd,  
To make him hurt himself with his own Hand.

Then said the *Swain*, Laugh'st thou that thee I mist,  
Bruising my Forehead with my falling Fist?  
If I had catch'd thee, I had beat as flat  
Thy Boneless Body as a limber Groat;  
Thou that hast drunk my Blood, and pierc'd my Flesh;  
And thus insult'st, hadst now been made a Mesh.

Who thus reply'd, Such *Swains*, be who thou wilt,  
I scorn, not able their bald Crowns to quilt:  
Old *Daws* and wrinkled *Rooks* here sheath their Heads  
In Life-hair Peruques to their Girdle-steeds;  
But you with unthatch'd Sconce, give thanks to Fate,  
That I have done my Business on your Pate;  
Be sure your empty Noddle now is sped,  
You ne're shall want a Maggot in your Head,

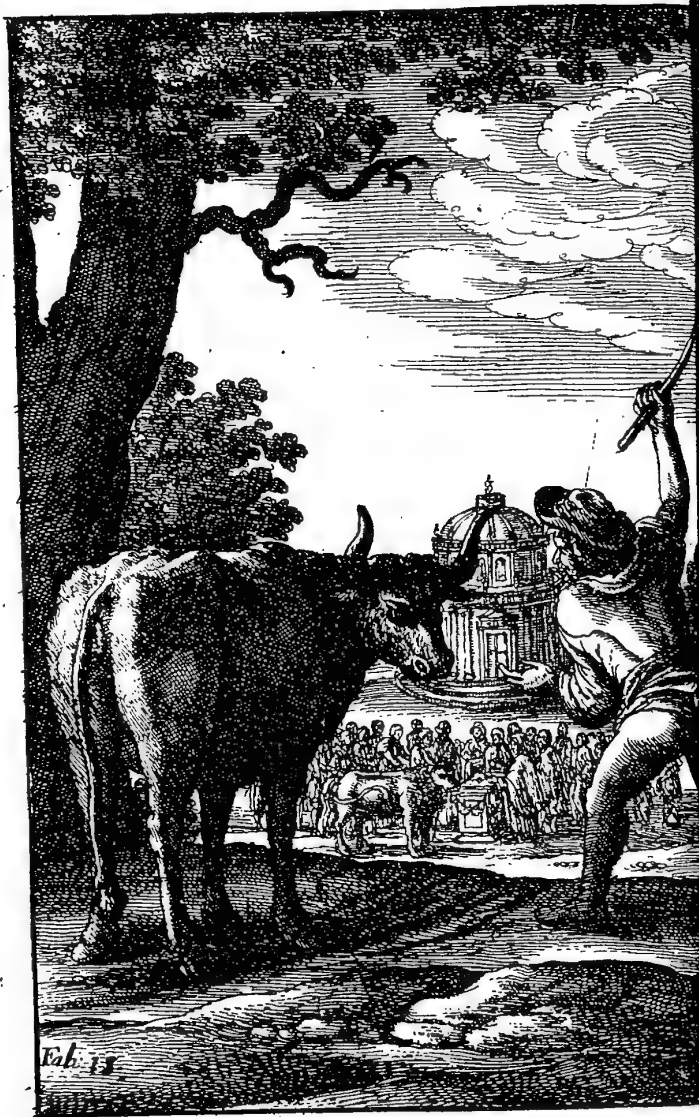
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There you will find Ingredients, that shall  
 Tickle your addle Brains both Spring and Fall.

## MORAL.

*When you enrag'd, Revenge for Injuries plot;  
 Take special care your self you Injure not;  
 Lest Scoffers fall on you with less remorse  
 Than those that can with Feering kill a Horse.*

## F A B. XI.

*Of the Rustick and his Ox.*

OH most despiteful and unworthy Beast !  
 What, wilt thou never work, yet always Feast ?  
 There must be Audits, if you'll nothing do ;  
 Or Sweat, or Pay : Why, who are you, Sir ? you !  
 Go'st thou not daily to the Eyes in Grass ?  
 What, must your Dung for Satisfaction pass ?  
 Are not your Mangers stuff'd ? brim-full your Cribs ?  
 I'll fetch my Pen'worths from these Larded Ribs.  
 Thus said the *Swain* to his *Rebellious Ox*,  
 Who Butts for Blows returns, and Spurns for Knocks.

Then spake the Beast, Art not asham'd to beat  
 Me for not Working, and our Master Cheat ?  
 How can they Service do that want their Pay,  
 Fed with Dank Provender and Musty Hay ?  
 Whilst I am sterv'd, like one of *Pharoh's* Kine,  
 What should my Belly fill, your Coffers line.  
 But this not all the Quarrel, though all truth ;  
 Thou rob'st me of my Dowcets in my Youth,  
 Which odious Injury so ill I brook,  
 That now stand by, forsooth, and onely look,

I could well wish, such my Revenge should be,  
Day through both Sides thy treach'rous Heart may see

Brave are those Flames that kindle in the Male,  
Viewing a beauteous Heifer in the Vale;  
Sure 'tis a Heavenly War, delightful Rage,  
When *Bulls*, spurr'd on by Rivalship, engage!  
The Herds amazed stand, the Grove resounds,  
The bellowing *Hectors* dealing Wounds for Wounds.

By this I might have been the *Parson's* Bull,  
And like him round, Choice Beauties pick and cull;  
Had sweet-breath'd Wives, & black-ey'd Concubines  
And a fair Issue sprung from my own Loyns;  
Who now thus live a solitary Life,  
Barr'd from the dear Enjoyments of a Wife.

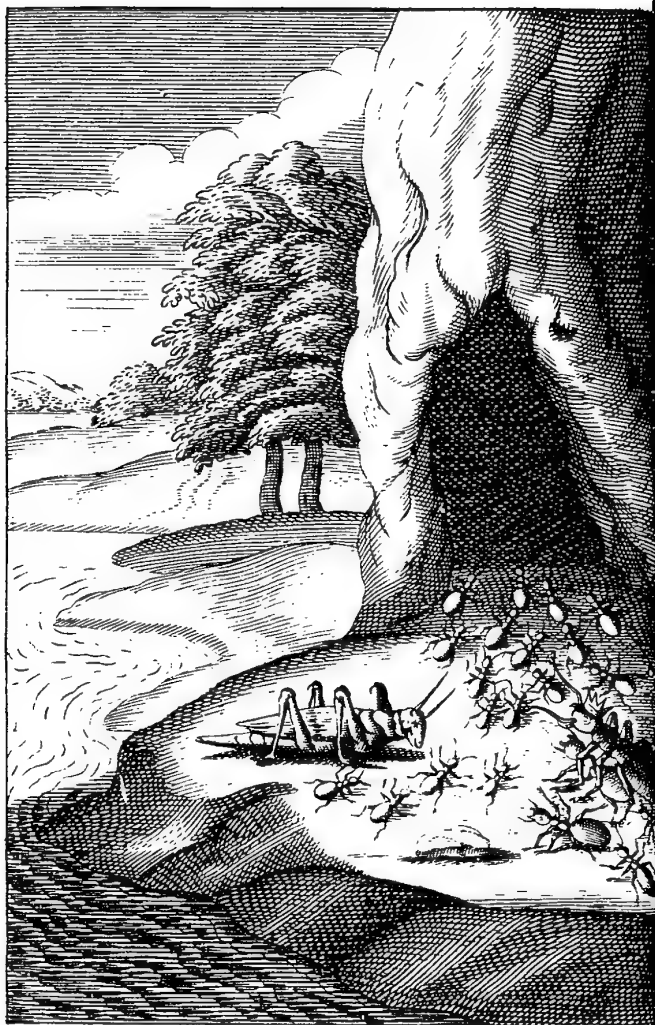
Then said the *Swain*, Fond Beast, is that the Cause  
How many know I, could they find a Clause  
To be divorc'd, their whole Estates would spend,  
Who see now of their Miseries no end!  
Hadst thou a curst Cow, though her Horns were shorn  
Evening and Morn she'll gore thee to the Heart,  
Ne'er let thee rest, until Commanding All,  
She Rule at Rack and Manger in thy Stall.  
Know thou dull Lump, know inconsiderate Ox;  
I have a Wife, am Married with a Pox;  
Who never resting, either Ear alarms  
With sudden Tempests, and assiduous Storms;  
At Promises and Marriage-Vows she spurns,  
To *Rogue* and *Rascal*, *Lord* and *Master* turns;

Law and Gospel her own Will translates:  
Cold Comforts freeze my Bed, and Frost my Cates;  
That I believe thee happier in thy Stall,  
Than I with such a Partner in my Hall.  
Once I her Bairings not so well could brook,  
Long-suffering Patience over-power'd, I struck;  
My Hand rais'd high, and with a knotty Crab,  
At once to Humble and Chastise the Drab:  
Supplied with Ale, slipp'ry the Floor, I fell,  
And streight the Devil my Wife mounts *Michael*:  
We're layd faln Husband so be-*Belzebub*'d;  
My Cheeks she Rubrick'd, and my Temples drubb'd;  
My Head new moulding, pummell'd into Pap:  
I bobbed nine days in my Considering-Cap,  
Before my Eyes beheld the blessed Day,  
Mourning in Black and Blue, on Flocks I lay;  
Thus fighting oft, I better ten to one,  
Though Arm'd with Ale, had let the Fiend alone:  
Whilst *Skimmington* my nearest Neighbor strode  
Manag'd Coll-staff, and in Penance rode.  
But one not serves your turn, a single Spouse,  
One Devil is too little for your House,  
You for a Legion are. Ah! hadst thou half  
Of mine, and shar'dst my Miseries, senseless Calf,  
Thou smarting, worse than bitten by a *Gad*,  
Wouldst, bellowing, thy Country fly Horn-mad.  
But since such *Paradoxes* you dispute,  
Art such a *Rebell*, and a Fool as boot,  
I'll beat new Principles into thy Pate,  
I'll hall from course Flesh thy duller Soul translate;

Since Decastration will not mend thy Head,  
Death shall, much better than my Marriage-bed,

## M O R A L.

*Dull are intestine Wars, and Civil Strife;  
To loud Divisions betwixt Man and Wife;  
Gentle Usurpers, mild the Tyrants Rod,  
To a Smock-rampant, and to be Hen-trod.*



12

## F A B. XII.

*Of the Ants and the Grasshopper.*

The King of *Ant-hill*, and *Pismirian* Lords,  
 Each mounted on their own peculiar Hoards;  
 So distinguish'd, Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes:  
 And not by Blazonry in Heralds Books,  
 Where Worthy Sires produce less Worthy Sons;  
 As long Patience teach unwearied Duns,  
 Whose base Mechanicks sawciness admire,  
 And Debts beseeching, Ruin'd by the Fire;  
 Who scorn all Principles accounted Just,  
 Indulging Sloth, Pride, Ignorance, and Lust.  
 But these advanc'd by Industry and Care,  
 Were to themselves both Ancestor and Heir;  
 Their Purchase for th' ensuing Winters Store,  
 Had titled them to Honors less or more.  
 An Envoy from the *Grasshopperian* States,  
 Who had Conven'd these Petty Potentates,  
 Then to the Monarch, and his small *Devan*,  
 As humbly their Ambassador began.  
*Anthillian* Sovereign, and *Emettian* Peers,  
 Rich'd with Wealth from *Ceres* Golden Ears;  
 Who in these *Penetralia's* under Ground  
 Did hear rough Winter-flaws nor Storms resound,

\* D 2

Nor



Nor Prices minding of rais'd Wood and Coals;  
 Sit warm, and feasting, cocker up your Souls:  
 Live happy still, and be for ever blest,  
 So you will pity a poor State distressed,  
 Who had, while Summer lasted, plenteous Boards,  
 Meads, Flowrie Vallies, of their own accords  
 Serv'd up choice Cates; but when the Sun declined  
 And Days did up in shorter Periods wind,  
 Ushering cold Blasts, and bleak Autumnal Showers  
 Which Trees disrob'd of Leaves, Fields of their Flo  
 Winters approach threatening to ruin all,  
 Discharg'd upon us *Jove's* cold Arsenal;  
 All Forage thus destroy'd, all Green below  
 Left naked, Penanc'd in cold Sheets of Snow;  
 All sorts of Herbage, Fruit whatever, Corn,  
 Are in by Peasants or your People born:  
 Assistance from your Granaries we crave,  
 Let not a Nation perish, you may save;  
 For which next Harvest they will make return,  
 Our lusty Long-shanks shall help in your Corn:  
 Thus grateful they propose to pay their Score,  
 And double by their Pains your next Years Store.

When the *Anthillian Heroe* thus reply'd,  
 In Summer we 'gainst Winter-storms provide:  
 How could you golden Harvest idly spend?  
 Could you believe those Joys would never end?

Who thus return'd; Sir, we were over-reach'd,  
 By one to us New-fangled Doctrine teach'd,  
 Holding forth, *Phæbus* our Protector would  
 Translate us from all Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,

*Egypt*, and the fruitful Banks of *Nile*,  
 Endless Feastings, without Care or Toil.  
 We him treated, and in Sunshine sung,  
 Living as Merry as the Day was long,  
 Expecting when a Western Wind would rise,  
 Should bear us to our promis'd Paradise:  
 But when the Time and long'd-for Hour was come,  
 That we believ'd should be the *Day of Doom*,  
 No Storm appear'd, no thick condensed Crack,  
 With Thunder rose, Heavens Turrets to attack;  
 But prov'd all Fair, so universal Clear,  
 That Day stands Crown'd the Glory of the Year:  
 For more our false Enthusiast we beheld;  
 Who us to this sad Embassie compell'd.  
 When thus the King to the starv'd Envoy said,  
 We know no Manufacture, use no Trade,  
 Spring we Sowe not, nor in Winter Reap,  
 Yet stuff'd our Granges are, our Markets cheap;  
 Rather than we would Prince implore, or State,  
 Hang poor Clients at an Emperor's Gate,  
 And my swarthy Legions should not spare  
*Delicious* Fruit, but Camps re-victual there,  
 Court-yards o're-run; our Bowels never yearn  
 At havock made, minding our own Concern;  
 Choice Plants & Flowers destroy, we ne're make halt,  
 Unless we Scalding Water feel, or Salt.  
 Say to your Lords, I not deplore their Chance;  
 You that in Summer Sung, in Winter Dance;  
 Fill your Bellies, so your Bodies arm,  
 Against Wants approaching, and th' ensuing Storm.

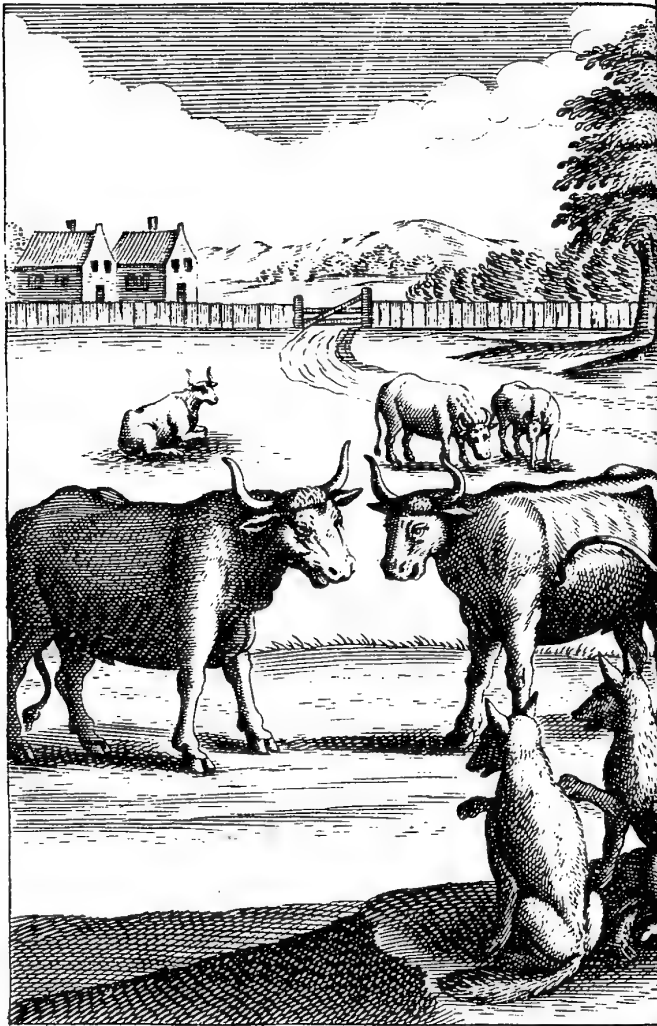


Begone, who to *Phanaticks* Credit give,  
*Fifth-Monarchy* People I shall ne're relieve;  
 Besides, you term your selves a State Distrest,  
 Antimonarchal Locusts I detest.

## M O R A L.

Some always Feast, make Court, Sing, Play, and Dance  
 And never fear the Turns of fickle Chance:  
 Provide for Age, whilst Young get Lands and Money  
 Lest Old and Poor, the Dogs do piss upon ye.

## F A B. XIII.

*Of the Ox and Steer.*

13

**T**HUS to a Labouring *ox* turn'd out to feed,  
 Himself recruiting in a Verdant Mead,  
 In Railery a well-fed Bullock said,  
 Welcom, old Uncle, you drive on your Trade ;  
 Whilst I in sweetest Grass keep Fat and Plump,  
 Your Kibs like Billows threat your Rocky Rump :  
 Why waste you thus your self, and health destroy,  
 Sweating for that which others must enjoy ?  
 Fill up your hollow Flanks, and craggy Chine ;  
 Feast all the Evening, all the Morning Dine ;  
 Powder your Hair sullied with Sweat and Dust,  
 Nor more with Back and Belly run a Trust ;  
 And though unfit to get your self an Heir,  
 Keep Company with Heifers fat and fair ;  
 Them, and their Town-Bulls, bellowing Hectors, treat,  
 So your Executors what-e're defeat :  
 And me 'mongst Madam white-fac'd Calves invite,  
 Spending your Lives remainder in Delight.  
 When gravely thus the sober *ox* reply'd,  
 Thus the Industrious, Idle Beasts deride :  
 Each guzzling Bulchin, Buffle headed Calf,  
 At all Endeavors whatsoever laugh ;

\* D 4

Business

Business they hate, pursuing no Design,  
 But what concerns the Belly, or the Groyn :  
 Rather than I my precious Time would waste,  
 And winged Minutes spur, that fly too fast,  
 Lead to *Spring-Garden*, *Mulberry* Shades, and Parks,  
 Vizard-mask'd *Heifers*, and their pye-bald Sparks,  
 Proud giggling Females still unveil'd attend,  
 And be on Duty, my Estate to spend,  
 I would endure both stinging Flies and Goads,  
 And Yoak'd, hot Summers draw in dusty Roads.

Whilst gravely thus discours'd the Lab'ring Ox,  
 The *Lion's* Purveyors, the *Wolf* and *Fox*,  
 The Prey surveying, to each other spake ;

Leave that lean Sterveling, the fat Bullock take,  
 He will become the Boyler and the Spit,  
 Or Barrell'd, help to furnish out the Fleet.

This said, the *Steer* they to a Covert drew,  
 And in the *Lion's* Name Arresting, slew.

Then *Praise-Fove Bare-bones* spake, Thou maist be  
 Poor pay no Poll-money, nor Royal-Aid, (gl  
 No Subsidies, their no-Lands raise no Tax,  
 I shall be still the same, a Labouring Ox ;  
 So long as they can thus count up these Ribs,  
 I shall in safety be at empty Cribs.

## M O R A L.

One mounted on the Wings of Youth and Wealth,  
 Ne're dreams of Poverty, or Loss of Health ;  
 Who whilst he dallying lies in Fortunes Lap,  
 The Strumpet gives her Young Gallant a Clap.



## F A B. XIV.

*Of the Lion and the Kid.*

**T**He *Lion* clem'd with Hunger, choak'd with  
 (Of all Diseases empty Boards the worst.) (Thirst,  
 On a steep Summit jutting o're the Wounds,  
 Cropping Heath-buds, and Briers, a *Kid* beholds.  
 To whom the Monarch said, My pretty *Kid*,  
 Come hither, I'm your King! Do as I bid:  
 Survey Our Plenties, see a glorious Sight,  
 To which my little Subject I invite;  
 Here Flow'ry Meads, Shades are, and Golden Plains,  
 Here Vineyards full of Walks, and winding Lanes;  
 Harsh Juniper forsake, and Bramble Boughs,  
 And here on tender Vines soft Branches brouse.  
 Why stand'st thou frighted? why look'st thou so pale?  
 To see my shaggy Main and bushie Tail?  
 'Mongst Calves and Colts, if not a Council-day,  
 Tir'd with State-works, I for diversion play;  
 The Crown-Affairs, and serious Business fours,  
 Not sweetned by some Recreating Hours:  
 He is no King that at his leisure wants  
 His Drolls, Buffoons, and fawning Sycophants,  
 Rich Wine, sweet Musick, choice of beauteous Dames,  
 To kindle, and to quench Loves pleasing Flames.

I once made Captive, driven from my Crown,  
 Was as a Wonder shew'd from Town to Town;  
 A *Lamb* and I Companions there did play,  
 To fresh Spectators the whole Summers day;  
 He my sharp Teeth not fear'd, nor griping Paws,  
 Would run his Head into my open Jaws:  
 Come, leave that barren Kock, and hungry Air,  
 And to my Palace in yon Wood repair.

Grim Sir! be you the King? The *Kid* replies;  
 Though you speak mildly, dreadful are your Eyes!  
 Should I your Favorite be, and very near,  
 I still should tremble when you, Sir, appear!  
 Princes, as well as Courtiers, now, they say,  
 Sign Debts, make Grants, Promise, and seldom Pay;  
 They talk abroad, Exchequers are lock'd up,  
 At Court no Tables, scarce a Cheering Cup:  
 Rather than to Necessities aspire,  
 I'll tarry here, and feed on humble Brier.

*Who well are settled, though in mean Estate,  
 Their chang'd Condition may repent too late.*

### MORAL.

*Better be Captain in the smallest Fort,  
 Than be Commanded in a Princes Court:  
 Yet the Ambitious, that Preferment prize,  
 Run through the meanest Offices to Rise.*



## F A B. XV.

*Of the Satyr and the Sword.*

A Satyr passant by a Forest side,  
 A *Sword* 'mongst checkring Foliage espy'd:  
 First startled at the dreadful Blade and Hilt,  
 With Antique Figures Hatch'd, and rarely Gilt,  
 Off discompos'd he drew; then undismay'd,  
 Lost Spirits recovering, thus th' Admirer said.

Wonder whate're! since I did ne're behold  
 Such dazzling Silver, nor such lightning Gold!  
 Thy Country, Name, and Character impart,  
 That thee I Value may at thy Desert.

The *Pommel* then, cast like a *Heroe's* Head,  
 From Brazen Lips with Gold enamell'd, said;  
 You see a *Sword*, an Instrument of Death!  
 This shining Coat of Steel is *Hector's* Sheath,  
 Whose Soul through several Transmigrations past,  
 Lies penn'd up in this Cut-throat Inn at last.

When first within this Iron Cage confin'd,  
 In a Monarch's Hand in Battel shin'd,  
 Pruning rank Rebels with a tender Edge,  
 That choak'd Prerogative with Privilege;

Mildly

Mildly he us'd me, lopping Weeds with care,  
 Though stubborn Traytors, they his Subjects were:  
 When fickle Fortune, who Dethrones or Crowns,  
 Kings topsie-turvie, and advanceth Clowns,  
 With a damn'd Oath, and *Covenanting Kirk*,  
 Out-weigh'd the Right, and settled a bad Work;  
 Of Royal Ermins did the Meek disrobe,  
 Seiz'd *Sword*, and Scepter, and Terrestrial Globe,  
 Whilst Deluges of Tears his Pious Soul  
 In briny Billows wasted to the Pole.

Then Guarded I a one Nights upstart *Gourds*,  
*Parliament* Govern'd without *King* or *Lords*;  
 Me from that Throng a *Copper Captain* gain'd,  
 Who Rul'd in Purple of *Three Realms* distain'd:  
 This bloody Monster, greedy of bad Fame,  
 Only of *Kingship* wanting but the Name,  
 Resolv'd to be a Monarch; when kind Fate,  
 Lest he should ancient Thrones contaminate,  
 To Seats of Furies with a Tempest hurl'd  
 This *Demi-Fiend*, and *Troubler of the World*.  
 Then Change of Government each minute spawn'd,  
 Me shuffling here and there, from Hand to Hand;  
 When from the *Rising Sun*, and Glorious Right,  
 A guilty Flyer dropt me in his Flight.

Art thou that *Hector*, said the *Satyr*, who  
 So oft the *Greeks* in that long War o'rethrew,  
 By Prowess purchasing immortal Fanie?  
 We hear that many now go by your Name,

Tha

That in the Suburbs exercise their Rage,  
 The Taverns, and the Ord'naries, the Stage:  
 Be they like you, when you embodied were,  
 Routing whole Squadrons with your single Spear?  
 If so, why thus prepare we 'gainst the tall  
*Batavians*, and their *Amadis de Gaule*?  
 Had there been two such *Hectors*, Stories say,  
*Troy* might have stood, and flourish'd to this day.

Then said the *Sword*, Those *Hectors* that are there  
 Ne're saw a Field, never in Battel were;  
 They arm'd by *Bacchus*, use for Warlike Tools  
 Edg'd Pots and Bottles, Trenchers, Chairs, and Stools:  
 One like me living, one so strong and stout,  
 Would thousands of such shadow-*Hectors* rout.  
 But here wants Time these Braggarts to unmask,  
 Their Characters would more than Volumes ask:  
 But now take Pitty, if thou hast esteem  
 For the true *Hector*, him enclos'd redeem;  
 My Brazen Head hath spoke, Time will be past,  
 This Day for my Redemption is the last:  
 Thou *Demi-Deity* me elsewhere dispose;  
*He that is more than Man, than Man more knows.*

Then said the *Satyr*, True, I have a Spell  
 Shall free thee, if thou Prisoner wert in Hell:  
 But first I'll sweat this Blade, soften the Edge,  
 And at the Point purge a Steel-powder Scege,  
 Then Vomiting, eject thee at the Hilt,  
 Go after to the Devil, if thou wilt.

This



46      ÆSOP'S FABLES.

This said, he hastens home, and kept his Word,  
Making the Sensitive a Senseless Sword.

MORAL.

*Princes to Laws and Policie may trust,  
Be Merciful, Religious, Wise, and Just:  
But Swords must stubborn Subjects keep in awe,  
All other Ties not val'd at a Straw.*

FAB.



15

## F A B. XVI.

*Of the Heathen and his Idol.*

O Thou whom 'mongst our *Lars* and *Household-gods*  
 My Ancestors transported through the Floods,  
 From burning *Troy*, and settled here to be  
 Happy in their Posterity, and thee!  
 Yet now with contrite Heart and blubber'd Eyes,  
 Though daily I Invoke and Sacrifice,  
 No Means neglected, doing what I can,  
 Want comes upon me like an Armed Man;  
 And the poor Remnant of my torn Estate,  
 One in Rebellion with the King of late,  
 Calls his Inheritance, lays Claim unto;  
 Which if he carry, me must quite undo.  
 Yet my Wife Father made a fair Accord,  
 He Purchas'd what was gotten by the Sword;  
 But scrupling Lawyers have enough pickt out  
 To put my Title and his Sale in doubt:  
 Yet I my Counsel have, and Witnesses Feed,  
 To Plead and Swear th' irrevocable Deed:  
 But ah! my Wants will serve my Cause; All's lost!  
 None *gratis* damn themselves; not *Knights o' th' Bost*:  
 Help now, or never; Help else comes too late,  
 And I must Alms craye at anothers Gate.

Thus

Thus Pray'd the Superstitious, when a Nod  
Blind Zeal presents from his consenting God.

Now joyning Issue, they to Hearing came,  
Great Concourse thither drawn by prating Fame,  
Juries impannell'd, Witness sworn, and all  
Suppos'd the Plaintiff's Cause would to the Wall;  
When his grave Counsel drew their latter Card,  
And one short Proof a well-pack'd Business marr'd,  
Faln from his Hopes, thus thrown down in a trice,  
Undone for ever, ne're again to rise,  
He from the Court went sweating in a Rage,  
On his damn'd God his Fury to assuage;  
When thus upon him the Incensed fell:

If I had serv'd the Gods, the Devil in Hell,  
With half that Zeal and Fervor thee I serv'd,  
He would not thus have left me to be serv'd,  
Turn'd out of all, naked a begging go;  
*Furies may melt, Stocks no Compassion know.*

What made my Ignorant Parents thee implore,  
And with such Reverential Awe adore?  
Whose deaf Ears Marble are, whose Bowels Rock  
A Humane shape, but Headed like a Shock.

But *Dogs-face*, now thy weakness I'll detect,  
And this foul *Form of Godliness* dissect;  
Beaten to Powder, thee I'll level lay,  
For my Undoing, and this dismal Day.

This said, he takes him, Pedestal and all,  
And with strange Fury hurls against the Wall,  
In pieces dash'd like brittle Glass, then trod  
To Mortar scatter'd Fragments of his God:

VV

When a New Light the dusty Mists unfold;  
Of the Head and Ruptur'd Belly Gold  
Verberating, rung the *Idol's* Knell,  
And Lightnings 'midst a Rubbish Tempest fell:  
Thilst through a Cloud of Witnesses he spies  
Gems, Jewels, Ingots, a no little Prize!  
Which he at first an idle Vision thought;  
Not feeling what he found, and never sought,  
He thought a Treasure, such prodigious Store,  
That those that thirst for Gold could ask no more,  
Sighing, he said, Ah miserable Hound!  
Why didst thou thus conceal what I have found?  
Wouldst not to thy Devoted, torn with Want,  
And greedy Lawyers, one small Penny grant:  
The Tythe of this had my undoing Cause  
Bought off, and me, with Honor and Applause:  
Thus recruited, I'll recover Cost,  
And all my Land in *Forma Pauperis* lost.

## MORAL:

Madness oft helps the Desperate, sometimes Chance;  
Wine Debauchery and Full Cups advance:  
We dive the Seas, search Mines, Coffers to load;  
We sell their King, and That Betrays his God.

\* E

FAB.

## F A B. XVII.

*Of Phœbus, the Covetous, and Envious Men*

**S**UMMON'd by *Jove* to his Great Council, all  
The Gods assembling in Heavens Starry Hall  
In Crystal Niche order'd Places take,  
When thus the *Sire* in nipping Language spake.

Cœlestials, Convocated here you sit,  
Enacting Things nor handsom, just, nor fit;  
You Private Piques and Self-concerns debate,  
Whilst Fallow lies the Grand Affairs of State:  
And if by chance some wholesom Laws we make  
Such care you of the Execution take,  
That *Man* our Chief Authority contemns,  
Looking on Gods as Poets idle Dreams;  
That now their Crimes reach such a Brazen Height  
Unmask'd Day sees the darkest Deeds of Night:  
Nay more, on us each Malefactor pins  
His venial, greater, and more hainous Sins:  
*Mars* protects Murther, and Rebellious Swarms  
Influenc'd by him, 'gainst Princes take up Arms:  
On *Bacchus* lay they the Abuse of Grapes;  
And *Venus* Pillows all their loose Escapes:



the City-Cheat, and High-way Robber too;  
 arms, they boast their Signatures from you:  
 With *Lampoons*, *Phæbus*, and *Barlesque* reproach;  
 and *Juno*, for *Dame Haughties* Golden Coach:  
 either scape I, that Heaven and Earth Command,  
 when surly People are to be trepann'd;  
 and destine Plots for open Actions ripe,  
 striking at Kings, that are of Gods the Type,  
 when down must come Religion, and all Laws,  
 my Name Arm they, and attest their Cause.  
 therefore let *Phæbus* take a strict Review,  
 and make Report, if what we hear be true:  
 mercy we rather would than Wrath employ,  
 to drown bad Cities, nor with Fire destroy.

The God thus order'd, leaves his shining Robe,  
 seated in Clouds, and makes the Terrene Globe  
 faster than Thought, swift as the quickest Eyes,  
 through Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks flies;  
 the Seven Deadly Champions Flags unfurl'd,  
 open Vice Encamp't about the World;  
 mingling Crimes much alike, as on a Stage,  
 he act they Comick Shifts, there Tragick Rage;  
 though he no Gyants found, 'gainst Heaven to fight,  
 Rig our fifty Chambermaids a Night;  
 Blazing Comets, Drinkers that could swill  
 whole Oceans off, and yet be Thirsty still;  
 All Well-wishers were, did what they could,  
 each where swarm'd Offenders, Young and Old.

An accurate Survey thus having made  
Of Men and Manners, to himself he said,  
Why should I more incens'd *Jove* provoke?  
I'll turn this serious Business to a Joke;  
No end of Crimes, Offenders every where,  
And several Laws sufficiently severe:  
From two comes yonder, Humane Creatures scarce  
Matter of Moment shall become a Farce;  
That spiteful Dog, and avaricious Chuff,  
Shall make for Laughter Argument enough.

To whom he said, Accept from Heaven a Grant  
That you nor yours hereafter never want:  
But he that first implores, be sure to crave  
Whole Mines of Gold, since 'tis but Ask, and Ha  
He whoe're second begs, *Jove* will not grutch  
Sums doubled; his Enjoyments twice as much.

This Riddle put the Wretches to a stand,  
That he should Happiest be, did last Demand!  
The *Avaricious* judg'd himself accurst  
To lose a Moiety by begging first;  
When double Mischief th' *Envious* thus designs,  
*Jove* take this Eye, and keep thy promis'd Mines  
Then of his Purchase let the Greedy boast,  
When I but One, and he Both Eyes hath lost.

Then *Phæbus* said, This seems a subtle Plot,  
To be both Losers, when both might have got:

this you each had Myriads enjoy'd;  
This Spiteful Wretch hath all your Hopes destroy'd,  
Hence here *Jove's* Grant, and my Commission ends:  
Andness, not Harm, to Mortals he intends.  
This said, he scales Cœlestial Aboads,  
And told this pleasant Story to the Gods.

## MORAL.

Foul Avarice with Gold and Silver nurs'd,  
Is still More yet, and never quencheth Thirst:  
The Envious Wretch, whose Eye makes others smart,  
Is hungry Adders baiting on his Heart.

\* E 3

FAB.

## F A B. XVIII.

## Of Jupiter and the Bee.

**T**He Gods thus put upon a Merry Pin,  
Wav'd pruning Vices, and vain Cure of Sin  
Remembring they themselves had often swerv'd,  
And for like Crimes just Punishment deserv'd :

When *Jove* thus spake, Lay by the Earths Affairs  
Man little for our Acts and Statutes cares ;  
*Princes Edicts not Executed, they*  
*Like Cobwebs force, and make their King's High-*  
Bring Nectral Goblets swoln above the edge ;  
Hang Business, let us Gods each other Pledge.

This said, Cœlestial Tables streight were spread  
Nectar their Tope, *Ambrosia* their Bread.

When the *Hyblean* Monarch, King of Bees,  
A Honey-comb thus *Jove* upon his Knees  
Humbly presents ; Take, Emperor of the Skies,  
A Nations Work, the load of many Thighs ;  
Extracted Quintessence from various Flowers  
Which deck *May's* Bosom, big with *April* Showers  
Their King *Grand-Bee* the Offering, soon as said,  
In humble posture at *Jove's* Footstool laid.

Who thus reply'd, I well resent your Gift ;  
Who for himself, an Infant, could not shift,





left in a *Cretan* Cave hemm'd in with Woods,  
 Obscur'd from Mortals and Immortal Gods,  
 When I for Milk, the Teat long wanting, cry'd,  
 With sweeter Food your Grandfires me supply'd;  
 Betwixt my thirsty Lips they Honey stiv'd,  
 Which my faint Spirits, nigh yielding up, re-triv'd;  
 Starving I scap'd, condemned to be slain,  
 And then a Cast-away, in Heaven now Raign.

This said, he bids streight *Ganymed* infuse  
 Amongst Coelestial, this Terrestrial Juyce;  
 Who sweet Tears crushing from the yielding Wax,  
 Of rougher *Nectar*, pleasing Liquor makes;  
 Whilst silver Foam margents the sparkling Cup,  
*Jove* he presents, *Jove* turns the Bottom up:

Thus saying, Since I Rul'd all beneath the Cope,  
 never tasted more delicious Tope;  
 Then bids him round to all the Table skink:  
 Both Gods and Goddeses much praise the Drink.

But when that *Bacchus* saw the Liquor foam,  
 firmment, he cries, *Molossus*, or else *Stome*;  
 Poor and Rich Widows smile, or mourn in Black,  
 Praising or cursing Medicated Sack,  
 Or balder'd *Gallick* Wines, that took away  
 Their poyson'd Husbands in a Drinking-day:  
 But if that you shall countenance such Trash,  
 Gods be Exemplars, tipling Balderdash,  
 Whome we will Worship, and pure Wine Adore,  
 Or eat salt Pilchers on my Altars more:

Then *Jove* reply'd, Business when we Carowse!  
 What, *Bacchus*, break the Orders of the House!

Your Grievances whate're you must report,  
When we Sit fasting in a frequent Court.

Then to the *Honey-bird* he turning, spake;  
But I this Gift of yours so kindly take,  
That you must ask what may your State improve,  
And testify Our Gratitude and Love.

When *King Hive* said, O *Jove*, if thou hast Grant  
For Insects (though *Bees* boast Cœlestial Race)  
Let not base Villagers our Stocks destroy,  
And what you so are pleas'd to like, enjoy;  
Who drown whole Nations, or with stifling Smoke  
Establish'd Kingdoms in a Minute choke,  
Sweet Treasure seize, laid up in Waxed Forts:  
Let deadly Poyson arm our little Darts,  
That if the Skin we pierce, no Scorpions bite  
Shall sooner kill, nor sharpest *Aconite*.

Then *Jove* reply'd, You know not what you ask,  
Your Malice to our Minion you unmask:  
Fool! should I grant what Man would so annoy,  
You and your Progeny soon they would destroy.  
Therefore whoc're shall Wasplish thrust his Sting  
In Humane Flesh, a Peasant, or a King,  
Disarm'd, shall turn a Drone, nor more shall toyl,  
But in Rebellion live upon the Spoil.

## M O R A L.

A handsome Treat, a Bottle of good Wine,  
May more prevail than Jewels, Plate, or Coin:  
To flowing Bowls your Business well apply'd,  
Your Suit is bad if then you be deny'd.



10

## F A B. XIX.

*Of the Covetous Man and his Goose.*

**T**hat Greedy-worm who stood in his own light,  
 And first let th' Envious ask to wreak his Spite,  
 Had now a Business fallen into his Lap,  
 That he to Fortune ought t' have veil'd his Cap,  
 Had he been thankful; but *Bad Natures will*  
*We're return Good for Good, though Ill for Ill.*  
 This answer'd all he of the Gods could beg,  
 Each day his *Goose* laid him a Golden Egg:  
 Most strange! yet true, though scarce believ'd when  
 The Yelk not onely, but the White was Gold. (told,  
 Fearing his Precious Bird, now in her Prime,  
 Might Old grow barren, and he lose his time,  
 Nor of the Blessing present Profit make,  
 His Opportunity he now will take  
 To swell his Bags, Improvements to enlarge;  
 When thus he gives his Golden Bird a Charge:  
 You daily me a handsom Egg produce,  
 For Beauty valued, else of little Use;  
 Though *Cressus* such bright Images ador'd,  
 Yet he to Iron bended, and the Sword;  
 Ah! of this gaudy Toy, to quench their Thirst,  
 Make Man unhappy, and the World accurst.

But

But to the Point; though at my own Barn-door  
 You Diet have, yet run you on the score;  
 Contrary to our Covenant, oft you get  
 Into my Corn, and spoil whole Fields of Wheat;  
 There you not onely Feast, but undertake  
 For others, which no little Havock make:  
 But howso'e're, to balance all Accounts,  
 Since not your Wages to so much amounts,  
 Double your Task, lay me two Eggs a day,  
 So will the Surplus justed Audits pay.

Then said the *Dame*, Your Judgment, Sir, consult;  
 Lay not on me a duplicated Mule;  
 Forc'd *Embryos* may your Golden Mine consume,  
 And Births imperfect perish in the Womb.

At these Words Avarice and Choler mix'd,  
 The Hinges of Right Reason quite unfix'd;  
 When thus her Death resolving on, he said,

I shall be happy, and for ever made!  
 'Tis beyond Scruple, past uncertain Hope,  
 She hath the Stone, th' *Elixir* in her Crop,  
 Or else it lodgeth in her Heart or Soal:  
 Fly Lymbecks! fly, lent Fires, and Beechen Coal!  
 Whole Years of Toil, Tryals of Skill and Wit,  
 To make the Med'cine for Projection fit!  
 O're is that Voyage, past those dangerous Seas,  
 And we arriv'd in the *Hesperides*:  
 Nor need we mix with Copper, Steel, or Brass,  
 Cooperate with a stiff unyielding Mass:  
 But on green Corn, like this despit'ful Bird,  
 Who Wheat-blade-milk converts to glittering Curd;  
 So

So at one touch Fitches and Fields of Tares  
 Shall Metal shine, and wave with Golden Ears.

This said, he kills the *Goose*, and then dissects;  
 (*From a bad Cause but follow sad Effects.*)  
 Inspection through her panting Entrails made,  
 He found no *Indian Mines*, nor *Guiney Trade*:  
 He, his Enjoyments lost, and hop'd for Pelf,  
 Though dear, a Halter bought, and hang'd himself.

## MORAL.

O're-weening Hopes are Portals to Despair;  
 Who climb a Precipice, let them beware;  
 Higher they mount, the lower is their Fall:  
 Some catch at Heaven and Hell, the Devil and All.

FAB.

## F A B. XX.

*Of the Sheep and the Butcher.*

**W**ethers a dozen, all of special Note,  
 Each in a Golden Fleece, or Silver Coat,  
 Fed in one Stall, rich in their numerous Flocks,  
 Free from Incurfions of the *Wolf* and *Fox*;  
 Where they long prospering, securely dwelt,  
 And never Frown of fickle Fortune felt :  
 Whom from their Golden Dream a *Butcher* wakes,  
 And a fat Brother from *Sheep-College* takes.

Much at this unexpected Chance difmay'd,  
 In frequent Council, thus *Bell-wether* said !

How are we faln, whom Pride and Riches swell'd !  
 Who fuch a Confternation e're beheld !

We in Gold Tunicks and ftrip'd Silver Vests  
 For Nuptials fitted, look like Funeral Guests ;  
 With our Surprizal ftruck, each Face did show  
 A Map of Mifery and enfuing Woe : (Vaunt !  
 Where's former Strength and Courage, where our  
 No Fortune could the *Sheepifh* Nation daunt :  
 But now our Bufinefs mind, no time neglect,  
 We muft be fudden, ftout, and circumfpect,  
 Apparent Danger's near ; by one confent  
 Our Ruin by Defensive Arms prevent.

What



What Fool on us imbodyed once dares fall :  
 Whose Heads may batter down a Brazen Vall :  
 But if you suffer thus the subtle Foe  
 To seize us single, and unquestion'd go ;  
 Thus unarray'd let him the Fastest cull,  
 And at once strip us both of Skin and Wooll,  
 We Inch by Inch shall like a Taper melt,  
 Lost in Destruction, ere one Blow be dealt :  
 Wars are begun, and yet no VVar proclaim'd ;  
 No Trumpet sounding, why should we be blam'd  
 To take up Arms, and so revenge our VVrong :  
*Surprizal makes us Forty thousand strong.*

In Belin's Name, next entring, him Arrest,  
 And beat the Breath out of his wicked Breast ;  
 This bloody Butcher kill, and then sit down  
 In Peace, and once more Masters of your own.

This said, a byass'd Brother rising spoke,  
 And thus in pieces his grave Counsel took :

VVe may your Courage, not your Prudence praise,  
 VVould us persuade a dangerous VVar to raise  
 Upon such slender grounds, before we know  
 If this Invasion be, or he a Foe :  
 Under Attainder, and to Prison led,  
 Must we him rescue, Private Quarrels wed :  
 Engage Republick on so slight a score :  
 Be all undone, rather than one grow poor :  
 A Province seiz'd, the Fact will never reach  
 To make upon the Empires Peace a Breach ;  
 VVhilst you enjoy what're makes Mortals blest,  
 To help a Neighbor ne're your selves molest :

Some

Some with their Blood may water *Fleur-de-Liege*,  
Others re-gild pale-growing *Golden-Fleece* ;  
But who e're takes up Arms, the Die once thrown,  
May call their proper Goods no more their own ;  
Let their Allies and Friends the better get,  
United States may in a Province set.

But to the Point : The Foe you would surprize,  
He watches with his own, not others Eyes ;  
His Preparations he will never slack,  
But still be ready at the first Attack ;  
Not Sloth nor Avarice shall e're abuse,  
Being a Master of his own Reviews :  
So fall on when you please, you soon shall fell  
Gainst your unpractic'd Arms, his ready Steell ;  
Though twelve to one, he in prepared Bowls  
Will cool this Fever in your purple Souls ;  
So in one Action we shall perish all.  
The worst that may betide, fall what may fall !  
We shall have time, whilst us he singly takes ;  
*Each posting Minute Alterations makes ;*  
Whilst present Junctures may our Cause advance ;  
*Wonders the Bosom fill of Time and Chance ;*  
And this encroaching Tyrant may, perhaps,  
On false Pretensions Levying War, relapse :  
Therefore be patient, Live whilst live we may,  
Nor to a desperate hazard All betray.

This Counsel taking, they despise the first,  
And none there contradicting, chose the worst ;  
When in the Slaughterer comes, just as before,  
And their full Dozen shrunk to Half a score :

So

So daily picks and culls, making no Noise  
Till of twice Six, remains not any Choice,  
Only his Orator, whom forth he draws,  
Left to Reward, who so Preach'd up his Cause :  
Who not suspected Cutting of his Throat,  
But to be Duke and Peer made of the Coat,  
*False and Ambitious Counsellors, then said he,*  
*May they be paid their Punishment like me.*

## MORAL.

*Few Publick Spirits, Common Counsels find,  
These fathom Wants, Those Private Interest blind :  
Most for the Present, and their own Affairs,  
Sudden Calamities seizeth unawares.*

FAB.



## F A B. XXI.

*Of the Wolf and the Fox.*

A River by a Thunder-Tempest swell'd,  
 Would not in Bounds of Modesty be held,  
 But with an Inroad o're-runs bordering Strands;  
 Retreat then sounding, Plashes leaves, and Ponds:  
 'Mongst which a tardie *Salmon Reynard* spies,  
 And without Net or Angle makes his Prize.

The *Wolf* hard by, observ'd the lucky Hit,  
 And thus puts in to share the dainty Bit:

Halves, half I cry! what you seiz'd first I saw,  
 And claim the Moiety by Partners Law:  
 In happy time this Creature-comfort came,  
 My queasie Stomach checks at Kid or Lamb,  
 Tasteless seems Humane Blood; I from a Drab  
 Last Night made seizure of a tender Squab,  
 Thought on the Infant, warm, my self to treat,  
 And scarce the Liver and the Heart could eat.

Come, let's to Breakfast, and at Night with me  
 You shall Co-partner of my Fortune be;  
 I at *Hogs-Norton*, twinkling of a Jig  
 On prophane Organs, took a Popish Pig,  
 I'll only Feast you with that single Dish,  
 By that time well we shall digest our Fish.



Then *Reynard* thus ; Whate'r this Lenten Fare,  
 or a small purchase I release my share ;  
 My peevish Madam ready to cry out,  
 Nothing will serve her but a *Salmon-trout* ;  
 Which brought not when expected, she will rise,  
 Redding my Face, and Urine in my Eyes.

But learn to Fish, I'll soon your Wolfship teach,  
 Both for your self and Friends, enough to catch ;  
 Tying yonder Basket tackled to that Rope,  
 Which you shall satisfie beyond your Hope :  
 That Wicker laden will be such a Heap,  
 All Markets make so much now risen, Cheap.

This said, *Isgrim*, though surly, draws the Tools,  
 Which tying to his Stern, thus *Reynard* fools :  
 Now to the River bring the fastned Pail,  
 Which I'll so settle that you shall not fail ;  
 At you by no means till I give the Word,  
 Must not look back, nor your Drag-Net be stir'd.

The greedy *Wolf*, this said, obeys Command,  
 And as the *Fox* directed, takes his Stand,  
 Whilst he the Wicker with huge Pibbles thwacks,  
 Until the circling fallow-belly cracks :  
 This done, he calls ; Now please your Wolfship pull !  
 Tell you are hanse'd, your new Engin's full,  
 The River's drain'd, What Fish, how fat, and fair !  
 Now I demand with you a Partners share ;  
 At all your Strength, your Cordage strong, and Dock  
 So well united, may remove a Rock.

This said, glad *Isgrim* gives a lusty Hale,  
 Until he tenter'd out both Rope and Tail ;

But fast the Work stood fix'd, nor more would jog  
Than stubborn Rock, or a perverser Log :

When *Reynard* calls, I see we need some help,  
I'll fetch my eldest Son, an able Whelp,  
Who joyn'd with you, the Task shall undertake;  
But till we come, by no means, Sir, look back.  
The *Wolf* persuaded, *Fox* bears home his Trout,  
Then mustering thus the Villages about,

*Swains*, Come away, and Arm with speed; the *W*  
Your Flocks Devourer, that all-swallowing Gulph  
Now drains your River; and what havock there  
May Sheep-skin Doublets make, that never Swear  
Pure Zeal-pretenders! to your grief you know:  
Now, now aveng'd be on the Common Foe. (thro

Streight from the neighboring Dorps bold Rust  
And like a gather'd Tempest, Old and Young  
Upon his Quarters falling, him assail  
With Bats, and Staves, and Stones as thick as Hail  
No way to save himself, of Life no hope,  
He quits his Rudder fastned to the Rope;  
To neereſt Coverts bare-breech'd *Isgrim* flies,  
Whilst mingled Shouts and Clamors scale the Skie

### M O R A L.

*Those that at Private, or at Publick Feasts,  
Use to invite themselves 'mongst Bidden Guests,  
Often upon them such Affronts are put,  
They had been better at the Three-peny Cut.*

### F A B. XXII.

#### 2. Of the same Wolf and Fox.

*I* Lad of the Mercy, and Escape so fair,  
*I* Though with no little finart, and Gascoins bare,  
Whilst he lay licking whole his scarce no Stump,  
Sticks in Triumph bearing round the Rump,  
As *Isgrim* did his Bosom disemboque;

How shall I be reveng'd upon this Rogue?  
Some in danger put, and utter shame,  
Be thus despicable as I am:  
Where shall I wander now? where shew my Face?  
Ting about the brand of my Disgrace?  
How shall I be disguis'd, or which way drest,  
As I wear a Tunick and a Vest?  
I abhorr'd all Fashions whate're, New,  
I bid to those my dogging Modes adieu:  
Say my Vizard by, a *Hector* turn,  
My too Formal Sanctity adjourn,  
On this subtle *Fox* where-e're we meet:  
It will not do; *Wit must encounter Wit.*  
As *Clad*, I'll to the Court; the *Lion's* sick;  
On my Brains, and shew him Trick for Trick.

This said, he lays aside his formal shape,  
His Sheep-skin Cloke, and Mutton-Velvet Cape,  
Puts on a Vest, that Cover'd his Disgrace,  
And with a Peruke owl'd his *Wolfish* Face;  
Low-crown'd his Hat, not the same Beast he show'd  
Lo forth he walks, a New Old *A-la-mode* :

Entering the Court, he in the Royal Hall,  
The King and Queen saw, sitting at a Ball;  
Dancing *Baboons*, and Singing *Parachitts*,  
The *Lion* eas'd in Melancholy Fits;  
Up in a Bower his Cats and Fiddles stood,  
The Band twice twelve, made Galiards in the Blo

The Pastime over, *Isgrim* did appear,  
And going forth, desir'd his Royal Ear,  
He his old Counsellor, though disguis'd, not balk'd  
But a Turn with him in the Gallery walks:  
Then he himself applying, from his Forge,  
New Anvil'd Spleen and Malice did disgorge.

I from a populous City came of late,  
Where all Diseases sell at any Rate,  
Who Golden Showers pour in a *Danae's* Lap;  
Only to purchase a sufficient Clap:  
Small-pox is little valu'd, lesser Swine,  
All seek the best, they barter may for Coyn;

About your Health inquisitive, I found  
Those that keep Patients sick, could make them so  
At Spring and Fall their Bloods did so ferment,  
To pay them twice a Year their constant Rent;

Amongst those Doctors met a Reverend Sage,  
And told him your Distemper, Sir, and Age,  
Not only trusting Practise, down he took  
From Shelves with Learning loaden, an old Book,  
The Text and stuff'd up Margins long survey'd,  
And thus from *Galen's* Observations, said;

The Person disaffected, vext with Fumes,  
Vertiginous, Vapors, and distilling Rheums,  
Must Purge, must Diet, and must Issues make:  
At Old, take care lest any Cold he take:  
Let him warm Furs, his Garments Line and Face,  
Nothing more soveraign than a *Foxes* Cafe;  
That only will, if Rich, soader all flaws  
Of Wintry Age, and quite remove the Cause.

Then said the *Lion*, A *Fox* Skin so good  
Worth to renew, and circulate the Blood!  
Long Craft, and gravest Counsellors alledge  
That *Foxes* Tails best Royal Ermin edge.

Then *Isgrim* said, Sir *Reynard* now gone down,  
That in late Turmoils fought against your Crown,  
And Knighted since by You, get him to Court,  
And your dear Life to lengthen, cut his short.

The *Lion* likes th' Advice, and Orders straight  
That on Emergencies, Affairs of State,  
He should attend the King, whom more to blind,  
His Gracious Letter he both Seal'd and Sign'd;

Nor Common Messenger, nor usual Post,  
Were sent, by which the Business might be lost;  
But a swift *Tyger*, that like Lightning flew.

The Work thus perfected, the King withdrew;  
And *Isgrim*, joyful of his well-play'd Part,  
Goes to his Lodgings with a Merry Heart.

## M O R A L.

*He that receives a Wrong, should bear it too:  
Are they too Subtle, or too Strong for you?  
Better sit down, Loss and Affronts digest,  
Than rising, tread upon a Serpents Nest.*

## F A B. XXIII.

3. *Of the same Wolf and Fox.*

His Closet-secret, the whole Juncto two,  
Early next morning sly Sir *Reynard* knew;  
His Pensioners, Intelligencers there,  
Pick'd out each Whisper from the King's own Ear;  
Such as their Prince and Country, such as would  
Their Wives! their Wives & Children sell for Gold:  
Who Publick Spirits count both weak and base;  
At Private Interest, Self-concern take place:  
What care they if whole Kingdoms sink or swim,  
They buoy up, and float above the brim.  
Startled at first, a consternating Cold  
Gnaw'd his Joynts, attack'd Lives warmer Hold:  
Soon as his better Spirits clear'd the Damp,  
And Sparks of Courage lightned Reasons Lamp,  
Then *Reynard* spake, Be circumspect and quick,  
To mischief prevent, and shew him Trick for Trick:  
To Cure the *Lion*, must I be uncas'd?  
You may be met with, *Wolf*, for all your haste.  
This said, he all bemires his Back and Head,  
A Carrion rolls, where *Rooks* and *Ravens* fed;  
To Court goes, so Arm'd with this Disguise  
And noysom Stench, to play his Master-Prize:

And soon he came where the Old *Lion* fate,  
Bemelanchollied and Disconsolate.

But when he saw Sir *Reynard* there, he said;  
Cousin ! draw near, to see you I am glad ;  
You must for me a Business undertake, (back  
Concerns my Life, and Crown ! why draw'st thou  
Come near, and me your King Advice afford,  
The Work's too knotty for our Council Board :  
They only follow Sport, Eat, Drink, and Droll,  
Scarce one a Learned or a Knowing Soul.

Then *Reynard* said, Ah my most Gracious Liege !  
I thus bespatter'd with foul Dung and Siege,  
Sir, ought not in your Royal Presence stand,  
But that I bring you from a Foreign Land,  
Fair Overtures of Health, nay certain Cure,  
For lingring Sickness worse than Calenture ;  
What Comfort boasts the Emperor of the World,  
Whose Cheeks bear pale Distempers, Flags unfurl'd  
When *Hypochondriack* Fumes, more strong than Spell  
Or Pulpits, Conjure up ten thousand Hells,  
Legions of Devils, and as many Saints,  
Breathing Rebellion, Oaths, and Covenants ;  
Tortur'd with Fancy worse than his Disease,  
He lives or dies, as Court Physicians please.

Observing, Sir, that all in Physick dealt,  
Of finer our Purfes than our Pulses felt ;  
And whensoever double Fees not drop,  
They leave their Patient then in little hope ;  
*Galenick* this, *Chymistrie* that pretends,  
Their chiefest Learning *Greek* and *Latin* ends :

So I at last, a great Magician found,  
That only dealt with Spirits under Ground ;  
By me importun'd much, he call'd from Rest,  
Old *Æsop*, that renown'd Mythologist ;  
Who first to Business found the nearest way,  
What in long Sermons Orators could say  
Of State-Affairs, of Moral, or Divine,  
His *Cock* and *Bull* contracts all in a Line.  
Whose pale Shade told me, vain were Med'cines all,  
You might, perhaps, linger a Spring and Fall ;  
But you your Course must finish e'r the Sun  
Could through th' Ecliptick annual Periods run.

I grieving much, straight made this sad Reply ;  
Ah ! must my dear and Royal Master die ?  
When thus he spake in few and pithy words,  
One only Med'cine the whole World affords,  
Whose Sovereign Power can o'r his Fits prevail ;  
And that's a *Wolf*, a *Wolf* without a Tail ;  
Whose bristly Skin must gird him Back and Side,  
This in seven days will cure, if well apply'd.

This said, the Vision fled the dazling Light,  
Since when I neither rested Day, nor Night,  
To bring from Shadows, and the Gates of Hell,  
What us must Happy make, and You, Sir, Well.  
My Haste and your Necessity, hath made  
Me venture in your Presence, thus bewray'd.

Who's there ? the King said ; On your Lives not  
But fetch me straight a *Wolf* without a Tail. (fail,

When one reply'd, *Isgrim* late come to Court,  
A Rudder wants, or else 'tis wondrous short :

To hide his Wants, thus he himself hath drest,  
His Sheep-skin Cloke turn'd to a Coat and Vest.

Ha! said the Monarch, Bid him hither straight:  
No sooner enter'd, but he met his Fate.

The *Lion* throws him Back upon the Floor,  
And off his Skin, and out his Bowels tore.

No sooner *Reynard* saw thus *Isgrim* stripp'd,  
But to *Fox-hall* the sly Insulter slipp'd.

## MORAL.

Not he who First, but Last, the King's Ear gets,  
At subtle Plots and Counterminings beats:  
Yet they who Foremost Charge, cry Traytor First,  
Play a Fore-game, and seldom get the worst.



## F A B. XXIV.

*Of the Camel and the Fly.*

THAT Emblem of Impertinence, the *Fly*,  
 Mounted upon a *Camel* Steeple-high,  
 Because the laden Monster slowly went,  
 Her petulant Humor stirr'd up, did ferment,  
 Who pitch'd upon a Turbant o're a Pack,  
 In a high Chafe thus arrogantly spake :

Why, Bunch-back, creep'st thou in so smooth a  
 Am I so great a Lady ? such a Load ? (Road ?  
 This Tiffany Whisk, and Sarc'net Cloke of mine  
 Ne're Navel-gall'd, nor broke a Horses Chine :  
 Haste, thou dull Lump of Flesh, why dost not go ?  
 This Morning is Sir *Cranion* Wedded know,  
 To Madam *Lady-Bird*, more Fair and Gay  
 Than *May* her self, and all the Flowers in *May* ;  
 There will be painted *Flies* of all Degrees,  
 Prime Courtiers, and the King himself of *Bees* ;  
*Gnats*, *Humbles*, *Hornets*, twenty four his Band,  
*Hybleans* Confort ready at Command ;  
 Who late Presented *Jove* a Honey-comb,  
 Sent with Gifts loaden, and great Honors home,  
 His Waxen Realms to strengthen and advance,  
 Above the Power of Change, or fickle Chance :

The

The Married Pair present their Royal Guest  
A stately Masque, after a sumptuous Feast;  
And I my self, whose Name you needs must know,  
Dame *Gadfly*, am Invited to the Show:  
Had I a Switch or Spur, I'd pay your Coat,  
That thus with calling make so hoarse my Throat.

The *Camel* hearing from his Fardle come  
Vexatious Buzzes, and so loud a Hum,  
Thought that some Spirit Ranted in the Sky;  
But when he saw there but Summer *Fly*,

Why Madam *Gad*? why all this stir? he said;  
My Master, for your Place you never paid:  
If I could reach thee with my Train or Teeth,  
I'd make thee far unfit to Roast, or Seeth;  
You that so poor and proud are, one small Lash,  
Would turn thee, Boneless Nothing, to a Hash.

## M O R A L.

The noise of wrangling Gamesters at their Games,  
Makes Heavenly Musick to your All-tongu'd Dames:  
Eccho a Voice without a Body, strange!  
Let Silent Women 'mongst such Wonders range.

FAB.

## F A B. XXV.

## 2. Of the same Camel and Fly.

DAME *Gad-Fly* now that such a puther kept,  
Returning home, on the same *Camel* slept;  
Weary with Dancing at the Bridal, where  
So many *Flesh-Flies* and hot Courtiers were;  
The laden Beast through beaten Tracts jog'd on,  
Till both his Journey and the Day were done.  
The *Fly* warm sitting in bright *Phæbus* Beams,  
Pav'd all her Passage with delightful Dreams;  
Whilst through deep Ways on went the burthen'd  
His Reins and Harness ratling, she sat snug: (Slug  
But when the *Sun* behind th' opacous Globe  
Suffer'd Eclipse, Cold pierc'd her slender Robe;  
At which she waking, Brusses up her Tail,  
Then lighting pearch'd upon the neighboring Pale;  
With Curtsies after Curtsies, Lady *Gad*,  
Thus to the *Camel*, oft repeating, said:  
Sir, I'll no farther trouble you to Night,  
In compassion of your Burthen light,  
My many Thanks, I ne'r so easie rode,  
You must be weary sure, with such a Load!  
I slept all Day, those sleep sit heavier far,  
than those that wake, and talk, and jocund are;

Your

Your Humble Servant; thousand Kifs-hands; pray  
Make use of my House, when you come that way.

The *Camel* then; Pox on thee, art thou there?  
Did ever any such a Gossip hear?  
Excusive Complements vex ten times more  
Than all your petulant ranting Talk before:  
Begone, else something on thee I'll bestow  
You'll thank me for, since you I nothing owe:  
I feel no Lady's weight, th' are all so light,  
But Words may load me, that a Ship would freight;  
The Hills and Dales I pass, Plashes and Banks,  
Not so much tir'd me, as your vexing Thanks:  
*Strange Trouble are your Complemental Gnats,  
That neither Money, Manners have, nor Sprats.*

## M O R A L.

*Poor and Low Breeding makes Phanatick Elves  
Competitors with Kings conceit themselves:  
Porters may think they bear a Kingdoms weight,  
And are the onely Atlasses of State.*

F A B.

## F A B. XXVI.

## 3. Of the same Camel and Jupiter.

**O**Ur *Camel*, he that bore Dame *Fly* of late,  
Had got a Maggot now in his own Pate;  
Long fed in Pasture, and at plenteous Stalls,  
Fat, in a fit of Melancholy falls:  
Prick'd up with Provender, and swelling Pride;  
To *Jove* thus sadly he himself apply'd.  
O thou that Rul'st the low and upper World!  
Where nightly thy bright Ensigns fly unfurl'd,  
On me, a wretched Beast, take some Remorse,  
That undervalued am beneath a Horse.  
I am become to all the Field a Scorn:  
What Taste hath tender Grass, or purest Corn?  
What all my Ease? what my continued Feasts?  
I am bitter'd still with Jeers, and biting Jest:  
They say, I bear a Fardle on my Back,  
And onely need behind a Pedlar's Pack;  
Tell me, betwixt my Belly and my Brains  
A Gutter falls, as deep as two *Long-lanes*,  
To set out my Deformity and Want.  
Honor and Arms upon my Temples plant;  
Adorn my Frontispiece with stately Horns,  
Not with *Ram Belin's*, but the *Unicorn's*;

Then

Then I shall keep *Monkeys* and *Apes* in awe,  
 And from his Perch bring down the jeering *Daw*;  
 Then I shall be a stately Beast indeed,  
 And all those Scoffers at my Pleasure Feed.

Then *Jove* said, smiling at his fond Request,  
 Thou mak'st thy self the same deformed Beast,  
 By your Petition, and as foolish too,  
 As when in *Lampoons* they decypher you.  
 Horns on that Head already rais'd so high!  
 Sure thou hast some Design upon the Sky,  
 To strike down Constellations in their March,  
 Unhinge our Throne on Heavens supreme Arch,  
 Storm our Twelve Houses, Watches rout, and War  
 Eternal Centries, and Nocturnal Guards:  
 Since thou for Arms, and such Additions pray'st,  
 I'll take from thee those Ornaments thou hast.

*Hermes*, straight fetch, said *Jove*, yon Monster's Ear  
 And in our Hall 'mongst Crests and Hoods of *Bears*,  
 'Mongst other Forfeitures to us that fall  
 On like occasions, nail them to the Wall.

This said, the God descends through crystal Spheres  
 And with a Blast of Lightning crops his Ears:  
 Heavens Court the *Camel* oft in vain implor'd,  
 But they the Gates of Hearing ne're restor'd.

## M O R A L.

Should Princes grant what're their Subjects ask,  
 They soon would put them to a second Task,  
 That Gracious they all Patents would Repeal:  
 The Giddy Vulgar know not wher th' are well.

F A

## F A B. XXVII.

## Of the Lamb and the Crow.

A Petulant *Crow* with Carrion Banquets gorg'd,  
 And noysom Offals, to *Bears College* Barg'd,  
 Look'd round, a soft and steadier Seat to find,  
 Than a rough Branch, that danc'd with every Wind:

Spying a *Lamb*, said she, No further search,  
 On yon soft Couch, that Silken Fleece, I'll perch:  
 Her short Result put streight in Act, she came,  
 And Quarters settles on the harmless *Lamb*;  
 Who when he felt a Burthen on his Back,  
 And hovering saw one lighted, all in Black,  
 Supposing some great Lady there had been,  
 That onely Rested, not took up her Inn,  
 He patiently endur'd: but when she staid  
 In her Lodgings, thus the Sufferer said.

*Madam*, what're you are, I not inquire,  
 But wish to Privacy you would retire;  
 Though soft the Palat, yet you Curtains want,  
 Unfit to Duel with a Brisk Gallant:

Need you a moving Brothel? Call a Coach,  
 There's all Conveniency, and less Reproach:  
 What you will: Court-Dame, Goddess, or Nymph,  
 Would not bear your Bed, and be your Pimp.

\* G

Then

Then said the *Crow*, Why how now fawcie *Jack*!  
 Thinkst thou a Strumpet fits upon thy Back?  
 Were I a Pleasure-Lady, here I'd sleep,  
 And this Place as my own Apartment keep.

The *Lamb* reply'd, Lady, I am content,  
 If you will pay my Master Chamber-Rent;  
 He hath a thousand Tricks, a thousand ways,  
 To lose you in Laws intricating Maze;  
 A Lawyer, who his Neighbors keeps in awe,  
 Will Sue them for the turning of a Straw;  
 A heinous Trespass o're his Hedge to peep:  
 Lady, agree with him before you sleep.

Then she reply'd, Your Master I will match;  
 E're he proceed, he first must me attach:  
 But e're Dog-Sergeants come, I'll take my Flight  
 Where never Under-Shrieve shall on me light:  
 Disturb no more, nor keep me from Repose,  
 Lest I in stead of Parlying, fall to Blows.

### M O R A L.

*Proud and Poor Tenants hard are off to claw,  
 Possession being Eleven Points of the Law:  
 Are we not able Tyrants to Supplant?  
 Better with Patience Suffer, than to Rant.*



## F A B. XXVIII.

*Of the Crow and the Pitcher.*

THE *Crow* this said, indulging wholesom Rest,  
 Her Station kept, foul Banquets to digest;  
 When her from Sleep a hot Alarum wak'd;  
 States which in *Dog-days Phæbus* stew'd and bak'd  
 Strange Insurrections in her Bowels nurs'd,  
 Turning high Surfeit into raging Thirst:  
 When looking round, she on the neighboring Bank  
*Pitcher* spies, well-shoulder'd in the Flank;  
 Who streight o're'oy'd, forsakes her Landlord *Lamb*,  
 And to this Cistern for Refreshment came.

The *Pot* then smiling, said, Your Hopes are vain,  
 Bucket wants my Treasury to drain,  
 You from my well-neal'd Margents may survey  
 Now on my Water Beams reflecting play;  
 And down your Throat one Drop shall ne're distil,  
*Swan's* Neck wanting, or the *Crane's* long Bill.

The thirsty *Crow*, this said, thrust down her Nib,  
 Dry-Bob finding, for expected Bib;  
 And defeated, now she must assuage  
 Her lonely burning Thirst, but burning Rage:

Her Brains she romag'd, her Invention stirr'd,  
 Fancy presents what'er she saw or heard:  
 To mind then calling an *Athenian Owl*,  
 That kept hard by a Philosophick School,  
 Who much insisted on three Elements,  
 And how the Liquid yield unto the Dense;  
 Water shuts Air out, but a Turf or Stone  
 Makes that to swell, and break its Spherick Cone.

True, said the Bird, were you as deep as Hell,  
 I'll Conjure up your Liquor with this Spell;  
 Then labour'd she to vindicate her Cause,  
 With Pebbles stuff'd her Bill and griping Claws;  
 To and again with Stones then trudging hops,  
 And till she saw moist Margents, never stops;  
 Then pearching on the baffled *Pitchers* Brim,  
 Exhausted Liquor stretch'd her Bellys Rim.

Sure Dame, you are no Witch, the *Crow* then said,  
 Although so Eloquent a Speech you made;  
 You bad at Business are, though good at Words;  
 You thought like *Pitchers* were Ætherial Birds:  
 Dull Earthen Clod, that standst like *John-a-Dream*,  
 O're Rocks and Mountains Art will carry Streams,  
 Against the *Austrian Eagles*, *Storks* and *Cranes*  
 Dry Land to Sea turn'd, Seas to ample Plains,  
 Us'd Water as they list'd; now enrag'd,  
 Both Armies are midst Standing Corn engag'd;  
 Flag-ships soon after, on the self-same Spot,  
 Draw up bold Squadrons plying Cannon-shot.

You that so Wise were in your own Conceit,  
 Come now, as a Mistress, stand in Debt;  
 But since no Credit get we by a Fool,  
 I'll thus at once begin, and break up School.

## MORAL.

What unto some Impossible appears,  
 Time, Industry, a Purse, and Conduct, clears:  
 Nares River, Building Pauls, and such like Works,  
 Under Feers, and scribbling Poets Ferks.



## F A B. XXIX.

*Of the Wind and an Earthen Vessel.*

**T**O a grand *Bottle* neiling in the Sun,  
 Thus *Boreas* in huffing Terms begun ;  
 What art thou, bullie Monster ? thou that hast  
 Such a prodigious *Hogen Mogen* Waste !  
 As if design'd to empty brimming Quarts,  
 And when Cork'd up, a Bundle be of ———  
 Great King of Belly-Gods, I shake to think  
 What thou wilt be, fill'd up with Barmie Drink !  
 What Face is that which on thy Stomach seems  
 To dare the Sun midst all his glaring Beams ?  
 Art thou *Long-Parliament* without a Head ?  
 And that th' old *Speaker* on thy Girdle-stead ?  
 Must in that Womb a *House of Commons* sit ?  
 Frothing and fuming, there their Venom spit ?  
 Which open'd, bouncing Votes asperse the Sky,  
*King, Lords* bespattering, and whoe're stand by.  
 When *Copper* reign'd, Malt-worms the Helm did steer  
 And Nations Rul'd with cut-throat stinging Geer ;  
 What from so base a Vessel can we hope  
 Must firment ? giddy and mad-headed Tope.



Then spake the *fugg* ; Know, Fool, I am not built  
For *Dagger-ale*, and *Commoners*, a Tilt ;  
Which mild at first, turn Vinegar grown old,  
Too sharp for Peers, and with their King too bold.

A Merry Boy, the Merriest of the Three,  
Bespoke, my Predecessor failing, me :  
Though *China Ware*, so stands our brittle Fate,  
That we come broken home, early or late ;  
I must supply his Major-Generals Place,  
Who after Treatments, and a pittanc'd Grace,  
All took away, Women, weak Vessels, gone,  
Cries, Battel bid, those that remain fall on ;  
Bottles forlorn, all *French*, first fury stands  
Bravely a while ; *Short Work make many Hands* :  
Soon routed comes the Main, a stronger Dolse,  
Surrounding me, my Guard *Long-beard le Grösse* :

Here Cavaliers true Valor shew indeed,  
I and my *Adamantine* Squadrons bleed ;  
Me to a *Supernaculum* they drain,  
Then triumph o're the Numbers of the Slain.

But who art thou that mak'st with me so bold ;  
Thear a Voyce, and feel back-biting Cold ;  
Though in the Sun my Face and Belly bake,  
Thou mak'st my Neck and tender Shoulders ake :  
Yet thou no Sinews, Muscles hast thou none,  
But vapour'st onely in a *Hectring* Tone ;  
I, th' early Product of this single Day,  
Have Substance, and a Body, though of Clay ;  
If thou dar'st cope, here I shall stand thy shock,  
As Waves disperse thee beating 'gainst a Rock ;

Thy muster'd Atoms I'll so disunite,  
In routed Eddies they themselves shall fight.

When *Boreas* angry, thus began to huff;  
Know Dust, know empty Pride, and brittle Stuff,  
I am a King, with me my fourteen Sons,  
All Princes, Govern *Artick* Regions;  
Seven *Eurus* Race, seven *Zephyres* Daughters Wed,  
I onely cold lie in a Single Bed,  
Residing much in *Caledonian* Coasts  
Espous'd to Winter, and eternal Frosts:

Great Power I o're those barren *Confin*es vaunt;  
Invincible Necessity and Want,  
Joyn'd with my starving Blasts, first sign'd th' *Intreague*  
Of their so late dire *Covenanting League*;  
Thence march'd we on, with Sword, and Book, & Gun,  
I Charg'd the *South* with Snow, with Clouds the *Sun*,  
Till *Southern* *Teomen*, help by *Northern* *Lowns*,  
Trampled on *Scutcheons*, *Crofters*, and *Crowns*,  
And topsie-turvie turn'd, in quest of Spoils,  
Three famous Kingdoms, and two fertile Isles;  
But thee I for thy lawciness will tear,  
That such Affronters may of Kings beware.

This said, the angry Prince, lest Breath should fail,  
Charg'd with Small-shot, a Shower of battering Hail  
And the o'rewecning Vessel at the first  
In thousand Shards and useles Splinters burst;  
*Pots*, *Pans*, and *Pipkins* no small Sufferers were,  
Company their Crime, and onely being there:  
The *Potter* wondring at the sudden Clap,  
Lost in the hurley-burley Storm, his Cap.

Recovering

Recovering Breath, thus Conquering *Boreas* said,  
*Conceited Fools* such Objects should be made.

### MORAL.

Princes should not, till they are Settled in  
Kingdoms regain'd, a *Forein War* begin:  
Great is the Work old Ruins to Repair,  
And fix 'gainst sudden Gusts their Tottering Chair.

FAB.

## F A B. XXX.

*Of the Painter and the Devil.*

**A**S in deep Extasie upon a Piece  
 Must Modern *Latium* stain, and Ancient *Greece*;  
 The Story various, many Figures in't,  
 A *Painter* sate; 'mongst which, the *Fiend* in Print,  
 As most concern'd, must take a special Place,  
 In his own Colours, and true *Devils* Face:  
 Yet to be Horrid, as the common Guise,  
 Horns, spirie Flames, Fire in his glaring Eyes,  
 His gaping Jaws wyre-drawn from Ear to Ear,  
 Serpents contorted, mix'd with Elf-lockt Hair,  
 Would not stand well: A *Devil* of the *Times*,  
 A *Demure Fiend*, that holds forth *Godly Crimes*;  
 That Smiling Stabbs, Cheating with *Tea* and *Nay*,  
 A handsom *Goblin* for a *Holy-day*,  
 He now must Draw: At last he falls to Paint  
 What well might stand for *Satan*, or a *Saint*;  
 A *China Cacademon*, the Fore-ground  
 Fills with bold Shadows, like a Statue, round:  
 Which whilst he Finish'd, heighening touch by touch,  
 Till, as he fancied, he had Pourtray'd such;  
 Whilst his new Idol he licks o're and o're,  
 A Person enters he ne're saw before:

After



After some Formal Conges, Cap and Knee,

Let me, he said, Sir no Disturbance be;

Pray keep your Place: A *Virtuose* I am,

And your Admirer, hither sent by Fame:

Though in this Town I long have frequent been,

And me perhaps in Publick you have seen,

Leading a Troop, or in the Pulpit, where

You seldom Visits make; or if you e're

To the *Long-Parliament* had your self addrest,

Where nothing past without my Worships Teste,

We might have ben acquainted, there I cou'd

Have don a Person of your Worth some good;

So I till now no means could find to own

You, Honour'd Sir, nor make my self thus known.

Whilst th' Artist Eye scarce from his Work did stir;

Answering to all, *Ah Sir, Your Servant Sir,*

He thus went on; This Figure newly drawn,

Which now you seem so much intent upon,

Shews rarely well; you with no sparing Hands

Here dropt your Skill: How boldly off it stands!

Pray let me ask you, Sir, without offence,

Are you acquainted with his Excellence,

Or late from the *Low-Countries* got his Sketch?

Howe're, the World the Work shall never match:

Or should this be a Fancy all your own,

Proving so like that Prince, to me well known,

His Sitting spar'd, some means, Sir, might be made;

That you may double be, and trebly paid.

Who scarce by th' Artist minded, thus went on,

Attention rowling in a lowder Tone:

Sir,

Sir, Sir, look up, here stands he whom you paint;  
*Monsieur Deveil*, the old *Low-Country* Saint;  
 In my own likeness thus my self I show,  
 That you may such a Friend in Person know.  
 At this the *Painter* starts up from his Place,  
 On's Picture stares, then in the *Devil's* Face:  
 To him affrighted, *Hogen Mogen* said,  
 Be not so discompos'd, be not afraid;  
 What see you here? no Tempest on my Brow,  
 But all serene, just as you paint me now!  
 There stands my Self, each Lincament as well  
 As if the Picture had been drawn in Hell;  
 And we have several Famous Painters there,  
 'Mongst whom e're long, You, Sir, expected are;  
 Where we mad *Devils*, merry Boys, and Wags,  
 Change Fire-brands, mounted on Infernal Hags;  
 And when grown weary of those rougher Sports,  
 We Antiques Dance beyond all *Masques* in Courts,  
 And have our Poets in their several Desks,  
 Writing *Lampoons*, Plays Riming, and *Bourlesks*;  
 We act *Ragooe* there, *Sandie*, *Tegue*, and *Thump*,  
 And merry are, as when you burnt the *Rump*.  
 You by this Face my Character may find,  
 These your own Lines are Tables of my Mind,  
 Slight Fire-side Stories, and such idle Dreams:  
*When we are pleas'd, we are in the Extreems.*  
 For me so well thus Pencill'd Fiend and fair,  
 I would not Gold present, encreasing Care,  
 Ask something may about your Heart sit warm,  
 Against all Fears and Jealousies to Arm;

Bethink

Bethink your self of some Rich Jewel, will  
 Keep sweet Contentment in your Bosom still.

The Artist, though much troubled and dismay'd,  
 Thought if the Fiend for him a Favor had,  
 He should uncivil be to slight his Grant,  
 Though (thanks to God) he knew no Personal Want.  
 Then romaging his Brains, he cries, My Wife,  
 O gracious *Devil*, dearer than my Life,  
 Make her my onely Comfort, Joy of Joys,  
 Else all this Worlds Felicities are Toys.  
 Ah! out of your abundant Goodness grant  
 That none in her Embraces me supplant.

The Fiend reply'd, You know not what you ask;  
 To Translate Kingdoms is an easier Task!  
 I that have plaid the Fiend since two years old,  
 Studied this Point as much as *Devil* could,  
 Ranfack'd the Elements, Earth, Sea, and Hell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Could ne're find such a Charm, nor binding Spell,  
 Nor Locks, nor Keys, nor Adamantine Wall,  
 But when they sweeten once, they break through all.

Yet take this Ring, and put it on; so long  
 As this you wear, none shall you ever wrong;  
 This you of Fears and Jealousies will cure,  
 And your fair Wife for your own Use secure,  
 Safe from all loose Escapes, and wanton Pranks.

He on his Knees giving old *Satan* Thanks,  
 The flattering Dream and Golden *Devil* fled,  
 And he lay waking with his Wife in Bed.

The

The meaning of the Vision soon he found,  
His Finger with encircling *Hymen* crown'd.

## M O R A L.

*Fond Jealousie, a Passion all Extremes,  
Makes us believe vain Thoughts and idle Dreams:  
Wives may be True or False to Husbands Beds,  
But Fancied Horns put Devils in their Heads.*

F A B L E





## F A B. XXXI.

*Of the Rustick and the Flea.*

Blood-sucker ! thou that thus hast broken in,  
 Committing Burglary upon my Skin,  
 When pleasant Sleep descending from the Pole,  
 Refresh'd with soft *Lethæan* Dew my Soul ;  
 What saist thou Wretch ? what Rhet'rick can prevail,  
 That forfeit Life thou payst not on the Nail ?  
 Confess and Hang, such Favor I'll not grudge,  
 That am your Executioner and Judge ;  
 As an arrested *Flea* our *Teoman* said :  
 When thus the Pris'ner at the Bar did Plead.

Great King of Creatures, pitty my Mishap,  
 My one saln in thy tormenting Trap ;  
 Let my sad Story melt thy yielding Soul,  
 To grant a Pardon, or else take *Paroll* :  
 My Prisoner from a Prison scap'd so late,  
 Yet feels the Pressures of that heavy Fate,  
 Where I lay shackled in a ponderous Chain,  
 That did a Hundred Golden Links contain :  
 Throughs from the Town and Country, nay, the Court,  
 To see my cruel Sufferings made their Sport.

Me

Me when my Master had with no small pains  
Truss'd like a Murderer, up to hang in Chains;  
He tute'r'd to such Activeness and Strength,  
That Laden I leap'd ninety times my length :  
Wondring Spectators hem the Tables round,  
Whilst to the Roof in gemmell'd Gold I bound.

Yet I some Pleasures 'midst these Tortures got,  
On Vermil Cheeks I oft became a Spot ;  
Oft in admiring Ladies Bosoms Top'd,  
But never more to purchase Freedom hop'd :  
Me and my Treasure up my Master locks  
In utter Darknes, in a Silver Box ;  
When o're and o're my lofty Tricks were shown,  
In such a doleful Dungeon lay I thrown,  
I, my Jayl open, with no little pains  
Unyok'd my curbing Links and bridling Chains ;  
At last far off from my deserted Box,  
I in this Covert hid, your sheltring Flocks :  
Three Days and Nights I kept that Wollen Hold,  
Till overcome by Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,  
I in dark silence neer your Person crept,  
Feeling your Warmth, hearing you soundly slept :  
There craving *Cerberus* had a little Sop,  
Not much above a quarter of a Drop,  
Which from your Purple Isle, your Crimson Sea,  
Could not be mist, yet sav'd a wandring *Flea* ;  
This all my Crime, A poor Night-walking Thief,  
Rather than die, made bo'd with your Relief :  
Take pity, Sir, since you my Story know,  
And Life thus forfeited on me bestow.

The

Then said the *Swain*, Thou Fables dost devise,  
Hast hope to save thy Life by telling Lies ;  
Thou wak'st me from a Dream, beshrew thee for't,  
Loss of the Golden Vision breaks my Heart.  
To my own Smoky Roofs flung in a trice,  
From Seats of Blifs, and Joys of Paradise ;  
Such an *America*, a New-found World,  
Our gentlest Calms seem ruffled, harsh, and curl'd,  
To their Serenes ; all our Delights, annoys ;  
Felicities of Princes, irksom Toys.

There I beheld Dames never to be match'd,  
Beauties like Stars, not Painted nor be-patch'd ;  
Nor proudly waddled, but like Clouds did march,  
With Pace Majestick, through Heavens Crystal Arch :

'Mongst these, a Lady, one most Heavenly Fair,  
Said, Chear up Friend, no more now toil or care ;  
Spirits no more pour out in briny Sweat,  
Early and late the Bread of Sorrow eat :  
But here for ever sport in shady Bowers,  
Shortning with various Joys the tardie Hours ;  
A thousand Years in Pleasure at the height,  
Shall like your Lovers Minutes take their flight ;  
Such *Venus* after-games we here shall play,  
And ne're be weary, never feel decay.

I ventur'd fair then for a gentle Touch,  
To Do—— what any could, they would as much :  
When me of all my Hopes thou didst bereave,  
And with one Pinch awaking, undeceive ;  
Thou rob'dst me, Villain of a Heavenly Wife,  
And hast confest, so forfeited thy Life.

\* H

This

This said, he squeez'd from him the Blood he got  
Leaving on either Nail a Purple Spot.

## MORAL.

*Night-walking Fades, whilst they Embrace, they Rob  
The sweet Dream flying, leaves an empty Fob :  
Most steal for Want ; for Pleasure few, or Spite ;  
Yet some in Frolicks do the Gallows right.*

FAB



## F A B. XXXII.

*Of the Eagle, Oyster, Hare, and Daw.*

A Huge *Drag-Oyster*, Prince of all the Bed,  
 'Mongst others born to Market, almost dead,  
 the Trotter from his many hundreds drops  
 a High-way, hedg'd by a sheltering Cops :  
 'emlin the *Hare* this Monster heard fall down,  
 and saw full Dorfors jogging to the Town,  
 Whom drawing near, admiring she beholds  
 ne like no Bird nor Beast, in Woods or Woalds !  
 curious, her Foot, just as the *Oyster* gasp'd,  
 he vent'ring in, the two-leav'd Volume clasp'd ;  
 thrice try'd she how to make the Monster gape,  
 so oft, if with her Clog she might escape ;  
 at all in vain, the *Remora* stuck fast,  
 and her to Parley thus enforc'd at last.  
 'Whate're thou art, Sea-wonder, Bird, or Beast !  
 the first that e're I ventur'd on, to Feast,  
 see my grip'd Foot : You are a Stranger sure !  
 and under *Fortunes* Frown, not here secure ;  
 and I'll to th' Ocean, if you Water lack,  
 with a strong Convoy bear you on my Back,  
 ere you in safety settled there my self,  
 the deep Streams, or bedded on a Shelf :

\* H 2

Deluded

Deluded with false Hopes, the *Oyster* gapes,  
And thence, this said, ingrateful *Kemlin* scapes;  
No more her Promise nor Engagement minds,  
But to the Hills out-strips the Western Winds.

The *Eagle* look'd upon them all the while,  
In one Dish plotting both to reconcile,  
Left this should also scape, the Monarch stoop'd,  
Made seizure of the Prey so strongly coop'd,  
Invested with a rough and double Shell,  
Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell.

He whets his Beak, his hooked Talons grinds,  
Charg'd often, and as oft Repulses finds;  
Three times she opening Out-works, put him to't,  
Once by his Beak, twice hanging by his Foot:  
But whilst the panting King Cessation made,  
His wide Mouth opening, thus the *Oyster* said.

This Fortress onely Steel or Fire must win,  
Your Bill and Claws I value not a Pin;  
Who first to Storm my rough-cast Out-works dar'd  
A King, the valiant'st Man alive, declar'd,  
His Knife then slipping, I but rac'd his Skin,  
And this Great Champion dy'd of a Gangrene.

The *Daw* observing from Heavens Crystal Vault  
How much in vain were all his strong Assaults,  
Thus to his Master said, The wish'd-for Prize  
Bear to the Middle-Region of the Skies,  
Then drop th' obdurate on yon harder Rock,  
So you your Siege shall finish at one shock.

The Counsel pleas'd, the *Eagle* in a trice  
Scal'd Galleries stor'd with Rain, Snow, Hail, and

There perpendicular takes steady aim,  
And on hard Marble down the *Oyster* came,  
The Breaches clattering like a Thunder-crack,  
The Fort lay open for the least Attack;  
He leaps the *Daw*, and streight to Plunder falls,  
There leaving fractur'd Shells and broken Walls.

Then said the King, Though vex'd, I needs must  
Thus to be cheated by a cozening *Chough*: (laugh,  
But if I ever catch the *Rook* at Court,  
I'll keep him in my Kitchen fasting for't;  
There he shall starve, or, e're he get one Bit,  
Petition to be beaten with the Spit.

## M O R A L.

Who deal with Princes, drive a subtle Trade;  
When large Bills swell, for worthless Trifles made:  
Who make such Audits mount a thousand ways,  
The King's too hard for them, he never pays.

\* H 3

F A B.

## F A B. XXXII.

*Of the Cedar and the Shrub.*

**A** Cedar whose tall Branches did extend  
 To kiss the Sky, and Roots to Hell descend,  
 Puff'd up with Pride, swoln with vain Folly big,  
 Owl'd with a Bush and staring Periwig,  
 Which Madam May curl'd for his Summer-Cap,  
 To drop off with the first Autumnal Clap,  
 Thus proudly spake unto a neighboring Shrub :

Thou inconsiderate ill-manner'd Grub,  
 When I vouchsafe to look thus down on thee,  
 Scorn'st thou to stoop, and bow that Wooden Knee?  
 When by my Kindness thou art happy made,  
 From Wind and Sun protected by my Shade! (Towns

Know'st thou not me, whose Arms build Tow'rs and  
 Whose Knees make floating Cities on the Downs?  
 The strongest Marble Arch, without my Wood,  
 Ne're stood the Violence of a second Flood ;  
 If my huge Branches strengthen not the Frame,  
 Down comes the Structure, like a Millers Dam :  
 Nay more, on me the Royal Eagle Builds ;  
 The Lion and his Train that range the Fields,  
 When Boreas huffs, or scorching Phæbus burns,  
 My Leafy Shadow to his Palace turns :



The *Mexicans*, as flying Fame reports,  
 Not onely of, but in me build their Courts.  
 The vain Tree boasting thus, no end had made;  
 But that the Ax unto the Root was laid;  
 Then boystrous Blows resound, and thundring Strokes;  
 Such bring proud *Cedars* low, and sturdy *Oaks*.  
 The *Bush* then seeing how her palsied Crown  
 Sunk by Degrees, just ready to drop down,  
 Spake to the Dying, at her latest Gasp,  
 In Deaths Convulsions trembling like an *Asp*.  
 Hadst thou been Mean as I, th' hadst scap'd all Tax,  
 Nor hadst thou been condemned to the Ax;  
 Thou that so late contemn'st an *Heurricane*,  
 Charg'd with Hail-shot, and Deluges of Rain,  
 Those *Covenanting Brethren* Thirty two,  
 Winds that not onely Threaten, but can Do,  
 That Spring and Fall, each Change of Weather fly,  
 Not only to the ruin of the Sky,  
 But in their rage whate're Monarchick, bear  
 O're Sea and Land, and sweep them through the Air;  
 Your Parts and Riches, that you so did crack;  
 Though Tempests could not, lay you on your Back;  
 Arm'd with Poverty, thus Mean and Low,  
 Defe the Hatchet, and all Winds that blow.

## M O R A L.

Who have whate're their Wishes could devise,  
 Should ne're the poor and abject'st Worm despise;  
 When altering Times, and fickle Fortunes frown  
 Brings oft the Proudest in a Moment down.

\* H 4

FAB.



## F A B. XXXIV.

*Of the Rustick and the Wolf.*

**A** Testy Swain, when Beatings not avail'd,  
 His Ox with Execrations thus assail'd;  
*Legion*, ten thousand Devils on thee fall,  
 And eat thy Quarters up, Atch-bones and all;  
 Like Summer-flies upon thee feasting sit,  
 Not leaving Poor and Serving-Fiends a Bit:  
 But if for Beasts such Spirits little care,  
*Turks, Heathens, Jews, and Sectaries* their Fare  
 Who living Rebels swallow'd at a Gulph  
 Once Three and twenty thousand, take him *Wolf*;  
 Thou that now haunt'st these Downs, let *Isgrim's* Cat  
 Powder thee up, a Dish for *Belzebub*;  
 Or let thy Wife, with Salt and Pepper strow'd,  
 In Collers roll the up, Beef *a-la-mode*.

The Patrezaring *Wolf*, who lay in wait,  
 Hearing the *Rustick* rail at such a rate,  
 Himself discovering, thus puts in his Claim:

I take you at your Word, Sir, here I am;  
*Swains*, such as you, are punctual and just,  
 Keep Promise, and prove Faithful to their Trust;  
 When the Nobless, and Peirage of the Land,  
 Never pay Debts, and rarely clear a Bond:



Nay, Citizens, and those of primer Rank,  
Whose Credits stand unquestion'd as the Bank,  
Crack unexpected, and not then prove sound,  
When Nine-pence for a Noble they Compound:  
Deliver up your Grant, the *Bullock* pay,  
And I'll discharge you to this present Day.

Then said the *Swain*, What *Bullock*? who are you?  
That talk'st of Grants, and mak'st so much ado?  
Art thou his Son that sav'd Sir *Reynard's* Skin?  
Puppy, begon, I owe thee not a Pin.

The *Wolf* reply'd, Think not to put me off,  
My Due demanding, with a slighting Scoff:  
Though you your racking Landlords so do pay,  
Put Nine Months off beyond their Quarter-day,  
I look you should be punctual; this my *Steer*  
Deliver streight, or it will cost thee dear.

Who thus return'd, Fond *Isgrim*, prate no more,  
I gave this *Bullock* to the Devil before,  
The first Grant stands; but two besides you yet  
Put earlier Titles in, my Pot, and Spit.

This said, he calls his Dog behind the Hedge,  
Who, little thought on, rais'd his formal Siege;  
Thence in disorder the raw Soldier scudds,  
To sheltering Quarters in th' adjacent Woods.

Young *Isgrim* worsted by a Bumkin Blade,  
At first thus broken setting up his Trade,  
His Reputation crack'd, so much o're-match'd,  
Labors his Brains, and all Occasions watch'd  
His Credit to redeem, obtain his Right,  
Or try his Fortune in a Single Fight.

At last the *Rustick* and his *Ox* he found,  
 Fallow converting into Furrow-ground;  
 To whom he said, Unconscionable Clown,  
 To hold me from my Right, and what's my Own,  
 Whilst I, my Wife, and Children, almost sterve:  
 Ah Heavens! what Punishment do they deserve,  
 Who care not whom they Rob, nor how they Cheat,  
 Widows and Orphans Goods, like Morfels, eat;  
 Resolve whate're they gather so to keep,  
 Yet as supinely as poor Poets sleep:  
 But now thou shalt no longer me evade,  
 Spite of thy Dog, and Devil, I'll be paid.  
 In quiet then deliver up this *Steer*,  
 Take my Acquittance, and your Audit's clear.

The *Swain* observ'd how sharp-set *Isgrim* look'd,  
 Ready to eat him and his *Ox* uncook'd!  
 Absent his Dog, in danger of his Life,  
 Streight Arms he disconceals, and draws his Knife,  
 Putting himself in posture of Defence:

Then said, Come on, your Martial Suit commence;  
 With this I'll trounce your Tripes, your Gullet rip,  
 Inspect thy Bowels, and thy Body strip;  
 Thy Head cut off, I'll carry to the *Kirk*,  
 The Parish pays me for so good a Work.

The *Wolf*, startled at *Kirk*, and much dismay'd  
 At his bright Arms, and bold Defiance, said,

Short as you are, as Confident I am  
 Thee to subdue, as if a Kid or Lamb,  
 Trusting my Strength, my Courage, and my Cause:  
 But my Humanity puts in a Clause.

My

My Mother was a *Caledonian* Dame,  
 Lay-Elder-like, *War-Wolf* my Grandfire came,  
 And 'midst Devotion mingled *Venus* Work,  
 As she at Prayers lay groveling in the *Kirk*,  
 'Midst Groans and feign'd Contrition, her embrac'd,  
 And pregnant swell'd her then no little Waste:  
 Some few Months after she had play'd the Rig,  
 With *Wolvish* Seed, and *Calvinism* big,  
 With that fermenting *Covenant* enrag'd,  
 Against th' *Episcopacy* she engag'd,  
 Threw the first Stone, and after that, her Chair,  
*Lawn-sleeves* upbraiding, and *New Common-Prayer*:  
 The Signal given, with a hideous Yell  
 The *Commers*, that sold Cabages and Kell,  
 Thunder at once; Stools, Cushions, Stones, and Mire,  
 Distain'd the Magpie's Pontifick Attire:  
 My Grannie so begun those fatal Broils  
 Inflam'd three Kingdoms, and two spacious Isles:  
 Therefore since you and I may be ally'd,  
 By Arbitration let the Case be try'd:  
 Wars doubtful are, and long expensive Laws;  
 Let him who first we meet decide the Cause,  
 And to his Judgment promise both to stand.  
 On this th' Agreed, and Seal'd a Counter-bond.

## M O R A L.

Who ventures on a Foe, and then falls back,  
 Makes like a Pistol without Ball, a Crack:  
 When to take up the Business, Friends he moves,  
 Braggart himself both Fool and Coward proves.

F A B.

## F A B. XXXV.

## 2. Of the Rustick and the Wolf.

**N**Or long with Talk did they the Time beguile,  
When busie *Reynard* whips me o're the Stile,  
Whose Sire th' old *Fox* bred with much Care and Cost  
Up to the Law, nor his Endeavors lost;  
Lucrative Studies, early he, and late,

To Master strove, whence Wealth grows spite of Fate,  
If they to Pleading come, will Sweat, and Trudge:  
When both thus said, Behold an able Judge.

So after Conges, to their Work they fell,  
And each their Tale to best advantage tell.

Then said the *Fox*, To this you'l both abide:  
I, I, at once the *Swain* and *Wolf* reply'd.

Then first apart he with the *Rustick* goes,  
And thus affrights; Your Case, Sir, foully shows:  
You have confest, *primo Leonis*, th' Act  
Casts you, 'gainst those with Evil Spirits Contract;  
You to the Devil made a Deed of Gift:

If such Work once we Lawyets come to sift,  
You are undone, your Life in danger too;  
Witches have burnt for doing less than you;  
*Victims*, to promise, execrations Charms,  
The *Bullock* falls to him that first informs:

No:

Not Friends at Court would fetch you off, nor Gold;  
Should any lay on this Advantage hold.

The nettled *Swain*, with many ill-made Legs,  
Of his Furr'd *Foxship* kind Assistance begs;  
Whatever Goods and Lands, though ne're so Rich,  
Let him dispose, e're suffer for a Witch.

Who thus reply'd; To make your Business mine,  
Your Purse must stretch, whatever I design;  
A Counsellor or two we first must make,  
Each may a dozen of your Capons take;  
These in the Breach must stand, make good the Gap,  
And may, perhaps, your Cause e're Hearing stop.  
The *Bullock* send unto the *Lion's* Guard,  
So get your Pardon, and be never Heard:  
Me a fat *Goose*, some Chickens for my Wife,  
And we, I warrant, soon shall hush all strife.

This to perform, himself the *Rustick* ty'd:  
When cunning *Reynard* thus young *Isgrim* ply'd;

So please your *Wolfship*, you were much to blame,  
To lay your Title in the Devil's Name,  
For the foul Fiend: Ah Heavens! Appearance make!  
Your wary Sire did never so mistake,  
Though he did often *Satan* well advise,  
And could out-lie the Father of all Lies:  
Whene're to canvassing your Business comes,  
One Load of Fagots will prove both your Dooms.  
Your own Confessions (Ah! not me employ)  
The Plaintiff and Defendant will destroy.  
But more than this, your loud Contest I find,  
And wrangling in such Passion, taking Wind,

A

A Bird hath carried, and no false Report,  
 To the King's Ear, and to his hungry Court :  
 There, Tables down, they empty lye, and watch,  
 Like greedy Fish, whatever Prey to catch ;  
 I saw them bussle, cringe, and making Legs ;  
 This urges Service, that his Promise begs :  
 Be sudden, Sir, else soon you'l say, I fear,  
 You had a fair Estate, and once you Were.  
 With Sheep, and fatted Lambs, Peace-offerings make  
 What's all your Worth, when Life lies at the Stake  
 A Drolling Favorite, and less serious Peer,  
 Shall, brib'd, although accus'd of Treason, clear.  
 My Uncle, now in old Lord *Isgrim's* Place,  
 Shall, with a Present, gain the *Lion's* Grace.  
 Send all to me, and I'll your Gifts dispose,  
 Confirm your Friends, and molifie your Foes.  
 The *Wolf* thus nettled, said, All this I'll do,  
 What'e're 'twill cost me, I'll my Pardon sue.  
 Thus subtle *Reynard* ended their Debates,  
 Sharing no little Part of their Estates.

## M O R A L.

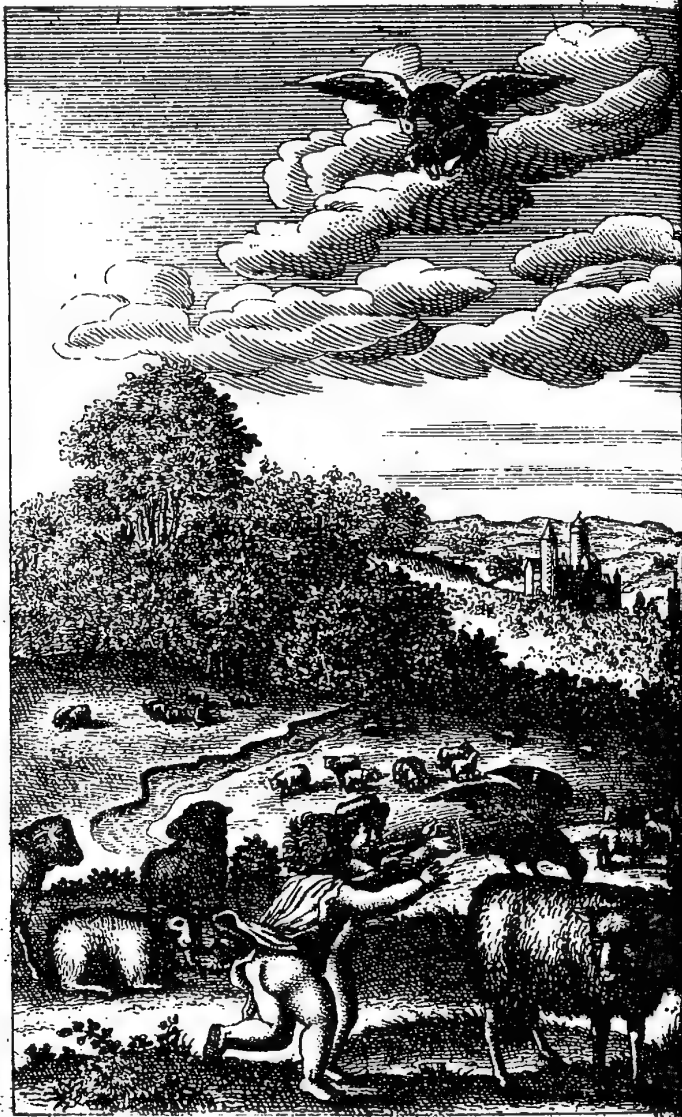
*Business to Lawyers Arbitration put,  
 Whoever Shuffles, they the first will Cut,  
 Go on each side a Snip, nor care two Pins,  
 So they fill up their Mouths, which Party Wins.*

## F A B. XXXVI.

*Of the Eagle and the Chough.*

THE Royal *Eagle* down like Lightning came,  
 And truss'd in griping Sears a tender *Lamb*;  
 Then to a Cedars Crown that kiss'd the Skies,  
 To his expecting *Aery* bears the Prize.  
 This flight a *Chough* with admiration saw,  
 Who long had been a Student in the Law:  
 Then said, Why toil we thus at Inns of Courts,  
 Sweating at Breviates, Cases, and Reports?  
 Drain Poyden, Dear, Littleton, and Cokes,  
 About a *Fack-a-Styles* and *Fohn-a-Nokes*?  
 Attend seven Years e're call'd unto the Bar,  
 When Sutes no Fortunes raise, like Chance of War?  
 We a long Life may spend, and sweating trudge,  
 To be a Tell-clock, or a gowty Judge;  
 Make Term by Term the Hall with Pleadings ring;  
 When one Field, one short Battel, Crowns a King.  
 We spin out Causes, Clients to beguile;  
 One Lucky Hit concludes the Soldiers Toil.  
 We onely Fleecers be; this *Eagle* came,  
 And made one Busines both of Fleece and Lamb.  
 Stupid Fools Estates we oft impair,  
 Get for our selves, perhaps, the better share;

But



But if in Military Power they fall,  
Their Lands are swallow'd, Moveables and all.

Law and the Gown farewell; I'll now turn Blade  
Design he puts in Action, soon as said,  
And with a lofty Flight cuts ambient Skies,  
Thence stooping, a fat Weather makes his Prize:  
Then with his Load thinking to cleave the Clouds,  
He found himself entrapp'd in Woollen Shrowds;  
His Claws and Shanks entangled stuck so deep,  
That he lay Pris'ner to his Captive Sheep;  
As easie he might raise this pondrous Work,  
As bear to Heaven a *Covenanting Kirk*.

The fond Bird snapp'd thus in a Fleecie Gin,  
The more he labors, sticks the faster in;  
The Wooll like Quick-sands working, deeper drew  
About his Claws the intricate Clew.

A *Swain* observing his ambitious Flight,  
A Gowned Lawyer now turn'd Errant Knight,  
Thus smiling said, Welcom from Inns of Court,  
Since you take pleasure in Wars cruel Sport,  
I'll bring you to a Regiment of Wags,  
Who from the Fair, mounted on Hobby-Nags,  
With Treble Fiddle, Tabers, Pipes, and Drums,  
All Merry Boys, and each his Rattle, comes.  
He gives him to the Childish Troop, this said;  
They lay by Nisels, and their trifling Trade,  
And streight the Fondlings seizing, pull and hale;  
His Wings they clip, and mutilate his Tail;  
And thronging round, they question, ask his Name,  
His Nation, Parents, Age, and whence he came:

Who sighing, thus reply'd; I, now your Sport,  
Was bred a Lawyer at the Inns of Court;  
Thence, like the soaring *Eagle*, thought to flie  
From Chamber-work, to Practise in the Skie:  
But I now finding how I was mistook,  
Confess my self a *Temple-garden Rook*.

## M O R A L.

Those who Experience, Strength, or Courage lack,  
Taking a Tartar, may themselves attack:  
But to be Sport for Boys and loytering Facks,  
Little of an Infernal Torture lacks.

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FAB.



## F A B. XXXVII.

*Of the Tyger and the Fox.*

When Hunting *Nimrods* first began to shoot,  
 And at strange distance aiming, execute ;  
 Before in Squadrons able Bow-men stood,  
 Dimming Noon Sun-beams with a Feather'd Wood  
 Against Wild Beasts they practice new-found Skill,  
 And *Quadrupeds* felt onely biting Steel :  
 When in the Forest this dire Work began,  
 What God they knew not, or more cruel Man  
 Them thus afflicted ; out they could not start,  
 But here a *Heifer* drops, and there a *Hart*.

No Foe in fight ; but loe ! th' Infernal Hag  
*Tisiphone*, or else some direr Plague,  
 Brought a Destruction not to be controll'd,  
 None sparing, neither Sex, nor Young, nor Old :  
 So durst they not from sheltring Coverts draw,  
 But there lay pining with an empty Maw.

When a bold *Tyger* thus inquir'd the Cause ;  
 You Forest-Rangers now who know no Laws,  
 But your own Wills, who Pleasure onely serve,  
 What makes you thus pent up to lie and sterve ?  
 Or what *Scorbutick* Humor stops your Blood,  
 That thus you languish here, and seek no Food ?

When



When one reply'd, We dare not take the Field,  
 Unless protected with a Tortoise Shield :  
 Clouds that with *Jove's* Artillery assail,  
 Lightning and Thunder, Wind, Snow, Rain, and Hail,  
 Ne're us surpriz'd, shelter'd in Dens and Holes ;  
 Now not a black Patch seen 'twixt either Poles,  
 Some God from clear Expansions Bolts lets flie,  
 Unwing'd with warning Tempest, so we die :  
 Or if we scape hurt by unseen Serenes,  
 The Wound nor mortal, perish of Gangrenes ;  
 And if we fall where shot, the Lords of Lands  
 Make us their Prize, and seize for *Deodands* :  
 So we resolve to spend here latest Breath,  
 Since of all Deaths the worst is sudden Death.

Then said the *Tyger*, Man o're Beasts hath odds,  
 As much as over Men Immortal Gods ;  
 But be it Humane, Heavenly Power, or Hells,  
 That kills at once, and works such Miracles,  
 I'll venture a Discovery to make,  
 And good or bad whate're my Fortune take.

This said, the Bold and Nimble waves Disputes,  
 And Reason baffled, from the Covert shoots :  
 No sooner forth, an Archer him discern'd,  
 Talking and gazing, as not much concern'd ;  
 His Tackle ready, close in Ambuscade,  
 Drawing his Shaft, thus he to *Phæbus* pray'd.  
 Grant that yon Monster with the haughty Garb  
 May receive Sentence from this deadly Barb ;  
 Give Pride a fall ; this Arrow in his Breast,  
 Make me the Master of his curious Vest,

Which prizing next to Royal Ermin, shall  
Hang a gay Trophie up in *Skinners* Hall.

Whilst he at Fears and Vulgar Errors laught,  
*Apollo* grants, and he dismiss the Shaft;  
Making no obstacle, a Rib it broke,  
And through his Bowels fixt upon an Oke.

He felt strange Agonies through every Part,  
And Deaths Convulsions shake his trembling Heart  
Strikes, tears, and flings, till almost out of breath,  
Th' arrested Patient falls, expecting Death:  
At his last gasp, whilst yielding up his Soul,  
Spake thus *lie Reynard*, peeping from his Hole:

You that but now to venture were so hot,  
What? Sink you at a *Privateer's* first Shot?  
A close Back-biter, that can well defame,  
You ne're shall see, and he ne're miss his Aim:  
You are a Courtier in the *Lion's* Woods,  
There you may find many such *Robin Hoods*,  
That from the King's own Ear their Aim shall take,  
And though in Favor, an Example make.

### M O R A L.

*Back-biters oft infuse such lasting Stains;  
That blemish Heirs in after Princes Reigns:  
A slanderous Tongue, although upon no ground,  
For ever may fair Reputation wound.*

## F A B. XXXVIII.

*Of the Eagle and other Birds.*

A Tyrant *Eagle*, that had dispossess'd  
 His Royal Master, and enjoy'd his Nest,  
 Which more to Feather, he a thousand ways,  
 And griping Counsel, studies how to raise:  
 His pack'd-up *Parliaments* gave what he would,  
 Enough to build him Forts and Ships of Gold;  
 Yet though all sorts of Birds were plum'd and pill'd,  
 His Clemm'd Exchequers Belly never fill'd;  
 Span, Taxes, Pole, his Custom and Excise,  
 Soft in their Rivers, yield scarce no Supplies;  
 Collectors and Receivers, *Rooks* and *Kites*,  
 Dip Pounds to Pence, and Shillings into Mites:  
 The Tyrant by Necessity put to't,  
 Monopolies and Projects sets afoot.  
 At last *Religion* cloaks his impious Aims,  
 He an Annual Holy-day Proclaims  
 To *Aquila* his Grandfire, who now bears  
 His punishing Thunder in his hooked Sears.  
 At last the Day of Solemnization came,  
 From all Parts gathering Birds both Wild and Tame;  
 Cocks and Geese, Turkeys, Wild-ducks, and Cranes  
 The Decoy-Temple throng, with several Trains:

They look'd that Griffons there they should behold,  
 And Flying Horses, Wing'd with Angel-Gold !  
 There Birds of Paradise ! There, would appear  
*Phoenix*, scarce seen once in five hundred year !  
 But, ah ! Instead of Gaudy, Armed Birds,  
 Bed-Chamber Harpies, Kites, and Craven Lords,  
 A Guard with griping Tallons ready stood,  
 Those fatal *Vespers* to conclude in Blood :  
 Whilst all with sudden Consternations shake,  
 Thus the *Usurper* in rough Language spake.

We with our urgent Wants, and rising Charge,  
 Oft mildly have acquainted you at large,  
 Supposing well Our Aims you understood,  
 Not Private seeking, but the Publick Good :  
 But be it what it will, no more now shall  
 Our Will and Pleasure question'd be at all ;  
 Since Fate hath put me in the Royal Chair,  
 Of blasted Reputation I'll beware ;  
 No more I'll wheedle now, cajole, or beg ;  
 Make my own Subjects, for my Right, a Leg :  
 But those who boldly oft did me oppose,  
 Proscrib'd, shall all now suffer here as Foes ;  
 I'll make this day prime Offerings of their Blood,  
 To *Aquila*, Our Grandfire, and Our God.

This said, his Guard at once upon them falls,  
 Turning expected Feasts to Funerals :  
 In Heaps lay Massacred the Fat and Tame,  
 The Rich were Criminals, and most to blame.  
 The *Eagle* glad his cruel Project took,  
 Unto his bloody Murtherers thus spoke.

Who would be Absolute, a Real King,  
 By Fear must down Seditious Subjects bring :  
 Who goes about a Crimson Deed by Ha'ves,  
 If one 'mongst thousands his fond Mercy saves,  
 That proves his Ruin, by imperfect Work.  
*Off the Prime Heads at once of Poppies jerk,*  
*Then Rule alone : How're, a Tyrant's brave,*  
*Descending all in Scarlet to the Grave.*

## MORAL.

*Kings, as inclin'd, on several Hinges move ;*  
*This scorns the Peoples Hate, that courts their Love :*  
*But who with general liking quiet Reigns,*  
*A skilful Riders Reputation gains.*

## F A B. XXXIX.

*Of the Pedlar and his Ass.*

**M**UST I be always at this heavy pass,  
 Still the Sides tawing of a stubborn *Ass*?  
 Will you not mend your Pace, so light your Load,  
 Such pleasant Weather, and so fair a Road?  
 Thus to his restie Beast the Master said,  
 Whilst tabring on his Coat the Cudgel plaid:  
 But he the Storm with furlly patience stood,  
 As if a Sea-wash'd Rock, or made of Wood;  
 Nor more would from his Resolution budge,  
 Then the severest Sentence-passing Judge.  
 Since Blows could not his *tender Conscience* force,  
 He thus assaies him with a milder Course.

Jog *Affinego*, step by step, make proof  
 Of this smooth Tract, with your imprinting Hoof;  
 Here are no Plashes, Clods, nor lumpy Clay,  
 Here, had we time, us two at Dice might play:  
 No more I'll wreak my Anger on thy Ribs,  
 But my self feed thee at replenish'd Cribs,  
 And like a Lord, although an *Ass*, attend,  
 And *Filly-foal* shall be thy Bosom-friend.

Not so the *Polish* Chapman and his Mag  
 Rais'd vast Estates, a *Galloway* their Nag,



Still chearful bore his Wealth-encreasing Pack,  
Till he march'd forth a General from a Jack.

When thus grown desperate, spake the moody Beast,  
Thee, and thy Fairs and Markets, I detest;  
After so many Stripes, that me wouldst sooth,  
To settle early in thy Cheating Booth:

Last night your Guz'ling got into your Pate,  
And I must suffer, cause you rose so late.

My Father told me, dying, whom you made  
Like me, your Slave, like me, your Pack-horse Jade,  
You more by favoring of that Rebel *Scot*,  
Than by your Pedling, this your Fortune got:  
You with seditious Pamphlets stuff'd your Load,  
Long ere *Mercuriuses* appear'd abroad,  
Before Fame plum'd on Paper Wings could fly,  
Plain *Truth* trod under by proud Madam *Lie*,  
Fill'd the illiterate Dorps and Country Towns  
With *Cleaver's* works, with *Subtcliff's*, *Dod's*, & *Brown's*,  
On every Shelf and Cup-boards-head they lay,  
Opening to grand Rebellion the way.

My hapless Father, at his latest Breath,  
Laid to your Loads and Cruelty his Death;  
I suffering thus like him, resolve so too,  
And dying here, my Murther lay on you.

This said, no longer he sustains his Load,  
But stretch'd himself athwart the beaten Road.

When to the Desperate, thus th' Inrag'd replies;  
Wilt thou lye here, not do thy Work, nor rise?  
If to the Devil thou intend'st to go,  
I'll find thee Tortures worse than those below;

Thy



Thy endless Beatings shall fill all Parts with din;  
 I'll in twelve Tabers cantle out thy Skin;  
 At Childrens Feasts, at Puppet-plays, and Fairs,  
 Those restless Furies, Puddings, Apes, and Hares,  
 Shall Taw thy Hide, and with perpetual noise,  
 Call to lewd Shews, light Girls, and loytring Boys:  
 Perpetual Bastings, always to be flamm'd,  
 If thou so well approv'st, Die and be damn'd.

The *Ass* then in a melancoly vein,  
 Splenetick fumes suggesting Hell and Pain,  
 Dire Tortures after Death! began to think;  
 No lucid Intervals, no Meat nor Drink!  
 But always Furies labouring on his Pelt!  
 Better that Hell wherein he living dwelt,  
 Where he 'mongst Toil and blows might rest and feed  
 Then rising, he out-went an *Asses* speed.

## M O R A L.

*Such Criminals whom soft nor threatening Words  
 Will make confess, cock'd Pistols, nor drawn Swords;  
 Tell them of Tortures, and Infernal Flames,  
 That brings all out, and greatest Monsters tames.*



## F A B. XL.

*Of Jupiter and the Ape.*

**T**Ransform'd to *Wolves* by *Jove*, *Lycaon's* Race  
Once more themselves transform to *Babes* of  
*Grace*;

The bristly Beast a Sheep-skin Tunick clouds,  
And they, though living, walk in Woollen Shrouds:  
Thus carrying on a damnable Design,  
Not Heaven to take by Storm, but undermine;  
Monarchick Power up Root and Branch they'l grub;  
Thundring from Hell, the Pulpit, and the Tub,  
Heavens Gates not battering, thus they will unhinge,  
To satiate both their Avarice and Revenge;  
And Lords of the Ascendant, swallow down  
Bright Constellations, Jewels of the Crown,  
Level Revenues, share his Starry Robes,  
Joyning Cœlestial and Terrestrial Globes.

Which *Jove* perceiving, soon remembered well  
How on his Palace Earth-born Bumkins fell,  
Those ranting *Tyranos* in hurley-burley,  
(Like ruder Sea-men after Pay grown surley)  
Strove Heavens Twelve Houses down at once to tear,  
Crying They all Light *Venus* Mansions were.

Then

Then said Great *Jove*, *Wolves* threaten my Abodes,  
 Their Faction powerful grown 'mongst favoring Gods:  
 What shall I do? And Man's deceitful Stock,  
 Though me with loaden Altars they invoke,  
 Yet in the Giants War not one did list,  
 Nor Us in that great Exigence assist:  
 Well, I with Beasts will fight the Bestial Foe,  
 Commissioning our *Quadrupeds* below.

This said, he musters up both Wild and Tame;  
 All free from this so dire Infection came:  
 'Mongst these, the King of *Apeland* did engage,  
 Attended with a *Gallick* Equipage,  
 Trunk-hos'd *Baboons*, and Livery'd *Drills*, *Lacqueis*,  
 Which *Jove* himself took pleasure on to gaze:  
 When drawing neer, with *John-an-Apes* his Son,  
 Thrice Congeing, to the Thunderer thus begun,

Though in our Kingdom Pulpit-*Wolves* we have,  
*Hyena's*, such as make the Vulgar rave;  
 Yet by our Care not far their Poyson taints,  
 Within our Walls preach no dissembling Saints;  
 Free from the Witchcraft of their powerful Charms,  
 I'll forty thousand thee present in Arms,  
 'Gainst all the World my Army I'll maintain  
 To march up Hill, and so come down again.

But for this Service one small Boon I beg,  
 Behold my Son, thus mounted on one Leg,  
 Which if that Miracles not yet are ceas'd,  
 Stands th' onely Wonder betwixt Man and Beast!

Should

Should I his Qualities but reckon, they  
 Would take up the whole Business of the day;  
 Therefore, great King of Kings, on him bestow  
 Some Grant that may your signal Favors show.

Then *Jove* reply'd; To give shall be my task;  
 And you to find, what's worth your while to ask,  
 Present me your desires, what you would have:  
 As ready I'm to grant, as you to crave.

Nor long consulting th' *Apeland* Monarch stays,  
 But thus upon his Knee *Jove* humbly prays:

Since you are pleas'd my Off-spring to advance,  
 Make him a King, a good King *John* of France:  
 Ere Rolls of Fate (some say) are quite unfurl'd,  
 An Apish Prince may Rule the VVestern VVorld;  
 I beg this, Sir, upon our Injuries score,  
 Forces to Land upon the *British* Shore,  
 My Brother, and his Uncle, to redeem  
 From *Paris-garden*, one I much esteem,  
 VVhom now at Pension amongst nasty Bears,  
 Aguarded Jerkin without Breeches wears,  
 There making Pastime on a gall'd Horse back,  
 And though a Prince at home, they call him *Jack*.

To be the King of France, said angry *Jove*!  
 On such a high Concern no further move;  
 The French King might have past, he not unfit  
 To Rule that Nation by his Parts and VVit:

But

But since he after such Preferment gapes,  
 To be a Monarch, though a *Fack-an-Apes*,  
 Your Brother and his Uncle never shall  
 From *Paris-Garden* be releas'd at all;  
 But when his Master please, shew Tricks, and Dance,  
 To meanest Subjects of the King of *France*.

## MORAL.

*Clandestine Plots more dangerous are by far,  
 Than all Hostilities of open War:  
 Let your Petitions modest be, and fit,  
 And ten to one if any thing you get.*

FAB.



## F A B. XLI.

*Of the Carpenter and Mercury.*

HIS Artist, who no small Task undertook,  
 No petty Tenements, nor paltry Nook,  
 Nor for some Trees contracted, but whole Woods,  
 To build a stately Temple for the Gods,  
 A huge Pantheon, where they all must stand  
 That e're were worshipp'd yet in any Land,  
 And empty Niches left for many more,  
 Few Lights might move hereafter to implore.  
 Each where the Groves resound with boistrous strokes,  
 And falls of groaning Pines, and dying Oakes;  
 His VVork he plies, so that in Ranks and Files  
 Thick stands a Forest in congested Piles.  
 This Alteration setled Eagles felt,  
 Who had in Cedar Courts three Ages dwelt,  
 Opposing the Estate for ever theirs,  
 At least, long Leases for themselves and Heirs:  
 Amongst these, he on a special Tree did look,  
 Circled with an incircling Brook;  
 Amongst spreading Boughs, that dangled o're the stream,  
 He fancied one would make a fitting Beam,  
 Which striding, while he Sprigs and Foliage tops,  
 Sifted to clear the VVork, his Hatchet drops

'Mongst

'Mongst troubled VVaters, hard to be regain'd,  
 Deep with a Shower, dark with fermented Sand:  
 Then the Cœlestials all he did implore,  
 His Ax, employ'd for them, they would restore.

VVhen *Hermes*, whom this Artist late had Carv'd  
 And much for such a Master-piece deserv'd,  
 VVhich in his Shop shew'd like an unlick'd Bear,  
 But an eighth VVonder mounted in the Air,  
 VVith his *Caduceus*, standing on one Leg,  
 Appearing, said, In a good Hour you beg,  
 You building are the Gods a stately *Fane*,  
 VVho work for them, they hear, when they compla

VVho thus reply'd; My Ax, whilst here I lopt  
 Boughs for their Service, in the River dropt;  
 Lately new edg'd, and fitted to my Hands,  
 VVhich whilst I want, a Turret tottering stands.

This said, the God descends, and in a Thought  
 Him from deep Streams a Golden Hatchet brought,  
 Asking if that were his; which when he spy'd,  
 That's none of mine, I dropt none such he cry'd;  
 I ne're had any Ax shin'd half so bright;  
 For service mine, more than for shew and sight.

Thence *Hermes* diving, brings another Bait,  
 Both Helve and Hatchet all of massie Plate.  
 That neither, cries the Artist, that's not mine.

Finding no Fraud to answer his Design,  
*Hermes* well-pleas'd, presents him with his own,  
 Dipt thrice in *Styx*, Stick-free 'gainst Steel and Stone  
 More worth than thrice its weight in solid Gold,  
 VVhose Edge should never blunt, never grow old.

Wh

Whilst he gives thanks, commixt with Vows & Pray'rs,  
 The disappearing God to Heaven repairs.

### M O R A L.

Artists whose Square a Leather Apron girds,  
 Articles bind not, Promises, nor Words:  
 Their worthy Company small Musters makes,  
 That for their own, would leave a Golden Ax.

\* K

FAB.

## F A B. XLII.

2. *Of the same Carpenter and Mercury.*

**W**Hilst prating Fame this to his Servants  
 Their Master had refus'd an Ax of Gold  
 Amongst these, one, who, 'midst their emptying Pot  
 Drew on wet Tables Ichnographick Plots,  
 Models, and Forms; this heard, his Fancy racks,  
 How to be Master of a Golden Ax:  
 Hot on his new-laid Project, thence he slips,  
 And on the same Tree mounted, hews, and chips;  
 Then (as design'd) straining a Branch to lop,  
 Down lets his Hatchet in the Water drop;  
 And to the Gods conceives these feigned Prayers:  
 You Powers that pittyng look on Mens Affairs,  
 And the most abject help when they implore,  
 My Hatchet, ah! my Hatchet me restore;  
 Which wanting, I shall ne're perform my Work,  
 Though but to build a *Caledonian* Kirk.

*Hermes* the Hypocrite's Petition heard,  
 And above Waves with a bright Ax appeard,  
 And thus, who durst trepan the Gods, trepann'd;  
 If this be yours, this Hatchet, ease my Hand,  
 Which I'm not able longer up to hold,  
 Although a Deity, all of massie Gold;

Stoop, stoop, Friend, quickly, and receive your own.  
 Which said, the Wretch streight bending, tumbled  
 And at Shades grasping, fell into the Stream, (down,  
 Where soon he waken'd from his Golden Dream;  
 Thence scrabbling out, safe on the River side,  
 He at his Girdle his own Hatchet spy'd,  
 And at the Transformation wondring stood,  
 The Helve turn'd Marble, and the Steel grown Wood:  
 When thus he said, A very fine Exploit,  
 To get a Golden Ax not worth a Doit.

## M O R A L.

\* Artists that Toil, hard Livings wring from Sweat,  
 Strangely affect what's purchas'd by a Cheat:  
 Who Courts or Churches Build, or else Repair,  
 Such John Joyners let them take some care.

Sto

\* K 2

F A B.



## F A B. XLIII.

*Of the Dog and Wolf.*

**T**His *Dog* with care attends his Masters Flocks,  
 Protecting from the *Wolf* and subtle *Fox*,  
 Long winter nights would walk his Rounds, & watch  
 For Trust and Assiduity unmatch'd :  
 Yet for perpetual *Vigils*, constant Guards,  
 Blows and long *Lents* were onely his Rewards,  
 Who for such Pains Encouragement deserv'd,  
 Neglected went, clemm'd up, and almost sterv'd.

To whom, thus *Isgrim* at a Parley spake ;  
 You that such Pains for Blows and Hunger take,  
 Adventuring Life so oft, and nothing spare,  
 But *Bare-bones* to be call'd for all your Care ;  
 I wonder at, and pittie, though a Foe,  
 Others that serve your Master are not so ;  
 His Auditors, and those that bear the Bag,  
 Their Sides are larded, their stuff'd Bellies sag ;  
 Who set his Lands, and Tenements demise,  
 Their Cheeks and Noses Bow-dy'd Scarlet dyes :

Who thus reply'd ; I'm but his Shepherd's *Dog* ;  
 Spaniels and Foysting-hounds, that lie and cog,  
 Filling his Ears with Tales and idle Prate,  
 Pick up their Crums, when out soon me they rate :



e values more a Fool, or sawcie Knave,  
 than one whose Wisdom might a City save :  
 ur Lord great Places holds, hath store of Lands,  
 f which, no more than I, he understands ;  
 e knows not what his Rents are, what his Books,  
 or Buſineſs, onely after Pleaſure looks ;  
 et them with Forty Pieces ſtuff his Fob,  
 o loſe at Gaming, or rig forth ſome Drab,  
 his work there ends, that done, concludes all Cares,  
 oth of the Publick, and his own Affairs ;  
 et Ships and Cities be conſum'd in Flame,  
 All's one to him, his Principles the ſame.

Then *Iſgrim* ſaid, Once take a Foe's advice ;  
 Would you new ſheath'd, and fat be in a trice ?  
 fancy me yonder Lamb, I'll aſk no more,  
 We're to your Belly after run aſcore :  
 and this the means ; I'll ſeize your *Cur-ſhips* Gift,  
 ollow you me, I know you fierce and ſwift ;  
 When you are neer, juſt catching at my Throat,  
 eigning, fall down, and let me take my Lot :  
 This will your Maſter, and the reſt obſerve,  
 and for their own ends you no more ſhall ſterve.

The Common Foe and a falſe Servant joyn'd,  
 ut ſtraight in Act what well they had deſign'd ;  
 Whiſt all beheld how *Iſgrim* ſeiz'd the Lamb,  
 and *Hylax* after, like a Tempeſt, came,  
 The tender Prey was ready to regain,  
 He ſeeming faints, nor could his Speed maintain ;  
 The *Wolf* his Prize to ſheltring Coverts bore ;  
 The *Dog* is worth his Weight in Gold, they ſwore,

And without question had the Loss regain'd,  
Had he for Service better been maintain'd :  
Both Town and Country then of him took care,  
And each where Treated, he grew Fat and Fair,

## MORAL.

*'Tis hard to Cark all Day, to Care and Moil,  
And find at Night our Labor for our Toil,  
When by some Trick in Trade, or new Trepan,  
Up from a Broker starts an Alderman.*



## F A B. XLIV.

## 2. Of the same Dog and Wolf.

**H**is *Curship Hylax*, now grown sleek and plump,  
*Dog* in a Doublet with a Velvet Jump,  
 rais'd by his Master's Lord's especial Grace,  
 from Turn-spit, to the *Major-Domo's* Place,  
 had both the Kitchen, Pantry, Larder, all  
 that were below-stairs ready at his call;  
 spaniels, nay Mastives, veil'd to him their Caps;  
 and Foisting-hounds, though in their Ladies Laps;  
 Who late some Scruples taking 'bove his Dose,  
 a large Potation, and a short Repose,  
 Walk'd forth this Morning, better to repair  
 his queasie Stomach with refreshing Air:  
 Where under harder Planets *Isgrim* fate,  
 Repining at inexorable Fate.  
 Soon as the *Wolf* his old Acquaintance spy'd,  
 Craving an Alms, thus he himself apply'd:  
 Take pity, Sir; behold my sordid Coat,  
 My clemm'd up Belly, and my rivell'd Throat;  
 Since you that tender Bit on me bestow'd,  
 never tasted Flesh, nor drank warm Blood;  
 Ah! with sweet Creature-comforts me supply;  
 That once more I may eat before I die.

I wave all former Merits, neither hint  
Counsel, that since hath prov'd to you a Mint,  
That well your Back hath cloth'd, your Purse well  
Ah! let my Wants your soft Compassion find. (lin'd)

*Dog* Steward then reply'd, *Isgrim*, 'tis true,  
To rob my Master I conspir'd with you,  
And I so well did your first Lesson learn,  
I onely studied since my own Concern;  
By which I rais'd my self in little space  
Up from a Scullion, to the Caterer's Place:

A Basket in my Mouth, a Bill that bid  
The Butcher furnish me with Veal or Kid,  
Beef, Lamb, or Mutton, which I day by day  
Brought to the Cook, ne're asking what's to pay:  
But once as I went lugging home my Load,  
I saw two Mastiffs fighting in the Road;  
Straight to be Stickler, down my Charge I set,  
When the great Battel prov'd an arrant Cheat,  
And they to plundering of my Basket fell:  
I thought I might put in my Claim as well;  
So we together did divide the Spoil.  
My Lord saw this, and laughing all the while,  
Tickled with Mischief, and my ready Wit,  
Since me to make his Steward hath thought fit;  
And I'm no more a down-right Shepherd's Cur,  
But as you see; Your humble Servant, Sir,  
Confesseth that you rais'd me, nor shall scorn,  
As Courtiers use, to make a kind Return:  
I'll put you on a handsom Project shall  
Once more your Belly fill, fall what may fall!

So

Soon as grown dark, you to our Larder may  
Find by a new-made Breach, an eade way;  
There you may Wants supply, there highly Feast;  
Which I could wish you may as well digest.

This said, the joyiul *Wolf* did thence depart;  
And home went *Hylax*, Treachery in his Heart.

## MORAL.

*Who get Advancement by Sinister ends,  
Prove seldom to thir Raisers Cordial Friends:  
The Debt too great to pay, some State-trick must,  
By Ruin or Disgrace, Accounts adjust.*

FAB.

## F A B. XLV.

## 3. Of the same Dog and Wolf.

Soon as Sun-setting rais'd Nights Sable Flags,  
And Stars drest up, laid by their muffling Bags,  
Forth *Isgrim* did from dark Recesses steal,  
Venturing sweet Life against one plenteous Meal;  
Through Shades and Silence the old Robber drew,  
Where Breaches lay expos'd to open view:  
Low and neglected Out-works soon he mounts,  
The Wealthy Plunder all his own accounts.

Fierce, on cold Lamb and Mutton first he falls;  
Next, breaches makes in Ven'son Pasty Walls;  
Then up and down pickeering, tears and eats,  
Making a Massacre of broken Meats.  
Rich Wine in open Bottles last he marks,  
Whose windy Ferment had blown up their Corks,  
Th' uneven Floor turning to Pools and Isles;  
He *French* and *Spanish* Difference reconciles:  
Fear of Surprisal vanquished with Wine,  
He calls the Vault his Castle, cries, All's mine;  
Plots the false Steward (though his Friend) to kill,  
There fix his Throne, and Govern in that Cell:  
Tuning his Pipes, then he began to sing  
The Ballad of *Lycan*, once a King;

How

How he with Humane Dishes *Jove* did Feast;  
On Mans Flesh treated his Coelestial Guest;  
Herbage for Beasts, Beasts Men, Man Angels Food;  
What best with them agreed, might please a God.  
But he as him, and such choice Banquets storms,  
And for his Kindness, to a *Wolf* transforms,  
Closing each *Stanza* with Phanatick Rage,  
Should *Jove* more than Gygantic Stirs engage,  
*Lycan* to his Seat restore again,  
And injur'd *Saints*, *Wolves* turn'd to *Men*, should Raign.  
Such dire Notes *Isgrim* sung, while down he trowls;  
After his savory Morfels, cheering  
Dog Steward, that well his Voice, though singing,  
From Ambuscade out with a Party drew, (knew,  
At lock'd Doors entring, they beset the Breach,  
Crying the *Wolf* another Song they'l teach;  
Who seeing he must perish on the Spot,  
Seiz'd his false Friend, the Steward, by the Throat;  
Though all to loose him did what-e're they could,  
With deadly Wounds, the *Wolf* still kept his hold.  
So grapled, they in Death's Convulsion lay,  
And dead, were thrown out on the King's High-way.

## M O R A L.

Feign'd Friends, who best may Villanies complot,  
Of their Designs miscarry on the Spot:  
A Dram this of the Deadly Bottle gets,  
Which for his dangerous Compeer he sets.

FAB:

## F A B. XLVI.

*Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

SO fair the Morning, that you could not spy  
 The smallest Mote in Heaven's great Crystal Eye  
 And such the *Talcyon*, that in *Phæbus* Rays  
 Light Atoms c'd no Laborynthian Hays;  
 Whilst the pluin'd Quire to audit Winter Scores,  
 And long neglected Love, call brisk Amours;  
 Earth clad in Green, bids *February* flie,  
 The warm Sun's gallant now in *Gemini*.  
 When thus Sir *Reynard's* Heir, that hopeful Spark,  
 His Mother cogs to wanton in the Park.

Give me, dear Mammy, leave a while to play  
 On yonder Mantlings, this inviting day:  
 How finely shines the Sun? how clear and warm?  
 And I'll a Chicken from that neighboring Farm  
 Perhaps convey, bearing a-pick a-pack,  
 Like Daddie with a Gander on his Back.

Then she reply'd, Go *Reynie*, but beware  
 Let th' *Eagle* thee a further Voyage bear;  
 I sav her trufs a Lamb; so long did mark  
 Her flying, that she lessned to a Lark;  
 Thee if she light on, and thy little Prize,  
 She'll carry to her Castle in the Skies,



When

46:47:



Where Chick and you she will together dress,  
And her expecting *Aiery* so Caress.

This said, the Wanton leaves their shady Court,  
Caution forgot, and onely follows Sport;  
Whom soon *Mount-Eagle*, more than Steeple high,  
Saw, and descending from the Liquid Skie,  
Seiz'd on the heedless Cub, and thence conveys  
To Feast her Young, through Airs untract'd Ways:  
The Bussle hearing, out Dame *Ermelin* flies,  
Thus th' *Eagle* courting to forsake her Prize.

A Mother hear, since you a Mother are;  
Vex not a frantick Female to Despair:  
My Son deliver, wave what're your Claim,  
And I'll present you with a tender Lamb,  
Or else a Tortoise in the Shell I'll dress,  
Shall better thee and thy fair Young Catef.

She neither her Complaints nor Proffers minds,  
But to her Cedar Court out-strips the Winds,  
Where for their Shares her sharp-set *Aiery* gapes,  
Young *Reynie* wondring at their *Indian* Shapes.

But she, *Mount-Eagle* finding no remorse,  
Sudden resolves upon a desperate Course,  
And from th' High-Altar at Devotion stole  
A smoking Fire-brand, tipp'd with blazing Cole;  
Thence, wing'd with Rage, like *Draco Volans*, flies,  
And th' *Eagles* Palace grapples in the Skies:

Thus proffering Terms, Give me my Son, or Fire  
Shall make thy Lofly Seat a Funeral Pyre,  
Thy Off-spring and their Nest to Ashes burn,  
And if thou stay'st, thy Bones with them in-Urn.

Startled

Startled to see a blazing Weapon shine,  
 Aloud she cries, Thy Off-spring I resign;  
 Ask what thou wilt, and Articles prepare,  
 And I will Sign them, whatsoe're they are:  
 And who so long despis'd both Men and Gods,  
 Shall pay thee Homage at thy own Aboads.

Dispatch then, *Ermelin* cries: She, soon as said,  
 Young *Reynie* in his Mothers Bosom laid;  
 Who joyful, told her he had been so far,  
 That he had catch'd, almost, a Blazing-Star.

## M O R A L.

*The Greedy onely his own Interest minds,  
 Complaints lull him asleep, like murmuring Winds:  
 Oft highest Spirits, when you put them to't,  
 Fall prostitute as humbly at your Foot.*

## F A B. XLVII.

## 2. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

**M** Adam Mount-Eagle forc'd to stoop thus low,  
 As if some Dunghil Bird, or Carrion Crow,  
 To *Reynard's* Wife on base Conditions yield,  
 No Battel, yet she Mistress of the Field;  
 Thus storming said, What will of me become:  
 Abroad a Laughing-stock, and jeer'd at home!  
 Drest in *Lampoons* 'mongst *Common-Garden* Birds?  
 Tools Bolts will fly, and *Asses* biting Guirds;  
 If they'l *Burlesque* with such Rhyme-doggerel Pens,  
 Make *Grislons* Robbins, Royal *Eagles* Wrens:  
 Blood must more easie move this grating Hinge,  
 No Salve for Reputation like Revenge.

To *Merlin* then, her trusty Page, she spake;  
 From me to *Reynard's* Wife a Visit make,  
 Say, I my self on her would willing wait,  
 But I my Charge attend early and late;  
 Either if leisure grant her leave to walk,  
 We better may of kind Concernments talk.

The Long-wing'd on his Message flies with speed,  
 And told Dame *Ermelin* what his Lady bid;

Though

Though full of Thoughts, invited thus, she came,  
And fate as other Madams, by Madam.

Then spake the *Eagle*, a Branch higher perch'd,  
A Female difference not at first well search'd,  
May seem to heal under a formal Skin,  
When the clos'd Orifice ulcerates within.

Therefore my Lord, and yours, now both from hence  
I have aparted a convenient Room,  
Which, please you to accept, and Rent-free too,  
The Friendship to confirm 'twixt me and you;  
Since we live single, keep a slender Train,  
You Chamber'd in the Cedar may remain,  
Where we may visit one another oft;  
*Unplyant Grudges Frequency makes soft.*

*Whom Profit blinds, perceive no reaching Drift:*  
She streight accepts the cunning *Eagle's* Gift,  
Her self and all her little ones removes,  
From sure Foundations, to deceitful Groves.

When going early forth (her usual guise,)  
Markets to make, in manner of Reprise,  
*Mount-Eagle* skilful at Dame *Ermelins* Trade,  
A Tragick Scene in her short absence play'd,  
Enters new Lodgings, on her Children falls,  
Makes bloody Banquets with their Funerals,  
Serves the whole Brood to her expecting Young;  
And Feasted, down their Bones and Offals flung;

then boasting said, I'm now reveng'd to th' height,  
et Parrots prate, and idle Goose quills write.

## M O R A L.

*In War to Conquer, be at Court preferr'd,  
our Love-suit kindly by your Mistress heard,  
Shipwrack to scape, these much Contentment bring;  
Sweet Revenge of Foy's the onely King.*

\* L

F A B.

## F A B. XLVIII.

## 3. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

MEAN while Dame *Ermelin* following her Traitor  
A *Stubble-Goose* her own by Purchase made  
Claim putting in by Seizure, thwart her Back  
She threw her Booty like a Pedlar's Pack,  
Thence speeding home her little ones to Treat;  
Where soon as enter'd, down her Fardel set,  
Them by their Names she calls, *Squire*, *Sly*, and *Sh*  
To Breakfast, here's good Cheer, no picking Work  
Missing her Cubs within, her hound she went,  
But them nor heard, nor saw, nor found by scent:

Then thus she cries. Some cursed Cavalier  
Hath with his Blood-hounds ransacking been here  
Who of my Children hath made Meat for Dogs,  
Or Captive led, condemn'd to Chains and Clogs.  
How like his Father, *Squire*, my eldest Cub,  
Would Preach in Pulpit, or Hold forth in Tub,  
From tender-conscienc'd *Geese* removing Doubt,  
Would Orthodox and Refractory rout!  
How would my second with drawn Pizzle lie,  
Rook an old *Rook*, a Carrion *Crow*, or *Pye*!  
The third for Policy and Valor might,  
Ah! had he liv'd; been, like his Sire, a Knight.

This heard *Mount-Eagle*, and her Doubts to clear,  
Did, Moan no longer, your three Sons are here;  
And as she spake, down a pick'd Carcass flung,  
Thus her upbraiding with a bitter Tongue.  
Another Firebrand, noysom scented Brache,  
Thou canst find one, from the Altar snatch:  
*Christian Religion* cuts off *Heathen Rites*,  
Now each-where shines the Gospel with New Lights;  
Instead of *Hecatombs* that *Jove* Carest,  
Hissing with Smoke the Mansions of the Blest,  
Nely a *Contrite Heart* they offer up,  
And their *Libation* a *Communion Cup*.  
Then full of Grief and Rage, replies the Fox;  
Thou maist be met with, *Kite*, for all thy Mocks:  
His said, to former Dwellings she retreats,  
And there long mourning, neither drinks nor eats.  
Soon after, in an unconverted Town,  
Change of Religion by Degrees march'd down  
From populous Cities, introduc'd by Arms,  
To *Pagan* Bunkins, Villages, and Farms)  
To *Bacchus* Festivals a Goat they paid,  
The *Vive-destroyer* on his Altar laid;  
And whilst with Rural Ditties they advanc'd,  
Longst oyl'd *Berrachios* leap'd, and fell, and danc'd,  
*Mount-Eagle* stoops like Lightning from the Pole,  
And snatch'd a Morsel on a hissing Cole,  
Which bearing to her Nest, the Cinder catch'd,  
Her Palace smokes, with Reeds and Stubble thatch'd:  
No hope left now to quench the rising Flame,  
Crying aloud, at last th' affrighted Dame,

E're sprinkling Sparks had sing'd her callow Young,  
 She on the Ground, like ripe Fruit falling, flung;  
 Which *Ermelin* spying, streight upon them falls,  
 And slaughtering, thus unto their Mother calls.

Robber and Murtherefs, thou that hast thy Tower  
 Above the reach of Beasts, or Humane Power;  
 Yet Divine Justice conquers all these Odds:  
*Judgment, though late, comes certain from the Gods.*

## MORAL:

*The fiercest Tyrants, though they Guarded are  
 With all the Strength and Policy of War,  
 That Fortune scorn, that Heaven and Hell dare fight,  
 Oft lose themselves by one small Oversight.*



## F A B. XLIX.

*Of the Panther and Rusticks.*

A Foreign Panther fallen into a Pit,  
 Vain finding Strength, Activity, and Wit,  
 Lay patient at the mercy of those Swains,  
 Gather'd in Throngs from the Adjacent Plains,  
 Admiring his rich Coat, and dappled Vest;  
 Whom thus humbly made he his Request.  
 You harmless Shepherds, you who here reside;  
 Free from Contention, Avarice, and Pride;  
 You who enjoy long Lives and lasting Healths,  
 From Changes free of Crowns and Commonwealths,  
 Who old feel no decay, but Strength still keep,  
 Living in extreme Age, as fallen asleep;  
 You who so blest are, pity my sad Case,  
 And free me from these Gyves and doleful Place.  
 The giddy Rout this said, divided are:  
 The breach of Hospitality beware,  
 Be kind to Strangers, these cry, since the Gods,  
 The Pilgrims, visit oft poor Swains Abroads.  
 Whilst others bawl, No Hospitable breach,  
 Might as our Prisoner him let us impeach,  
 Let him forfeit Life, divide his gaudy Spoils;  
 Let not for Friends pitch here intrapping Toils.

Discording Clamors clafh, loud Shouts and Cries  
Of fiding Parties battel in the Skies;  
To Animosity Contention grows,  
And soon the Storm had melted into Blows,  
But that a Father, who in former Stirs  
Had felt the Miseries of Civil Wars,  
To silence did the frantick Rout beseech,  
Then gravely makes this reconciling Speech.

You that are Friends and Brethren, ah! forbear;  
Raife not on slender grounds intestine War;  
But let a middle course all difference wave,  
Let us this Stranger neither kill nor save;  
Be what he will, thus faln into our Gin,  
Let him get out himself, as he got in:  
If he scape, so; if perish in our Toils,  
We guiltless are, and yet obtain his Spoils.  
All pleas'd with this Perswasion, thence depart,  
Leaving the Panther with a heavy Heart.

## M O R A L.

Fly Golden Means, when the Extremes are good;  
Grant General Pardons, or else lavish Blood:  
Oft lukewarm Counsels, neither harsh, nor mild,  
The Subtlest to their Ruins have beguil'd.

## F A B. L.

## 2. Of the Panther and Rusticks.

Who from the bottom thus of deep Despair,  
And hard embraces of a cruel Snare,  
No less than Death expecting, down he lies  
In woful posture, closing his own Eyes;  
When through dark Shades a tender Virgin stole,  
And him enfranchis'd from that dismal Hole.  
As one who had been rais'd up by a Spell,  
From Death, and Adamantine Gates of Hell,  
Enjoy'd he, viewing the Ætherial Sky,  
His kind and fair Deliverer standing by:  
And thus he said; To thee who me hast sav'd,  
And for my Freedom thus thy self behav'd,  
Advent'ring forth in such a Night, so dark,  
When all Heavens Canopy not shews one Spark,  
What shall I say, or how return, since short  
Are all acknowledgements to thy Desert:  
Soft Operations of a tender Breast  
Are 'bove Rewards, and not to be express'd;  
Untainted Plains breed Innocence like you,  
Spotless their Cheeks, spotless their Bosoms too.  
But go with me to Court; who me redeem'd  
There shall take Place, be like my self esteem'd;



On you the King shall smile, and my dear Spouse  
 Shall wait upon, though of the *Lion's* House;  
 Be safe and happy there; for I, e're long,  
 These Plains shall visit Forty thousand strong;  
 On those would neither Evil do, nor Good,  
 For luke-warm Counsel shall pay reeking Blood.

Then she reply'd, If so resolv'd you are,  
 My Parents, Me, and my Relations spare;  
 But if you love your Life, no longer stay,  
 The East grows Purple with the rising Day;  
 If early *Rusticks* find us lingering here,  
 We both shall pay for our Neglect too dear.

This said, they part: To *Arden* he repairs,  
 To move the *Lion* in these Grand Affairs;  
 Nor fell he in his Expectation short,  
 No sooner being arrived at the Court,  
 His Cause being heard, the King Assistance grants;  
 And what'e're else supplies an Armies Wants;  
 Which soon Array'd, he march'd to fertile Plains;  
 With Fire and Sword chastizing surley Swains:  
 Alarm'd thus, they in distracted Swarms,  
 Not knowing how to fly, or take up Arms,  
 Meet and conclude down at his Feet to fall,  
 And not by vain Resistance venture All;  
 The Maid that help'd their General from the Pit,  
 As th' onely Mediator they thought fit.

The Embassy she willing undertook;  
*Of Conquerors are conquer'd by a Look:*  
 With her a Train of Rural Beauties march'd,  
 Not by rough Winds impeach'd, nor *Phœbus* parch'd.

FACES

Faces who never Vizard-mask had on,  
 Yet scorn'd all Weathers, and def'd the Sun.  
 Attended thus, up draws she to the Van,  
 And thus to plead her Countries Cause began:  
 Here, Sir, you are, and Forty thousand strong,  
 Us to destroy, that never did you wrong;  
 You fell into a Pit, catch'd in a Hay,  
 For hungry Courtiers made, and Beasts of Prey,  
 By whom we suffer'd much, and do so still;  
 Your Life we spar'd, though we such Vermin kill:  
*But when Invasion calls, th' ambitious Prince*  
*On slight Foundations builds a fair Pretence.*  
 Take pity, Sir, your Arms not here employ,  
 Let not the greedy Soldier all destroy:  
 Though strangely barbarous many were to you,  
 Yet, Sir, your Party more were than a few;  
 What, must your Friends and Foes together fall:  
 In one Calamity thus suffer all!

Call you to mind those left you in the Pit,  
 And such who had Compassion forget?  
 His Eye then fixing on th' imploring Maid,  
 He knew her streight, and rising up, thus said;  
 Art thou here me releas'd in dead of Night,  
 Broughtst me to live, and view Æthereal Light?  
 That Life call thine, dear Virgin, thou didst save,  
 Ask what thou wilt, thou needst but ask and have.

Then she; Since such your favours you not scant,  
 A General Pardon and Oblivion grant,  
 Let not tumultuous passions take their swinge;  
 But feast on Mercy higher than Revenge.

Then

Then he reply'd, Here falls my Wrath and Spleen,  
 Them I indulge, and You proclaim their Queen;  
 They shall for thee a Royal Seat erect,  
 And pay due Homage too, with all respect;  
 And when thou dost Espouse some Noble Swain,  
 Thou in thy Pallace, and not he shall Reign.

Then march'd the *Panther* off in fair array,  
 When he had Crown'd her Lady of the *May*.

## M O R A L.

*Foul Hags may raise a War, the horrid Work  
 Begun with Stools and Cushions in the Kirk:  
 But never Conjure down, when Beauties charms  
 Makes angry Mars lay down late took up Arms.*

A N D R O



ANDROCLEUS:  
OR, THE  
Roman Slave.

SECTION I.

From Shipwrack, mounred on a broken Mast,  
Androcleus wet and weary, Tempest-tost,  
From Quick-sands, and inhospitable Syrts,  
Recover'd now rough *Lybia's* barren Skirts;  
Where on the Prospect of a Towrie Rock,  
A sad Survey he of the Country took:  
For Vales that flow with Honey, Milk, and Balm,  
He Shrubs beheld, and Pairs of Wedded Palm;  
For Corn and Pasture, Villages and Swains,  
Wilds, Sandy Mountains, and deserted Plains.

When

When weeping thus he said, I most accurst,  
Better had dy'd at *Rome*, there suffer'd first,  
Falsly accus'd, condemned for a Rape,  
Than from a Dungeon, Gyves and Drowning scape  
Here to be starv'd, 'mongst Rocks and barren Heath,  
And so unpitied, meet a lingring Death.

This said, descending, he in woful plight,  
Resolv'd to seek the worst of Fortunes spight;  
When sandy Hills which each Wind changing shifts,  
Dispiercing th'old in new congested Drifts,  
Their Squadrons muster with a rising Gale,  
And him with Atoms infinite assail,  
Battering his Eyes, and vollying in his Face,  
Imprest from Iron Earth, and Skies of Bras.

Choak'd with the Storm, not able long to strive,  
In heaps of Dust, almost Entomb'd alive;  
No longer sooth'd with hopes his Life to save,  
His better Fate directs him to a Cave;  
Fenc'd 'gainst all Weathers, Winds, and Sun's assault,  
With joy he enters the auspicious Vault;  
Fainting with Drowth, and suffocating Heat,  
There rests the weary on a Marble Seat.

When thus he said, How happy now thou art,  
Here undisturb'd, in Peace I may depart!  
From burning Sands free, and the raging Deep,  
Ending Lifes Pilgrimage, as fall'n asleep.

Scarce said, he at the Portal entring, spies  
A horrid Monster of prodigious size!  
No means to flie, no sculking Hole, no Gap,  
That from a hungry *Lion* he might scape.

When

When thus he sigh'd, Ah miserable Doom!  
Must that stern Fury's Belly me Entomb?  
My reeking Blood those greedy Jaws distain?  
And my torn Entrails dye that shaggy Main?  
Ah! could I but that Strength and Courage boast  
Which late I had, all should not so be lost;  
Ere hethis Bosom enter, Plunder here,  
His Victory perhaps might cost him dear;  
In a sharp Dispute would plead my Cause,  
Thrust in this Arm into the Monster's Jaws,  
Seize on his lolling Tongue with such a Grasp,  
That I might live to see his latest Gasp;  
Now *Locomotive* Faculties I lack,  
The smallest Straw not able to attack:  
But I my Race have run, this Cave the Goal,  
Take Fiend my Body, and leave Heaven my Soul.

SECT.

## S E C T. II.

**W**Hilst thus *Androcleus*, Death expecting, stands  
 The *Lion* drawing near him, kist his Hands,  
 As a Petitioner himself addrest,  
 And humbly thus preferr'd his sad-Request.  
 O thou of Humane Race, be not afraid;  
 Live long and happy, and whenc'er Interr'd,  
 Ah! may not Transmigrated be thy Soul,  
 But when Translated, re-ascend the Pole;  
 If with an *Eagles* Eye, and *Lions* Heart,  
 And gentle Hand, thou ease me of my Smart:  
 This Foot so swoln, with which I Scepters sway'd,  
 Proud Rebels routed, Loyal Friends array'd,  
 Now losing Power, unnerv'd with raging Pain,  
 Subjects Conspire, and I no longer Reign.  
 Soon as they felt me weak, and thus disarm'd,  
 Each-where tumultuous Commotions swarm'd;  
 Much 'gainst my *Evil Counsel* they alledge,  
*Prerogative* trampling down by *Privilege*;  
 Stuff'd with Aspersions, *Protestations* frame,  
 Raising an *Army* by my *Power and Name*:  
 But what more heavy on my Spirit sits,  
 My Train, my Eaters, and my Mas-ca-dits,  
 Deserting me, to Rising Power resort,  
 And, as you see, left thus an empty Court:

Before

Before, this Room, these Galleries, and Halls,  
 Were full of Bestial Lords, and sly Jackalls;  
 Now none attends, or lights me to my Bed,  
 Who Pensions had, and at my Tables fed:  
 Thus you my sad Condition understand,  
 And Ruin near, without your helping Hand.  
 The *Lion* thus implor'd *Androcleus* Aid,  
 And in his Lap the Foot imposthum'd laid.  
 Whilst he at large preferr'd this humble Suit,  
 Warm Spirits *Androcleus* Bosom fresh recruit,  
 Who gently then turns up his fester'd Paw,  
 And 'mongst the Fibers a swoln Tumor saw  
 For Perforation ripe, and 'midst the Joynts  
 A barbed Thorn, stak'd in with bristly Points:  
 Then with a well-edg'd Flint lay there by chance,  
 The dangerous Insurrection did lance;  
 Straight from the Fountainel sharp Quitter gush'd,  
 Which more to disemogue, he softly crush'd.  
 Thus freed from gnawing of th' imprison'd Bane,  
 The King resumes his former Power again,  
 His Foot the Ground hits firm, no favouring Hault,  
 He now Rebellious Subjects may assault.

S E C T.

## S E C T. III.

**T**He King then wondring at himself so well,  
 Cur'd strange and sudden, thought a Miracle!  
 That in the smallest parcel of an Hour,  
 Restor'd him Courage, Health, and Sovereign Power.  
 When thus he spake, Amidst my Joys I mourn,  
 Not knowing how to make a fit return;  
 Revenues of our Crown unsetled yet,  
 So much for this my Happiness in Debt;  
 If you not favor'd are by fickle Chance,  
 Enforc'd to follow ill-advising Wants;  
 The Power your help recover'd, Us affords  
 House-keeping, and to settle former Boards;  
 Provision for the Belly we'll not lack,  
 Slight Raiment serves, where seldom Colds attack;  
 And if with plenteous Fare when highly fed,  
 You want a kind Companion in your Bed,  
 For mix'd Amours are not, nor would deface  
 Man's comely Features with a Bi-form'd Race,  
 To quench in youthful Blood unruly Flames,  
 My *Satyrs* and *Hyennas* by their Names,  
 Shall comely Girls from neighboring Dorps intice,  
 Taking them up for thee, at the King's Price;  
 My trusty and Right Honorable Pimps  
 Shall cull the choicest Wood and Mountain Nymphs

and Spirit hither all on thy Account,  
 Which Patch'd and Painted Ladies far surmount;  
 The Virgins, not Decays, piec'd up and vamp'd,  
 In and fresh Quarters where none e'r Encamp'd,  
 Shall receive, still hantelling new Laps,  
 Varied Joys, and fear no After-claps.  
 When faint *Androcleus* thus himself express:  
 To quench my Thirst some Water I request,  
 That ready almost am now to expire,  
 From Drowning scap'd, and suffocating Fire,  
 For a little Rest, and some Repast,  
 Else I suddenly must breathe my last.  
 The King, where Nature deep his Cellar laid,  
 Brought his Guest with all Respect convey'd,  
 From the living Rock a Crystal Spring  
 With murmuring Falls made ecchoing Arches ring;  
*Androcleus* stooping, the cold Nymph salutes,  
 And circulating Blood with Draughts recruits.  
 The *Lion* then conducts him to a Bed,  
 With Skins the Spoils of Beasts and Foliage spread;  
 The Sir then, said the King, repose a while,  
 Let gentle Sleep slow moving Time beguile,  
 Ere you wake, the Business shall go hard,  
 Something not for Supper be prepar'd.

## SECT. IV.

**T**He *Lion* thus weary *Androcleus* leaves,  
 Whilst working Fancy several Projects weave  
 Some favorite Morfel sudden how to get,  
 Should make the Stranger up a handfom Treat.

Should I, said he, thus in full Power appear,  
 All would disperse, surpriz'd with sudden Fear,  
 And up themselves in Woods and Fastness shut,  
 And me to trouble of long Leaguers put,  
 Days sultry Heats, by Night Serenes t' endure,  
 When sudden Action makes a speedy Cure ;  
 I'll counterfeit, and Cripple up yon Hill,  
 As if my Title were defective still,  
 Weakness dissemble, and there stooping low,  
 My self upon the Bestial People throw.

This said, he hasting from the Palace Gates,  
 His Subjects heard themselves proclaiming States,  
*Bulls, Bears, and Wolves*, leading his own Train'd-b  
 Saw marching towards his Palace, o're the Strand.

But on the Summit when their King they saw,  
 His Presence struck a Reverential Awe ;  
 To whom he beck'ning with a Lamb-like Look,  
 Seeming much discompos'd, thus mildly spoke.

Why thus appear you in Defensive Arms,  
 Seduc'd by Rumors, and bewitching Charms ?





Do Fears and Jealousies so much affright,  
 That you draw up 'gainst empty Walls to fight?  
 Your King alone, without *Jackal* or Page,  
 Stands ready to receive your utmost Rage:  
 Are *Privileges of Parliament* infring'd?  
 All all on me, and be at once reveng'd:  
 Have I upon your *Liberties* intrench'd?  
 Then let your Fury with my Blood be quench'd:  
 Whilst weak my pond'rous Scepter I not wield,  
 For one for me declaring in the Field,  
 Again you *Solemn Leagues and Cov'nants* joyn;  
 When I'm resolv'd what-e're you Ask, to Sign;  
 My Hand and Seal receive in ready Blanks,  
 And in my Name give *Both the Houses Thanks*;  
 Your *Grievances* let Reams of Paper fill,  
 And when Engrost, and Past, I'll Sign the Bill:  
 Ease then these Tumults, of Our Grace accept.  
 The King, this said, pausing, extremely wept.

## SECT. V.

**T**His softning Speech concluded with a Tear;  
 In salvage Factions they divided were;  
 Some cry, The King is Pious, Meek, and Just:  
 Others, Beware; Kings Promises not Trust;  
 When changing Times, and fickle Fortune frowns,  
 What will not Monarchs to preserve their Crowns?  
 But when the gather'd Storm is over blown,  
 A Scepter'd Prince who questions in the Throne:

The *Lion* them thus finding at a stand,  
 A sign for Silence, beckned with his Hand;  
 When noising Parties Murmurs were allay'd,  
 Thus in a sad and weaker Tone he said:

My Lords and gentle Beasts, assembled here,  
 Who whilst I had a Sword, my Subjects were,  
 If you strike deeper, have a further Drift,  
 And me from my acquir'd Throne would lift;  
 If present *Functo's* and revolving Fates,  
 (That States to Kingdoms turn, Kingdoms to States)  
 Finish in me a single Person's Sway,  
 I the Decree shall willingly obey:  
 Why should I prop what of it self would fall;  
 Approaching Death will soon surrender all;  
 Which will the Peoples Majesty receive,  
 As glad as they'll accept it, I shall leave;



Then I this woful Life now near an end,  
 In Prayers for your Prosperity may spend.  
 But, Sirs, let me advise the best I may,  
 By your Election let one Person sway ;  
 To a new Prince, to one still make Appeals,  
 My giddy Rota's, Meagrim'd Common-Weals,  
 To good the Government of many brings ;  
 Parliament Members sitting, all are Kings :  
 Yet 'mongst those Monarchs, one or other still  
 Lets Supreme Power, and orders what he will ;  
 Republicks vain, when'er put to a stand,  
 Must put their Power into a single Hand.

But since I am not able to walk down,  
 To please you, I'll surrender here my Crown ;  
 With my Phang-Tooth the Abdication Sign,  
 My whole Right in Publick I'll resign.  
 At these his unexpected Proffers, all  
 Change Resolution, to fresh Councils fall,  
 At inticing Bait of sacred Power, a Crown,  
 Eager to Govern, straight they swallow down.

No sooner they near to the *Lion* draw,  
 Within the compass of his ready Paw,  
 But like himself he 'mongst the thickest slew,  
 And most of the Commission'd Cattel slew.  
 Amaz'd to see their Monarch's Force and Rage,  
 To dire a Scene, and such a bloody Stage !  
 They all dispers'd, and struck with *Panick* Fear,  
 Outstripp'd the Winds, flying they knew not where.

The *Lion* to *Androcleus* retreats,  
 Well furnish'd now with several sorts of Cares.

## SECT. VI.

**T**He Rebels Rout each-where divulg'd by Fame  
 To Court, from all Parts, no small Concourse  
 His flattering Lords, *Buffoons*, and sly *Fackalls*, (can  
 Again replenish desolated Halls:  
 (For many Fav'rites by the King advanc'd,  
 First to the *Lilt* of *Reformation* danc'd,  
 And Friends amongst the *Godly Party* made,  
 Acquainting them with what he did, or said;  
 Others whom he no longer could Protect,  
 To their own well-stuff'd several Mansions sneak'd,  
 Expecting there what the Event might prove,  
 And as things fall, accordingly to move.)

All these return'd, stand round their Gracious Liege  
 And with obsequious Fawnings him Besieg'd;  
 Whose Palace now with all Provisions stor'd,  
 Sets up once more his late neglected Board.

His Table furnish'd, at the upper end  
 His Huishers he *Androcleus* bids attend;  
 Whom when the *Lion* kindly had embrac'd,  
 Much Honoring, at his Royal Elbow plac'd:  
 All set at several Boards, to Meat they fall,  
 Unlading freighted Dishes through the Hall.

Whilst by the King his Friend but sadly sits,  
 Nothing he saw his queasie Stomach fits;



To Kid or Lamb, to Beef or Mutton, raw,  
 Swimming in Gore, he had but little Maw.  
 The *Lion*, as *Androcleus* he observ'd,  
 At such a Treatment sitting almost sterv'd,  
 Comes *Monsieur* King of *Apes*, dress'd like a Page,  
 Presenting him a *Hash*, and *French* Potage;  
 Then at his Elbow diligently waits,  
 Supplies him with rich Wine, and shifts his Plates:  
*Androcleus* pleas'd, then plentifully sups,  
 Mixing with savorie Morsels, sparkling Cups.  
 When thus the King to his brisk Waiter spoke;  
 Whoe're thou art that didst these Dishes Cook,  
 So well have pleas'd my Friend, from Us receive  
 What's fit for thee to ask, or me to give:  
 If it be Freedom, Ransomless depart,  
 Or what-e're else may answer thy Desert.

## SECT. VII.

Then said th' officious Waiter, stooping low,  
 I am a Prince, Sir, in my Country, know;  
 But by a *Roman* Consul Pris'ner took,  
 In *Gaule* attending him, I learnt to Cook;  
 For him, *Ragoos*, *Bisks*, *Oleos* I drest,  
 And still my Seasoning pleas'd his Pallat best:  
 I with the best of those *Que ditez vous*,  
 Their Boxes could, and several Spices use,  
 Would with an Ounce of Beef, of Mutton less,  
 For *Gallick Monsieurs* make a gallant Mefs:

But after that, condemn'd unto a Clog,  
 Hugging to Death my Ladys foysting-Dog;  
 And some suspecting that a Prank I play'd  
 For my Release, with Madams Chamber-Maid:  
 'Tis true, she squeak'd not, and I boarded straight,  
 And for a nine Months Voyage her did freight;  
 Nay our great Mistris once but little miss'd,  
 When my sweet Breath commending, me she kiss'd,  
 Who growing kind, I had her in the Hug,  
 But then the Consul entring, startl'd Pug.

Question'd for driving such a subtle Trade,  
 Private Escape I to *Marfeiles* made;  
 To *Carthage* in a Vessel got from thence,  
 Where I from *Apeland* had Intelligence



A second *Macedon* was drawing down,  
 Would soon devest me of my Realm and Crown,  
 If I my self in Person not assist,  
 Deriv'd from that renowned Martialist  
 My Ancestor, who bravely kept his Post  
 'Gainst *Alexander* and his Conquering Host ;  
 Whom when the Worlds Subduer then beheld,  
 Draw glittering *Phalanxes* into the Field ;  
 The pointed Wedge extending Ranks and Files,  
 Shields lining Shields, bright Javelins threatning Piles,  
 Admiring, from Hostility did cease,  
 And join'd with us in everlasting Peace ;  
 Me in my Way your Troops did intercept,  
 And for a Dish your Stomach queasie kept :  
 To whom I hinting this your mighty Feast  
 Not one Dish had to please a Humane Guest,  
 They let me these prepare, nor shall he want,  
 So please you to confirm your Royal Grant ;  
 My Liberty, Great Sir, I only crave,  
 That I my Country may and People save.  
 The King consents, *Androcleus* and all,  
 The Passage pleas'd, sat Feasting in the Hall.



## S E C T. VIII.

**T**He grateful King well pleas'd to see his Guest  
 Relish those Dishes in such manner dress'd,  
 Thus smiling said, I'm wondrous glad that you  
 To this strange Fare so handsomly fall to:  
 I once abhorr'd raw Treatments mixt with Gore,  
 Then Wine, not Water, swell'd my Goblet o're;  
 I had——What had I not! A Princely House,  
 Attendants, Nobles, and a beauteous Spouse;  
 A Humane Prince, not in a shady Den  
 Commanding Beasts, once was I King of Men;  
 Where I, transform'd by wicked Arts, became  
 A *Lion*, such as now you see I am.

Come, let's be merry, and of this no more;  
 Thank Heaven you are a Man, though ne're so poor:  
 I not in Bestial Sovereignty rejoyce,  
 Though all the Forest trembles at my Voyce;  
 My high Condition wretched seems and base,  
 Husk'd in a shaggy Main and hairy Face;  
 I rather would, arm'd with my Lench and Aul,  
 A Cobler be, Inthron'd beneath a Stall,  
 Drive some such subtle Trade to purchase Bread,  
 Than be o're Beasts the Universal Head,  
 Though 'mongst the numerous Animals that be,  
 Next *Man*, the *Lion* takes the first Degree.

Fetching



Fetching a Sigh, this said, the King lean'd back,  
 When to his Royal Host *Androcleus* spake.

Sir, you amaze me; may I be so bold  
 To crave this wondrous Riddle you'll unfold:

We have Fictitious Stories not a few,  
 Of *Metamorphoses* both old and new;  
 But you that really transmuted were,  
 Your Self relating, asks a serious Ear;  
 Therefore the Honor I, and Favor beg,

That I may understand this strange Intreague.

Then spake the King, Though much my Bosom yerns,  
 Reminding thus my sorrowful Concerns,  
 So full of Horror, height of Rage and Grief,  
 Such wondrous Passages, past all Belief;  
 Yet may it please you, my deserving Friend,  
 Though each Word pierce my Heart, I condescend.

Sprung from a *Dynastie* of Kings, I sway'd  
 Once fertile *Egypt*, honor'd and obey'd;  
 My Power and Wealth so great, that flying *Fame*  
 Spread through the many-Peopled World my Name,  
 King *Amasis*; stupendious Works I did,  
 Built for my Tomb a stately *Pyramid*,  
 Beyond whose Base, the lofty Spire, no Shade  
 When they are longest, at Sun-setting, made.

A high-born Queen I had, sweet, young, and fair,  
 A fitting Mold to cast a hopeful Heir;  
 But we no Issue had: When from the *East*  
 Came a *Chaldean*, *Magick* Arts profess,  
 Who undertook, applying powerful Charms,  
 My Queen t' impregnate next when in my Arms:

Nay

Nay more, he promis'd me, that by his skill,  
 I should march forth, subduing whom I will;  
 Who could shape Serpents out of limber Rods,  
 Could private Men make Princes, Princes Gods;  
 In short time I should for the World set fair,  
 Which great Work must be finish'd by my Heir;  
 He my Nativity had cast, he said,  
*Mars* in the *Lion*, help'd by Magicks aid,  
*Sol*, *Venus*, *Mercury*, in th' Ascendant join'd,  
 Should carry all before wheree'r design'd.

## S E C T. IX.

[ That lov'd War, for Wars sake, that abhorr'd  
 All Purchase if not gotten by the Sword;  
 Swallow'd his specious Baits; mad after Power,  
 Whate'r he set before me did devour;  
 With subtle Novelties he drew me on,  
 Till sure intangled in his great Trepan;  
 My Wife and Crown he for himself design'd,  
 Whilst me he did with Mists and Shadows blind;  
 Soon he by Sorcery won her to his Lust,  
 And me out of my self and Kingdom thrust;  
 A *Soporiferous* Drink he first did make,  
 Which under certain Aspects I must take,  
 My Soul in Sleep then eas'd from heavy Limbs,  
 With Angels should converse, and Cherubims;  
 Inspection through Earth's dismal Entrails make,  
 Sit with black *Funcks* in the *Stygian* Lake;  
 Quick, as from Star to Star we cast our Eyes,  
 Climb vast Expansions of th' Enamell'd Skies;  
 Mongst Gulphs and fluctuating Atoms hurl'd,  
 Mount Sphere from Sphere, & so from World to World!  
 With what mad Follies had he stuff'd my Head,  
 Er me he fitted for the fatal Bed!  
 Thicker than Motes, he told me, in the Sun,  
 Our *Demons* and our *Cacademons* run

S E C T.

In

In busie Hayes, on Humane Busines's fly,  
 Courts vexing, and Star-Chambers of the Sky;  
 There I should see *Fate* spinning Mortals Webs,  
 Their highest Fortunes, and their lowest Ebbs;  
 But mine with Aspects bright I should behold,  
 In Milkie Looms, in Silver wove, and Gold.

Th' appointed time fit for Projection come,  
 We enter in the Spell-prepared Room;  
 There I must Drink, there must the Work be done  
 To raise an Empire, and beget a Son.

*Faint Heart ne're Realm did, nor Fair Lady win.*

So up he sew'd me in a *Lion's* Skin;  
 My fitted Legs and Arms up close he lac'd,  
 The Shape stuck to my Shoulders and my Waste:

Said he, *Alcides* had been thrice as strong,  
 Had he thus button'd what he loosely hung;  
 Girt in such Spoils, Twelve Labors had been slight,  
 The World had bow'd to him by Conquest right.

Then gave he me the Fate-foretelling Bowl,  
 That must such Wings add to my fleeting Soul:  
 I saw the Bottom, though the Drench was deep,  
 Which soon my Eye-lids clos'd in fett'ring Sleep;  
 Then laid me on a Quilt of Sheep-skins warm,  
 To strengthen Fancy, and impower the Charm:  
 Secur'd thus, as his Plot before he laid,  
 He to my Queen with Joy himself convey'd.

## S E C T. X.



An. sect. 10

SOON faln asleep, I no such Visions saw,  
 But dreamt of Blood, and eating warm Flesh raw,  
 Inspecting Entrails of Fat Cattel slain,  
 How Gore my Jaws and Bosom did distain,  
 Last, how a bunch-backt Camel I had kill'd,  
 Still feasting on him, and yet never fill'd.  
 Thus various Fancies raging whilst I slept,  
 Up dreaming from the fatal Couch I leapt,  
 Not knowing what I did, nor where I was,  
 My Brains a Chaos; a confused Mass,  
 Where Humane Thoughts with Bestial mixing, bred  
 A thousand Monsters without Tail or Head.  
 Pulled with dire distraction, out I went,  
 First stumbling on my Queens Apartment;  
 Doors which I gently shov'd, in Shivers flew,  
 No little of my wondrous Strength I knew;  
 My Queen and Priest; though loud I gave th' Alarm,  
 There found I sleeping; circled Arm in Arm;  
 Some sense regain'd I at so strange a sight,  
 My onely Joy, sole Comfort, and Delight,  
 More dear than Life, or Conquest of the World,  
 To see thus up in his Embraces furl'd.  
 My Wife first waking, strangely terrifi'd,  
 When such a horrid Monster she espy'd

Ready

Ready to tear her up, bolts from the Bed,  
 And with a shriek into her Closet fled;  
 At which he starts, muttering too weak a Charm  
 An injur'd Husband's Fury to disarm;  
 I thought to seize him, apprehend no more,  
 When his torn Entrails reek'd upon the Flore;  
 Defil'd Sheets dy'd in Blood, the lustful Priest  
 Ript from his Collar Bone down to the Twist;  
 My precious Wife then I pursuing, found  
 Unnerv'd with terror grovelling on the Ground;  
 But when she me, ready to seize her, spy'd,  
 With a faint Shriek breathing her last, she dy'd;  
 Seeing her draw her latest Gasps, I felt  
 Compassion, Rage into Remorse did melt;  
 Then first I call'd to mind what her so fear'd,  
 My dreadful shape, rough Mayn, and horrid Beard;  
 So went I to slip off my *Lion's* Case,  
 Began t' untie, unbutton, and unlace;  
 Striving to shift, the more my self I hurt,  
 The Shape stuck fast like *Dianira's* Shirt:  
 I found then I no property was in,  
 No Monsters Fur, but my own monstrous Skin;  
 My self I next did in the Mirror view,  
 And from my own reflecting Shadow flew;  
 Though I had seen all sorts of *Lions* store,  
 Ne'r such a Prodigy I saw before:  
 I call'd for help, my Voice grown strangely loud,  
 Like Thunder rung broke from a prisoning Cloud;  
 Like mouthing Tempest, or a Water-Breach;  
 Or Battels join'd, ten thousand Men in each;

Both Shape and Understanding now transform'd,  
 Remane no more, a dreadful *Lion* storm'd.  
 Flung from thence into my Palace-yard,  
 Raged and roar'd, that Court and City heard,  
 Where whoso'er beheld me, shrieking fled:  
 The Captain of my Horse, though, made a Head,  
 My own Life-Guard up against me drew;  
 As thick as Hail light Darts and Javelins flew:  
 Then with a Grove of Spears me hedging round,  
 The wing'd Lightning broke their Brazen Pound,  
 And through the thickest with strange Fury got,  
 Men and Horse left gasping on the Spot.  
 The whole Troop routed, marching down the Street,  
 Fly amaz'd, and into Houses get:  
 My City, Court, and Kingdom left,  
 Reason and Humanity bereft,  
 Amongst Wild Beasts in Wildernesses dwelt,  
 And long the Injuries of all Weathers felt.



## S E C T. XI.

**T**O Bestial Society thus cast,  
 Condemn'd to range in Wilds and Desarts  
 I soon 'mongst Forest People gain'd Renown  
 Changing my Humane to a Salvage Crown;  
 Once more a King proclaim'd, a Sovereign Liege,  
 I with large Grants my Subjects did oblige,  
 So metamorphos'd set my Heart at rest,  
 A *Lyon* being of all Mutations best;  
 So th' Empire of these Desarts I obtain'd,  
 And under me Kings, petty *Lions* Reign'd;  
 On Expeditions Armies I could raise,  
 Nor Plotted we for Spoil clandestine ways,  
 Lying whole Nights in silent Ambuscades,  
 But took the Field by Day in bold Brigades;  
 And like a falling Deluge swept up all,  
 Emptying at once both Pasture, Coat, and Stall;  
 Nay more, on Skirts of Cities durst we Prey,  
 Ships Boarding at Low-water in the Bay.

Thus formidable grown, being wondrous strong  
 Iror'd *Leontick*, lost th' *Egyptian* Tongue,  
 Though Beasts and Birds use several Dialects,  
 That less than Humane Voices have Defects,  
 Uttering Soul Dictates both more clear and brief,  
 Hatred and Love, Fear, Hope, their Joy and Grief





*Leo Lingua* who not understands;  
 words Edicts are, each Syllable Commands;  
*Lyons Fiats* quicker than his Nods,  
 Angels Tongues, or Language of the Gods.  
 When my grave Counsel me advis'd to Wed,  
 loyal Issue from a Princely Bed;  
 Iles, the Comfort of a dear Consort  
 Power would strengthen, and my Crown support;  
 I took with a *Lioness* Majestick Brows,  
 sparkling Eyes, a Maid I did Espouse;  
 I'd we e'r long a hopeful Issue had, (add,  
 whom, when Time should Strength and Courage  
 increasing mine, they Salvage Bands might lead,  
 to Govern loyal Subjects in my stead.  
 Thus had I what the Desarts could afford,  
 all my People honor'd and ador'd,  
 my new-raisd Throne so fix'd and firmly plac'd,  
 many Ages not to be defac'd.

## S E C T. XII.

**B**Ut my so Powerful and well settled State,  
Under the pressure sunk of heavy Fate;  
*Bruine*, not to be nam'd, that greedy Lord,  
By instigation of his Stomach stirr'd:  
That *Epicurean* Beast, could nothing else  
Please, but a Dish of tender *Lyonells*;  
That ript a Woman up the Day before,  
And from her Womb the tender Infant tore.

Our Palace empty, gone as we are wont,  
My Queen and I, the sportive *Ass* to hunt;  
In rush'd the Fiend, and all our Hopes and Joys,  
To please his bestial Appetite destroys.

Returning, for our little ones we call,  
(Wondring at scatter'd Offals spread the Hall)  
Vain Echo answering, none else there reply'd,  
When more distinctly we gnawn Bones esp'y'd;  
And dipt in Purple, Tufts of yellow Hair,  
Soon we perceiv'd our Children murther'd were;  
My Queen despairing rais'd a hideous Yell,  
And Roring, I rung out a second Knell;  
Which out from vaulted Courts like Thunder sound  
And upwards flying, Scales Heavens starry Round.

Then first I spake, Let's quit our woful Cave,  
Pursue Revenge, a while all sorrow wave.

This said, in high Distraction forth we went,  
And following hot upon the Monster's Scent,  
Made not many Miles a privy Search,  
Till found him where proud Eagles use to Perch,  
In a Bushy Tree he sat astride,  
And did our Power and Majesty deride;  
Then scoffing said, Your Children here are warm,  
Comfort your selves, go home and never storm;  
None of your Jurisdiction quite am I,  
You know not how to climb, and worser flie;  
I meet for sweet Revenge, insulting Girds,  
War Engage too, 'gainst the King of Birds;  
I knew not how thwart Passions to assuage,  
Crowning in Sorrow, burning in my Rage.  
Then to my Queen I spake, watch here with care,  
I'll sit up in his own Fort this cur'd *Bear*;  
Whilst I raise aid, and Forces seek abroad,  
This said, I hasted to a beaten Road,  
And with an Ax, there I an Artist met,  
Upon him I with fawning Posture set,  
The frighted flie, who finding me too swift,  
And that his Life lay only in my Gift,  
As *Lybians* use, fell humbly on his Knees,  
And Quarter begs, I pointed to the Trees;  
Then put his new ground Hatchet in his Hand,  
Upon as my Pleasure he did understand,  
Not the least time the sturdy Workman slips,  
All he had hew'd thick Timber into Chips,  
The aged Elm thrice nodding groans her last,  
And falling down her ugly Rider cast:

I and my Queen straight on the Murtherer flew,  
And as an Offering to our Children flew :  
So my Auxiliarie I safe dismist,  
Him promising when e'r distrest t' assist :  
Thus something eas'd, we to our Court return.  
And our irreparable Losses mourn.

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## SECT. XIII.

After a while our Grief and Mourning's o're,  
 We put our Selves in Posture as before;  
 My Queen and I, our Losses to repair,  
 By mutual Joys expect a second Heir;  
 When to our Realm from *Gaule* a *Panther* came,  
 Well vers'd in Courtship, brisk at *Venus* Game,  
 And that Amours might better be advanc'd,  
 Merely he Sung, in a new manner Danc'd;  
 Nor strain'd in lofty Galliards, high *La vaults*,  
 Nor low *Corantoes* upon one Leg halts,  
 But flat Brawls simpring, pinch'd with vexing Corns,  
 Daintily moving as he trod on Thorns;  
 Before the *Turn above Ground*, and *Cross Points*,  
 Our Youth perform'd, as if they had no Joints;  
 With *Capriolls antishoes* so high would go,  
 They hit the Roofs, and noiseless fell as Snow.  
 This easier way our crazy Lords did please,  
 And Courtiers Clapt inforc'd to fancy ease.  
 Our Dames on him could ne'r look on enough,  
 All else seem'd antiquated, rude and rough;  
 How he Salutes, how Cringes, what a *Miene*?  
 His Breath perfum'd, how soft his painted Skin?  
 Monsieur, in brief, so well himself behav'd,  
 That she who Rul'd a Monarch he enslav'd;

In which so cunningly her part she plaid,  
That I a King her Property she made,  
Seem'd not to endure his *Modes*, at him would laugh,  
And his spruce Congees imitating, scoff;  
Thus blinding me, with him th' Adultress meets,  
Plies stoln Embraces in unlawful Sheets;  
So pregnant grown, and drawing near her Time,  
Knowing to be discover'd was the Crime;  
Her second Batch would prove too like the Sire,  
She plots how from the Court she might retire,  
Of me begs at her Mothers to Lye-in.

I tender, nor deny'd my frightened Queen:  
So with a small Retinue down she went,  
Me leaving betwixt pleas'd and discontent;  
Whilst in her absence various Fancies thwart,  
And jealousy lay nibbling at her Heart.

When sending word how she miscarried there,  
In a Dream frighted with that fatal *Bear*;  
My second Issue were brought forth all dead,  
When Strength recover'd rais'd her from her Bed,  
She with all speed would leave that woful Place,  
Seeking fresh Comfort in my dear Embrace.

This eas'd my Fits, kept Quiet up a while,  
(But who a jealous Lover can beguile?)  
In a dark Night when Clouds had mask'd the Pole,  
I from my Court disguised, thither stole,  
Past all her Out-guards and sly Pimps unseen,  
Until I found Sir *Panther* and my Queen,  
In Posture more familiar than befits,  
A second time I raging lost my Wits;

Me first a Woman frenzied, now a Beast,  
But a whole *Atna* fir'd within my Breast,  
When Playing I beheld her speckled Brats,  
Py'd like their Sire, Tabbi'd like Mountain-Cats.  
Beholding me, of whom they little dreamt,  
And thought secure from any such Attempt,  
Busie with Crown Affairs, and State Intregues,  
War there Proclaiming, here conjoining Leagues;  
When they perceiv'd my Eyes like Beacons shin'd,  
And raising Rage my self then Disciplin'd,  
And gave him such a general Assault,  
He flying to a well-contrived Vault,  
That on the Trap-door him ript up, I flung  
In his own Urine weltring Blood and Dung,  
His Heart and Members torn at her I cast,  
Then o'r his Corps th' Adultress breath'd her last,  
The surreptitious Brood next piece-meal tore,  
Spattering the Walls and Pavement with their Gore;  
Slew all their Pimps, and her grave Mother Bawd,  
Then for just Vengeance I my self applaud:  
Next made the Peers my Injury understand,  
And none to put on Mourning, gave Command.

## S E C T. XIV.

A Fter o'r-power'd by melancholy Dreams,  
 I lost my Wits in opposite Extremes,  
 Considering deeply of my woful State,  
 Condemn'd to Bestiality by Fate,  
 I loath'd such Crowns and Dignities that stood  
 By Rapine, Arbitrary Power, and Blood ;  
 Courts who Religion and all Laws explode,  
 Their Will stil'd Justice, what they can their God ;  
 Why should I Tables, a Retinuc keep,  
 That no Exchequer had, Parks, Herds, nor Sheep,  
 Out-law'd in Defarts dwell, there Kill and Steal,  
 No help for Plaintiffs, nor the least Appeal ?

So stole I from my Subjects, Court, and Crown,  
 Scepter and Royal Ermins laying down,  
 My self of all Regalities disrobe,  
 In Want to wander the Terrestrial Globe :  
 Vast Wilds and Forests left, at last I found  
 Meadows Hedg'd in, and Cultivated Ground,  
 Saw sprinkling Villages, and fertile Plains,  
 Sheep Grazing, Steers at Plough, and busie Swains ;  
 Who seeing me, their several Tasks forfook,  
 And to safe Shelters soon themselves betook.

'Mongst these I fancying singled out a Swain,  
 Who seem'd ingenious by his Looks, though plain,  
 Whom



Whom I pursuing, when he found it hard  
 To scape by flying, stood upon his Guard,  
 Putting himself in Posture of Defence,  
 But I not War intending to Commence,  
 As if already Conquer'd, cowering went,  
 And up my self his Pris'ner did present,  
 Lay at his Feet, and humbly kiss'd his Hands.

At last my Suit the *Rustick* understands,  
 And me a King to his Protection took,  
 And did for Fealty and Homage look;  
 Then claps a Collar on my shaggy Main,  
 And leads grown gentle in a twisted Skain.

At last his Pleasure he to serious turn'd,  
 His toilsom Farm and Country Work adjourn'd,  
 And me he shew'd in Dorps and neighboring Towns,  
 So pick'd up Pence till Audits swell to Crowns;  
 From Markets then to Fairs we strol'd along;  
 From all Parts near greedy Spectators throng;  
 Then grown a Company to th' Ciry came  
 A *Kid*, my Fellow Actor, and a *Lamb*.

There rais'd a Stock, in several Shapes I play'd,  
 And my own Parts Extemporary made;  
 And when we something did was rare and new,  
 My Fellow Actors had from me their *Qu*.  
 Oft when a King I Acted and look'd big,  
 Some Fool would call and make me Dance a Jig.  
 All Trades was common, *Lamb*, and I, and *Kid*,  
 Tript *Mars* and *Venus* to a single Fid;  
 And I the Net like limping *Vulcan* spread,  
 And took God *Kid*, and Goddeffs *Lamb* in Bed,



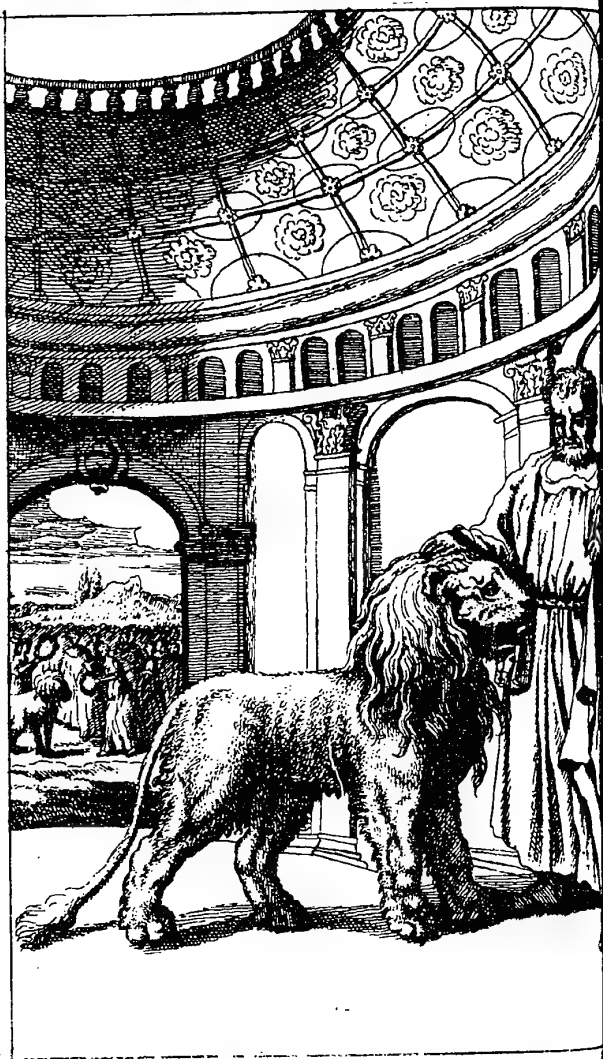
Such novel Sights a mighty Concourse drew,  
And we clapt off still by th' admiring Crew.

Thus by my means my Master's Purse ran or'e,  
So much his Grandchildren could ne'r be poor ;  
I put him to small Charge, a slender Board,  
Water and Bread, a Carrot, or a Gourd ;  
Yet on good Days hé made me better Dine,  
Boil'd Mutton, Honey, a spic'd Cake in Wine :

Thus I my Passions rul'd, commanding more  
Than when I Govern'd Men or Beasts before.

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S E C T. XV.



ONce to the Temple me my Master led, (spread,  
Where slaughter'd Sheep the Floor and Cattel  
Whilst curling Clouds from blazing Sacrifice,  
Mask'd with opacous Fogs transparent Skies;  
At reeking Entrails I ne'r made a stop,  
Nor long'd to taste of recent Blood one Drop;  
Where Learned *Apollonius* I beheld,  
Whose Skill in Tongues of Birds and Beasts excell'd;  
To him I walk'd, tir'd with my stroling Trade,  
My self at's Feet in humble Posture laid,  
All wondring what I meant, to this effect  
I spake in the *Leontick* Dialect:

King *Amasis* transform'd into a Beast,  
Begs from his Slavery to be releas'd,  
Let me no more shew antick Tricks and Jokes,  
A Laughing-stock to every Fool and Cokes;  
Move the *Egyptians* here with speed that they  
Would me their hapless Prince from hence convey.

This said, the Reverend Sage stroking my Back,  
To the Spectators, there admiring, spake:

Who knows not here King *Amasis* sad Fate:  
This *Lyon* which so much you wonder at,  
His Soul informs, by wicked Charms disguis'd,  
Let him not be, whate'r he seems, despis'd;

Though

Though chang'd, here *Sage's* renowned Monarch stands,  
Who Rul'd you mildly under just Commands.

This I with Sighs and Groans confirming, seal'd,  
Which from my former Subjects Tears compell'd:  
Who thus went on, Sirs, let me you advise,  
Since in this Living Tomb your late King lies,  
If e're you had of that good Prince esteem,  
His Ransom pay, this Royal Beast redeem,  
And to *Leontis* hence with speed convey,  
There him due Worship in his Temple pay.

Th' *Egyptians Apollonius* Counsel take,  
For solemn Progress preparation make;  
My Master's paid: Next day you might behold  
Me deck'd with Garlands, Gems, and Chains of Gold,  
With all the Gayeties and Splendor drest,  
Our Realms could boast, or purchase from the West;  
People and Priests conducting me in Throngs,  
Chanting my Praise in Hymns and Sacred Songs:  
And to that *Fane* which for my self I made,  
They their new God Religiously convey'd,  
Order'd me Lodgings, and a Plenteous Board,  
And more to be than any Power ador'd,



Am. 1. 15.

## S E C T. XVI.

**R** Evenues fix'd my Honor to maintain, (wain;  
 Whilst Suns should set and rise, Moons wax and  
 Priests and Lay-brothers Means allow'd, and large,  
 Each Place and several Function to discharge;  
 Physician, Chirurgeon, Pothecary, Cook,  
 That might to me in Health and Sicknefs look;  
 So many wait in their appointed Rooms,  
 Back Stairs, my Privy, and Bed-chamber Grooms;  
 Priests in my Chappel a new Service sing,  
 Chanting Great *Amasis* their God and King,  
 Imploring when the Royal Soul his Fate  
 Should to a nobler Living House translate,  
 In *Embrio* Prince t' inform; or else they pray,  
 Amongst Vegetives, the honor'd *Bay*.  
 Thus Publick Institutions were observ'd,  
 For much a while from Private Orders swerv'd;  
 Who should until their God had feasted, staid,  
 Laughing at those so foolish Statutes made,  
 Upon as my usual Dishes up were serv'd,  
 They for themselves, their Wives, and Children carv'd,  
 And like a Dog gave me their Plates to lick,  
 Growing their Offal and gnawn Bones to pick;  
 Delicious Wines, my whole Allowance, quaff'd,  
 And at my favory lapping Water, laugh'd:

In

In wild *Moriscoes* heightned thus they Dance,  
 Shins over Stools and Tables take their chance ;  
 When a fat Priest had almost broke my Chine,  
 Throwing athwart me his foul Concubine :  
 This I pass'd o'r, but I began to stare,  
 When Owl-fac'd *Malkin* Feasted in my Chair ;  
 They truly honor'd her, in State there sat,  
 Fed with my Dainties a ridiculous *Cat* :  
 But the fat Priest who her did most adore  
 In Private, was in Publick her Amour.

To tear them piece-meal thrice I was resolv'd,  
 But I had been too much in Blood involv'd ;  
 So loathing Man's Society once more,  
 I fled to Desarts where I Rul'd before ;  
 Here soon my Peers re-fix'd me in my Throne ;  
 Additional Garlands voting to my Crown ;  
 Me all these Desarts honor'd and obey'd,  
 So long as strenuously I Scepters sway'd ;  
 Grown weak, they in my Title found a Flaw,  
 (Beasts free-born are, they cry'd, by Forest Law :)  
 Now by your helping Hand again restor'd,  
 As erst, I Reign, and settle here my Boar'd.

Thus my strange Story I in brief have told ;  
 Now if you please, the Night not yet grown old,  
 I long to know what brought you to our Court,  
 So far from Humane Business and Resort,  
 Unless some scattering Dorps that near us lie,  
 With whom our Right and Title oft we try ;  
 Customs demanding, a fat Sheep or Steer,  
 Of the great World's Affairs we little hear :

This, if the trouble will not prove too great,  
 a return for mine, Sir, I intreat.

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SECT.

## SECT. XVII.

When to the King *Androcleus* thus reply'd,  
 How to these Wilds, Great Sir, and De  
 My Fortune threw me in such woful plight,  
 Scorch'd up by Day, wrack'd in a stormy Night,  
 Since you desire to know, brief as I may,  
 I shall relate, and your Commands obey.

In *Rome* my well-descended Parents dwelt,  
 Whose fair Estate small diminution felt,  
 Until my hapless Father found a way  
 To lose himself, and all he had, by Play :  
 My Mother dying, House we broke up streight,  
 The Furniture, her Jewels, and his Plate,  
 Whate'er was his, and might be after mine,  
 As cumberfom, he turn'd to ready Coin ;  
 The frail Die handling, and the slippery Card,  
 Much by degrees his Fortune had impair'd :

Who now resolv'd those Losses up to make,  
 By venturing deep, and setting all at Stake :  
*Fortune assists the Bold* ; would him e're long  
 Make at one lucky Hit Ten thousand strong.  
 After a Feast, the Gamesters went one Day  
 Up to their Golden Chamber ; deep they play,  
 Huge Heaps are set ; vent'ring at All, he threw,  
 And Lawrell'd *Cæsars* up by hundreds drew ;



many dazling Golden Emperors got,  
 ell to have foder'd up his broke Estate.  
 whisper'd him, intreating to give o're,  
 ow he might pay all Debts, cleer every Score:  
 e minds not me, nor from his Golden Fleece  
 ncy'd *Androcleus* with one fingle Piece.  
 laft the Table cover'd all'in Gold,  
 ght Ore in Mountains heap'd you might behold,  
 at a Chance now to be Loft or Won,  
 ever made, for ever elfe undone;  
 kes doubled at each Throw, long th' After-game,  
 each fide favoring Fortune fmiling came,  
 often frowns; my Father had the odds,  
 en threw what he could ask for of the Gods;  
 hich when he faw, as a dire Chance he curft,  
 d blind with Rage, o'refecing, play'd the worft;  
 at the Dice gave, took with a *Why not*, loft.  
 A while he ftood, ftiff, like a fenflef's Poft;  
 when he faw the Golden Mountains fwept,  
 all he had, and Hopes for ever ftript,  
 his own Sortifhnefs, and what feem'd worfe,  
 Dice nor Evil Fortune left to curfe;  
 falls upon himfelf, his Peruque tore,  
 d thundring Execrations, direly fwore.  
 After a while, his Rage Ceffation makes;  
 nself then ftripping, freight his Garments ftakes:  
 per and under Weeds at firft Affault  
 ch o're, and to the Conquering Foe revolt;  
 hich gone, with me afide he kindly flips,  
 whilst I there in vain lamented, ftrips.



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My Clothes thus added to his last Mishap;  
 They in one Fardle up as Lumber wrap;  
 Next Trafficking for a small Sum of Gold;  
 Himself unto a Fencing-Master sold;  
 Upon his Body sets a certain Price,  
 Which straight condemn'd by arbitrary Dice;  
 His Pris'ner to the fatal School he drew,  
 Whom, at next Shew, a *Gladiator* flew.

SECT. XVIII.



An/æu

Then out of Doors turn'd, only in my Shirt,  
Which trussing, I about my Middle girt,  
Once I must fall unto the Begging Trade,  
And up my self a fitting Habit made,  
And thwart my Shoulders skewr'd up Darnix Rags;  
The Mantle loose in Labels hung and Jags,  
Each Corner I inspect, each Dunghil rake,  
To collect might up my Wardrobe make;  
Scrip and Dish, sans Crown a Brimless Hat,  
Defensive Arms 'gainst Dogs, I bore a Bat.  
Thus at all Points Accouter'd and Adorn'd,  
In acquaintance I, Friends and Relations scorn'd  
As they would me, my Father being dead,  
So I'mongst Strangers only begg'd my Bread;  
With mouldy Crusts in musty Drink would sop,  
Sometimes got savoury Bits and higher Tope;  
At Night in Porches and dark Entries sculk,  
To Prince, if I obtain'd a Stall or Bulk;  
And those whoever knew me, though I balk'd,  
Yet once I to the Ordinary walk'd,  
Amongst Gamesters that so late Division made,  
Of my poor Father's Life, and all he had;  
Amongst them thus torn and totter'd, direly poor,  
By their Names did, weeping, Alms implore;

\* O 3

Me

Me e'en stark naked seeing, cut and slash'd  
 In Steaks and Morsels, Robes so neatly hash'd,  
 Pleas'd with my Fancy in such quaint Attire,  
 Thus grinning made reply; How now, young Squire,  
 Your Father, were he living would be sad,  
 That for his Heir he such a Spendthrift had,  
 Thus to be cut and pinkt: What Taylors can!  
 Their Coats, not Heralds, make the Gentleman.

Thus passing by, they a proud Scoff, or so,  
 On me in so much misery bestow;  
 Of all my Father's Thousands they had shar'd,  
 Not one *Deneere* his starving Son they spar'd:  
 But I these greedy Harpies knew before,  
 Who never fancied Servants, nor the Poor,  
 Who wait on them whole nights, ev'n starve with cold  
 When Fortune showers on them whole Seas of Gold.  
*Who Game their Business make, study the Wracks  
 Of hopeful Youth, familiar Toms and Jacks:  
 The Suburbs Plague Owl'd in a Periwig,  
 Their Paunches swoln with Night Debauches big:  
 Such proud and idle Hectors, the whole Gang,  
 If th' are not fit to Banish, let them Hang.*

Soon after I'mongst other Poor did wait,  
 Expecting Alms at a great Patriot's Gate,  
 Whose Steward pick'd me from the clamoring Throng,  
 Not in my Features much deform'd, and young;  
 By my consent enroll'd his Patron's Slave,  
 Shew'd me my Tasks, and fitting Habit gave.

## S E C T. XIX.

Here Toiling hard, yet plentifully fed,  
 Taller I shot by th' Shoulders and the Head,  
 When callow Down first Marks proclaiming Man,  
 Upon my Chin and ruddy Cheeks began;  
 At Exercises active grown, and strong,  
 Me at the *Cest* none could, or Wrestling wrong,  
 Out-run, out-leap, Vault higher; few could far  
 Break Ground beyond me with a Stone or Bar:  
 My Joynts then knitting, Breast and Shoulders broad,  
 As much as two could carry at a Load.

The Steward, who on all the rest look'd grim,  
 Did smil'd on me, and held in fair Esteem;  
 Our Grand Patrone would still, as passing by,  
 Cast me both Money, and a favouring Eye.

Madam Patroness, a high-going Dame,  
 Whose Honesty had but a scanty Fame,  
 Her Lord grown old, of Business full, and Cares,  
 About the Publick, or his own Affairs,  
 Too soon of me had inkling by her Pimps,  
 And at her Window then by chance a Glimpse,  
 Whilst nimbly up the Steps I bore a Sack,  
 As if a Fly had fate upon my Back;  
 Nor rested she, feeling a kindled Flame,  
 But down 'mongst us with one Attendant came,

The Palace empty, and for me she asks,  
Then 'mongst my Fellows, busie at our Tasks,  
A Work dispatching must with speed be done.

I would have Wash'd, and put fresh Garments on,  
When she far off me, thus consulting, spy'd,  
Come naked as you are, aloud she cry'd;  
So up I march'd, and her Commands obey'd;  
Who thus in gentle Language smiling, said:

Of your good Parts, *Androcleus*, I have heard,  
Merits where-ever plac'd we should regard,  
Though you your Fortune to such Toil condemns,  
Jewels though set in Lead, yet still are Gems;  
I hear that you carry from all the Prize,  
At Youthful Sports, and Manly Exercise;  
Since I am present, I would gladly see  
A Proof or so of your Activity.

Then made she me first Run, then Leap, and Vault  
So gave her self a general Assault;  
I saw her Bosom beat with loose Alarms,  
Viewing my Shoulders, Breast, and Muscley Arms:

Then she departing, kindly threw her Purse,  
Which I look'd on no better than a Curse.

SECT

## SECT. XX.

NO sooner gone, but all about me throng,  
To see what Largefs bounteous Madam flung,  
Which op'ning soon bright *Cæsars* they behold,  
All cry, At Night to Wine convert the Gold;  
She wants your help, and you your Freedom lack,  
The Wealthy Fort courageously attack;  
Good use make of your Time whilst kind Stars wait,  
Women inconstant else turn Love to hate.  
Thus hinted they, whilst I my self deplore,  
Contracted to a Virgin late before;  
Our Steward's Daughter, and his only Heir,  
Her Mother lately dead, she young and Fair,  
Melong with Signs and silent Rhetorick woo'd,  
And by her conquering Eyes at last subdu'd:  
Not at Riches nor my Freedom aim'd,  
Her Vertue more than Beauty me inflam'd;  
Her sweet Simplicity stirr'd gentle Fires,  
From Wanton free, and turbulent Desires.  
When her soft Passion once she had reveal'd,  
With Tears and Kisses we Affection seal'd;  
Vows interchanging, just at breaking Gold,  
A while, said she, e'r we go further, hold;  
I am a *Christian*, and so must be you,  
Else here we separate, and once more are two;

Since

Since such Dissentings may in Marriage-life  
 Commotions raise, and a perpetual Strife :  
 Light *Venus*, Drunken *Bacchus*, Hee'd'ring *Mars*,  
 Trepanning *Hermes*, look on as a Farfe ;  
 Th' whole List abolish of these Stones and Stocks ;  
 Once Bosoms of the Grove, and Wombs of Rocks :  
 I not *Marina*, but *Maria* am ;  
*Androcleus* to *Andreas* change your Name.

She soon prevailing, easie Conquest made ;  
 What could not she and her fair Eyes perswade :  
 Besides, I saw them daily at the Stake,  
 And Persecutions still more Converts make ;  
 I knew our Gods Exemplars were of Sin,  
 And we on Wood and Stone Petitions pin :  
 So I consenting, me she kindly kist,  
 Contracted, we each other streight dismist ;  
 Upon a private Meeting next agreed,  
 Where no Occasion might Suspicion breed.

## S E C T.

## S E C T. XXI.

Soon after going at th' appointed time,  
 To meet, where chaste Embraces were no Crime,  
 With my *Maria*, her there to acquaint  
 With what did much my troubled Spirits daunt,  
 And to consult together how to wave  
 Approaching Lust, insatiate as the Grave :  
 The House all clear, gone forth to hear a Cause  
 Till Night would puzzle Lawyers and the Laws ;  
 A little Girl from a straight Envoy came,  
 And beckning to me, call'd me by my Name :  
 I thought that my dear Mistress her had sent,  
 Of Plots but little dreaming, after went ;  
 Who in a lower Chamber turns me straight,  
 And clapping fast the Door, leaves there to wait.  
 Then I began the Business to suspect,  
 And from a dangerous Cause, a dire Effect ;  
 When entring on the other side appear'd  
 Our Madams Confident, who me thus cheer'd :  
*Androcleus*, welcom ; though you are betray'd,  
 The Plot is much for your Advantage laid ;  
 Wealth, Honor, Beauty, Love, on you attend,  
 A Great, a Kind, and Everlasting Friend,  
 Such as the Emperor's Self, the Worlds great Head,  
 Might pride in the Enjoyments of her Bed.

Nay,

Nay, start not back, nor proffer'd Fortunes wave;  
 Possess a Paradise, or else a Grave:  
 Death, or a Happy Life, one you must chuse;  
 Take heed, so high a Favor to refuse.

Thus now confirm'd of what I first did doubt,  
 I straight resolv'd whate'r to see it out;  
 And though I saw a Sword hung o'r my Head,  
 Each Step I trod upon a Serpent's Bed,  
 I follow'd her thence up a private Stairs,  
 A close Conveyance for the like Affairs:  
 Whence me she first into a Wardrobe brought,  
 Hung with rich Garments, Gowns, and Mantles  
 Upon the Table lay a gorgeous Vest (wrought,  
 Fit for a Prince bid to a Marriage Feast.

When thus she said; You in so high Respect,  
 Thus suing your Preferment must be deckt,  
 None to our Ladys privacy must come,  
 Nor enter worser clad, her Golden Room;  
 And here for you, as if her Lord, she hath  
 Order'd rich Unguents, and a chearing Bath.

This said, my slavish Habit off I slipt,  
 And down in warm and perfum'd Water leapt;  
 My Arms and Bosom cleans'd from Sweat and Soil;  
 'Nointing my Limbs with odoriferous Oyl;  
 My self then dressing sprucely *A-la-mode*,  
 I entred like a Heroe or a God;  
 For looking in the Mirror as I past,  
 I at my Transformation stood agast!  
 Viewing my supple Limbs and noble Face,  
 The Room then treading with Majestick Pace;

When

When me she saw thus handsomly Array'd,  
 I, now you are a Prince indeed, she said;  
 You no *Androcleus* now, no Bond-slave are,  
 But some Ambassador late come from far;  
 Move in a Royal Sphere, and fitting State,  
 You must forget whate'r you were of late.  
 This said, she me through several Rooms conducts;  
 And all the way with Learned Smiles instructs.

SECT.

## S E C T. XXII.

AT last she brought me to a darkned Room,  
 Where shut-out *Phæbus* beams could never come;  
 Which yet out-shin'd the Day, and stain'd the Skies,  
 With Tapers bright, in branching *Gallaxies*.  
 Here none of all the Household durst presume  
 So to prophane, as once look in the Room,  
 Onely one Woman; this she kept distinct,  
 At which her Husband, glad to please her, wink'd.

There looking round, rare Tapstry I beheld,  
 Which far my Master's Furniture excell'd,  
 With new-found Silk and Gold most richly wrought;  
 Far fetch'd and dear, from utmost *Persia* brought;

Where *Venus* lively fate in *Mars* his Lap,  
 And peeping *Vulcan* catch'd in *Cupid's* Trap;  
 Where whilst the stump-foot God, fast by the Leg,  
 Seem'd Freedom of his wanton Son to beg,  
 She and her brisk Gallant the Pris'ner mocks,  
 Both pointing at him, sitting in the Stocks:  
 The Border Silver Doves and *Cupids* fill'd,  
 And Lovers bleeding Hearts, though never kill'd:

Next a *Triclinium* with congested Plates,  
 Furnish'd from Two Worlds with the choicest Cates,  
 All high Provocatives, Venereal Food,  
 Would empty Veins replenish with a Flood:





A canted Couch, for Ease and Dalliance fit,  
 Where three might lean at pleasure, lie, and sit:  
 Next saw I emboss'd Flaggons, antique Mold,  
 Not full with Wine, but brimming o're with Old;  
 Which Kings and Tetrachs, that his Clients were,  
 When well went Causes had presented her:  
 Whole Cities pawn'd to pay their Patron's Fees,  
 They humbly offer'd her such Toys as these.

Next, on a Porphyre Cupboard I espy'd,  
 Instead of Drinking Plates, Gems, Stars out-vy'd;  
 And as neglected, in a Corner lay  
 A Silver Mountain might nine Legions pay:  
 The Superficial of her Treasure, these;  
 She Jewels had were worth whole Provinces:  
 All which as Enemies I understood,  
 'Gainst them resolv'd to make my Party good;  
 Whate're befalls, to run the dangerous Risque,  
 Rather than her, to top a *Basilisk*;  
 So much I valu'd my plain modest Girl,  
 Beyond a Heaven of Jewels, Gold, or Pearl,  
 Beyond her Glories, Luxury, and Pride,  
 Beyond whatever in the World beside:

I that a *Christian* promis'd to be, must  
 Seven deadly Champions fight, especial Lust:  
 Before my Youth and Marrow her should treat,  
 A Strumpet prey upon, though ne're so Great,  
 Let these full Veins a *Hectick* drain, and I  
 Pale in a lingering Consumption die.

## S E C T. XXIII.

**W**Hilst I on all these look'd with disregard,  
A Song and Musick I in Confort heard;  
Which pleas'd surprizal my Attention mov'd,  
Love th' Argument, and Joys of being belov'd;  
Of *Cupid's* Power in Heaven, Earth, and below,  
All under the Obedience of his Bow;

They Sung, his Club laid by, and Lyons Skin,  
How *Hercules*, *Omphale* taught to Spin,  
Who, when his Mistris faulty found the Thred,  
Suffer'd her break the Distaff o'r his Head.  
*Jove's* scapes I heard, and how the bashful Moon  
Danc'd to the Pipe of young *Endymion*.

At last appears with a Majestick Pace,  
A Beauty fitting for a Gods Embrace;  
Robes flowing, in a Heaven of Jewels deckt,  
And entring, smiles on me with kind Respect;  
Little I dreamt that e'r I her had seen,  
She must some Goddess be, at least a Queen!  
Who as I staring stood, amaz'd and mute,  
First charg'd me with a kissing sweet Salute.

When thus she said, *Androcleus*, now I see  
Y're born no Slave, nor one of mean Degree;  
Persons of low Birth, though they Features have,  
Know not which way to look when they are brave;

new her then, but could not make reply,  
ally routed by her conquering Eye:  
Hilst she then turning whisper'd to her Maid,  
Jewel good *Christian*, to my self, I said;  
Green-sick Girl, a new Religion minc'd,  
Basham'd, and utterly convinc'd:  
Time of Heavenly Bliss, and Worlds to come!  
The present Joys are worth a Martyrdom;  
Crowns of Glory who would not aspire,  
Yes Fiery Tryals suffering in such Fire?  
Time one Night move in that Starry Sphere,  
Can let there Devils me in pieces tear.  
Then with a wounding Smile she turning, said,

Why stands *Androcleus* thus? why so dismay'd?  
Not what you in my Apartment see  
Gle your Eyes, but make your Object Me;  
Not so mute, freely your self behave,  
Old Man's no more, but now you are my Slave,  
I shall put you to a harder Task,  
Not more than all your Strength, will Courage ask.  
Where you see instructs you what to do,  
A slender Banquet stands prepar'd for you;  
Could not have such Entertainment lost  
On a gilded Sign, or painted Post.

Encourag'd thus, though I in Flames did fry,  
Nely star'd, but could make no reply,  
The *Locomotive* Faculties command:  
Which she perceiving, took me by the Hand,

And gently wringing, to the Table led,  
Placing me by her on the Festive Bed.

# SECT. XXIV.

Thus poor *Androcleus* with a Lady sate,  
The Wealth of Queens but mean to her Estate.  
That e're the greatest *Epicure* could wish,  
To taste delicious Wines, there stood the Dish;  
Whatever Wine to quench the Season'd Bit,  
At this Table might his Palat fit.  
On us her Confident did onely wait,  
Who ply'd my Cup, and often chang'd my Plate,  
All Love thus heightned Fancy did enrich,  
Which chain'd my Tongue, and Freedom gave to Speech;  
Adding Discourse, my Wits with *Bacchus* edg'd,  
Thus storm'd I her, and formally besieg'd.  
Madam, These Miracles I here behold,  
Your Beauty, these bright Gems, that Plate and Gold;  
This Room so furnish'd, set with Lights so thick,  
That more than Stars confound Arithmetick;  
Myself in this rich Habit, like a Prince;  
Such Entertainment, at so vast Expense;  
And me, a Slave, thus, by your special Grace,  
Holding in this your Heaven a second Place;  
Makes me the greater Wonder, that am not  
Set up an admiring Statue on the Spot:  
And now my Spirits seeming to revive,  
I question if I dead am, or alive;

Or from Earth mounted, my deliver'd Soul  
 Found this your Paradise beyond the Pole:  
 These, and th' enchanting Musick that I hear,  
 Makes me suppose that this is *Venus* Sphere,  
 And you th' Intelligence, that Goddess are,  
 Ruling our Morning and our Evening Star:  
 If that I Wake, am Dead, or in a Dream,  
 Since *Woe nor Weal lasts long in the Extreme*;  
 If Truth or Fancy, put it to the Test,  
 Really finish, or Dream out the rest.

Surpriz'd at such a rate to hear me speak,  
 Thus in no common Torrent forth to break;  
*Androcleus*, said she, I am doubtful too  
 If I'm not in a Trance, as well as you;  
 To hear such Language, hear you talk so brave:  
*None but a Prince can Act a Royal Slave.*  
 Such Notions are no Birth of Toil and Sweat.  
 Sir, I'll on you no less set Value set,  
 Than if some God descended from the Sky,  
 Would my Embraces at Heavens Purchase buy.

This said, my Hand she in her Bosom slips,  
 And I made bold to venture on her Lips:  
 When thus I said, Dear Madam, I shall burst;  
 At once you make me Happy and Accurst:  
 Such Cordials far off from the Joy of Joys,  
 In tantalizing Pleasures me destroys.

Then the bold Strumpet me embracing, kist,  
 Twining a Chain of Pearl about my Wrist;  
 Accept this Earnest of my Love she said:  
 And me to farther Privacy convey'd.



## S E C T. XXV.

WHere stood a stately Bed in her *Alcove*,  
 Fit for sweet Thefts, & stoln Delights of Love,  
 Where Kings and Queens in Wedlock might embrace,  
 And Princes breed their own Illustrious Race.  
 When drawing nigh, me sudden Terror struck,  
 The Curtains trembled, and the Hangings shook,  
 And streight a Voice, not Humane, pierc'd my Ear,  
*Christian Andreas*, mind thy Soul, forbear.  
 My Name that must be, and this strange Advice,  
 Run'd to a Hell expected Paradise,  
 Loves Torches quench'd, hot Fancies routed quite :  
 I sweat in horrible affright ;  
 My warm Blood curdling, I grew stiff and cold,  
 One that twice had fifty Winters told.  
 She seeing me stand as I had blasted been,  
 That never look'd on loose Escapes as Sin,  
 Now now *Androcleus*, said she, why so pale ?  
 Bed, a Lady, and your Spirits fail !  
 Then casting up my Eye on her, who seem'd  
 Above all Worldly Joys to be esteem'd ;  
 Of conquering Beauty, so Divinely Fair,  
 Not the least Mark appear'd, or smallest Air :  
 Where I before enough could never gaze,  
 Behold, a Map of Ruins and Decays ;

Furrow'd her Brows, Cheeks painted and bepatch'd,  
 Her Temples round with curled Serpents thatch'd,  
 Her wither'd Breasts in her foul Bosom sag,  
 A Goddess late, now an Infernal Hag;  
 To whom in high distraction thus I spake,

Thou swallowing Gulph, thou all-devouring Lake,  
 That now art leading me unto the Brink,  
 Where falling, I eternally must sink:  
 Ah, how thou star'st! Clap no more *Gorgons* on,  
 I feel my self already turning Stone;  
 I'll fly, e're I am famish'd, e're I stand  
 A Statue carv'd by an Adulteress Hand.

This said, I left her, and the loathed Bed,  
 And whilst she dire Revenge stood plotting, fled;  
 Out at a Window jutting forward leapt,  
 And hid with Darkness, to my Cabin crept  
 Unseen by any; fast the Door then lock'd,  
 Resolv'd to none to open, whoe're knock'd.

## SECT. XXVI.

Thus I within my own Works seem'd secure,  
 Able a Winter Leaguer to endure;  
 When second thoughts a farther Prospect made,  
 I saw no means my Ruin to evade:  
 Then I repented my distracted Flight,  
 That could not me preserve one single Night;  
 Mad that th' Adulteress I had not slain,  
 That *Syren*, that enticing common Bane,  
 Who long since could not chang'd Amours adjust,  
 Serving with such varieties her Lust:  
 Then I had done a meritorious Act,  
 And could but Death have suffer'd for the Fact;  
 Left living to accuse me, I am sure  
 Exquisite Tortures dying to endure.

Discouraging thus, a sudden noise I hear  
 Of busie Servants bustling here and there;  
 Shut up the Gates, whilst out the Steward comes,  
 Bids diligent search to make through all the Rooms.

Streight I put up my Chain of Pearl, and Vest,  
 My self in my accustom'd Habit dress'd,  
 And as alarm'd, soon mingled with my Mates,  
 Hoping to get o're Walls, or thorow Gates,  
 And busie with the Steward walk't the Round;  
 But no suspicious Person could be found.

SECT

When at a stand, that Girl, that treach'rous Maid,  
 Which me into the Trap at first betray'd,  
 Brought in her Lap those Clothes behind I left,  
 Charging their Owner with worse Crimes than Theft.  
 My fellow Slaves all knew them at first sight,  
 Whom I so treated but the former Night,  
 And so much fatal Gold on them did spend,  
 They were the first that me did apprehend,  
 And Oaths on Oaths, with Protestations, swore  
 They were the same which I that Morning wore.

To search my Cabin next they made request,  
 Whence soon they brought the Orient Chain & Vest.  
 All Circumstances clear the Steward found,  
 And calls for Jives, and me in Fetters bound;  
 Then to the Dungeon, thence himself conveys,  
 And leaves me in the Stocks, at little ease.

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## S E C T. XXVII.



A. sec. 27.

Eft in a Dungeon Manacled and Jiv'd,  
 Of Light, of Comfort, of all Hopes depriv'd,  
 Gall'd with the narrow Stocks, and pinching Chains,  
 My Sorrows heavy, and acute my Pains,  
 Musing on my sad Condition fate,  
 Thrown to a Prison from a Bed of State ;  
 But more for my *Maria* was my smart,  
 For her, a bitterer Grief transpierc'd my Heart  
 Than all the wounding Woes which there I felt,  
 That with my Dear so treacherously I dealt,  
 Out of my Mind my Vows and her to raze,  
 Took with patch'd Beauty, and a painted Face.  
 Thus drown'd in deep despair, o'whelm'd with night,  
 I heard soft Steps, and saw a glimmering Light,  
 Which through the Key-hole and the Crannies broke,  
 When suddenly the well-oyl'd Wards unlock,  
 And like a filent Shade, in noisless stole  
*Maria*, as an Angel from the Pole,  
 Bringing down Comfort in my Griefs extreme ;  
 When thus she spake, and real made my Dream.  
 Our precious Time not lavish now away,  
 Else forfeit Life this Morning you must pay :  
 Then with a Kiss my Spirit she revives,  
 Frees from the Stocks, my Fetters, and my Jives,

Bids

Bids me tread softly, whilst she locks the Door,  
 Leaving all fast in posture as before ;  
 Then leading on, like noiseless Air she slips,  
 Whilst lightly I reprint the Virgins steps,  
 Until we entred in an obscure Yard,  
 Where settled Walls not to ascend were hard ;  
 When thus she said, Put on this Forcin Shape,  
 Then fly to *Ostia*, as a Stranger scape :  
 I heard my Lady our Patron engage,  
 Onely your Death must pacifie her Rage :  
 She told him, How in Princely Habit drest,  
 At her Devotions, in you rudely prest,  
 When she amaz'd at One thus broken in,  
 Ready to swoon, had been enforc'd to sin,  
 But that her Woman entring with a Light,  
 The Project spoil'd, and put the Slave to flight.

But I of this dare not one Word believe,  
 Nor Credit to her Accusation give ;  
 The whole House thinks you guiltless, who lament,  
 And whispering, your Misfortune much resent.

But you must hence, and I must streight away,  
 Under my Father's Pillow to convey  
 These Keys, which whilst he slept from thence I stole,  
 Thus to redeem you from that dismal Hole :  
 Here, take this Purse, she said ; then me she kist,  
 And vowing Constancy, with Tears dismiss.

Disguis'd, thence o're low Battlements I leapt,  
 And through dark Suburbs and long Alleys crept.



4 Jac 28.

SECT. XVII.

From thence to *Ostia*, where by Fortune lay  
Ships ready freighted, bound for *Africa*,  
The *Consul's* Goods and Servants left behind,  
Hasting Aboard: Fair blew th' expected Wind.  
amongst others, got into a Ship;  
All Anchors weigh, and hoise their Sails a-trip,  
and to the *offin* with a Northern Gale,  
Hoping for short and happy Passage, Sail:  
Deep Forelands set, and distant Mountains fly,  
Till nothing we beheld but Sea and Sky.  
That Night so pleasant on the Decks I lay,  
With Cares awake, expecting blessed Day.  
But whilst our groaning Prow salt Billows plow'd,  
Just a-head espy'd a rising Cloud,  
Built up in Stories like a spiry Tower,  
Threatning foul Weather, and a Thunder-shower;  
When our fair Wind us by degrees did fail,  
Our Canvas flats, nor longer could we Sail;  
Straight up they furl their Sheets, and ply the Oar,  
Before it blows to fasten on the Shore.  
The Sky, all freight in close long Mourning hung,  
Lightens, a Peal of Heavens Artillery rung,  
Hideous Shower of Fire, of Hail, and Rain,  
Falls in a Deluge with a *Henricane*;

The

The blustering Northern Lords, East, West, and South  
 Twice sixteen Angles open as one Mouth :  
 When not in Mountains did swoln Billows rise,  
 But pil'd up Pyramids salute the Skies ;  
 Waves fight and fly, rough Floods encounter Floods,  
 Till all the Sea was laver'd into Suds.

When thus I cry'd, Ah ! happy had I been,  
 If I at home had suffer'd for my Sin ;  
 Better than this infortunate Escape,  
 Bravely t' have dy'd condemned for a Rape,  
 A *Roman* Dame, one of so high Remark,  
 Than now feed Sword-fish, or some Hectring Shark.

Whilst to the Winds vain Grief I thus divulg'd,  
 Our Vessel striking, in an instant bulg'd ;  
 The Ship, though stout, yields to tempestuous Waves,  
 And sudden in a thousand shatters staves :  
 Each for themselves, a broken Mast I strode,  
 And buffeted by Winds and Billows, rode,  
 Until the Tempest ceasing, I alone  
 Upon this Coast was thus this Morning thrown ;  
 Where Landed, I encountred new Extremes,  
 Choak'd with hot Sands, & scorcht with *Phæbus* beams  
 Fainting with Thirst, and ready for my Grave,  
 My better Stars shew'd me your Royal Cave,  
 Where now, by special Favor, I your Guest  
 Sit at your Table, and 'mongst Princes Feast.

*Androcleus* Story told, then growing late,  
 The *Lion* rising, his *Fackalls* in State,  
 With Glowworms, Touch-wood, and such Lights, attend  
 Their Royal Master, leading in his Friend.

Then

Then all dispers'd unto their several Homes,  
 Courtiers retiring to appointed Rooms.

SECT.

## S E C T. XXIX.

**T**Hus dwelt *Androcleus* in a *Lion's Den*,  
 A Prince 'mongst Beasts, a Bondslave among  
 Till weary of that Life, and spurr'd with Love, (Men  
 He fix'd his Resolution to remove,  
 Watching an Opportunity to fly,  
 Rather than live in Wilds, at *Rome* to die;  
 Although the King him lov'd, and honor'd most  
 Of all his Peers and Captains of his Host;  
 Nor could he e're be quiet Day nor Night,  
*Androcleus* but a Minute out of sight.

So in a Starry Night from thence he stole;  
 His Course directing by the *Artick Pole*;  
 Through sandy Wilds and Wilderesses past,  
 And came to scattering Villages at last,  
 Which him with Goats-milk, Cheese, and Whay re  
 Soon after he at *Carthage Walls* arriv'd,  
 Where, with that Purse he from *Maria* had,  
 Himself he streight in handsom Habit clad,  
 Hoping that undiscover'd so, once more  
 To seek his Fortune on th' *Ausonian Shore*,  
 In that great World of *Rome*, disguis'd, he might  
 E're Death be happy with his Mistress fight.

Whom soon the Consul there, his Patron's Friend  
 Did by one sent on purpose apprehend,

his fellow-Bondman, and his great Confort,  
 requiring for a Ship him to transport:  
 As a heynous Criminal attach'd,  
 Laden with Chains, thence he to *Rome* dispatch'd.  
 But when the *Lion* his Companion mist,  
 He could not raging Love and Grief resist,  
 Nor sends to Officers, nor trusts *Jackalls*,  
 But follows on the scent to *Carthage Walls*;  
 As if his Feet were Wings, runs o're the Downs,  
 And frights the neighboring Villages and Towns,  
 Offending none, nor minding Prey nor Rest.  
 All wonder that so terrible a Beast  
 Should fly so fast, none seeing him pursue:  
 At last to *Carthage* the Distracted drew;  
 Whom tir'd and spent, a Troop of Horse beset,  
 And without wounding, drove into the Net:  
 His bushie Tail and shaggy Main th' admire,  
 His Teeth like Needles, and his Eyes like Fire.  
 Whom streight the Consul to the Emperor sent,  
 And, as a Wonder, did the Beast present;  
 Whom in his *Amphitheater* he plac'd,  
 And like a King with frequent Visits grac'd,  
 Admiring his huge Size, and awful Face,  
 His Royal Carriage, and Majestick Pace.

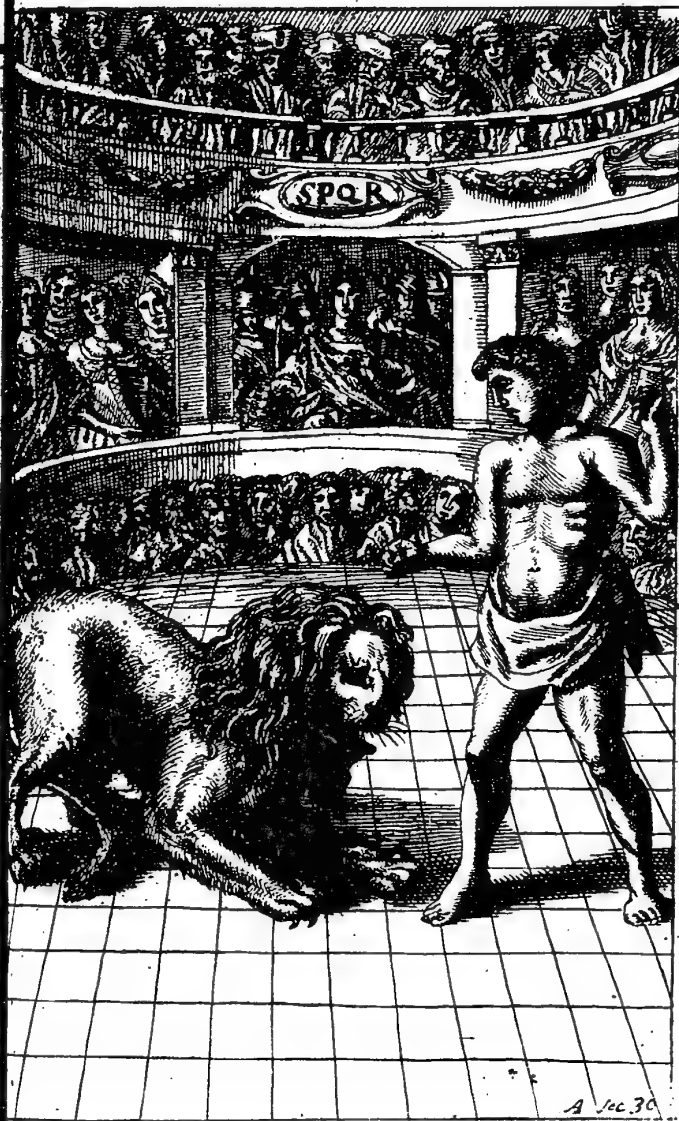
S E C T.

## S E C T. XXX.

**T**He Sentence past, soon came th' expected time  
*Androcleus* must suffer for his Crime,  
 When to the Emperor's *Lion* he that Day  
 Must be in th' *Amphitheater* a Prey:  
 Which through all *Rome* divulg'd by busie Fame,  
 As glad Spectators of this horrid Game,  
 Both *Patriots* and *Pebeians*, Old and Young,  
 From all the City thick in Clusters throng:  
 A Slave condemn'd, encounters in the Lists  
 A *Lion* naked, onely with his Fists;  
 Such a huge Monster, terrible and keen,  
 Upon the publick Stage yet never seen.

By Noon the *Theater* huge Concourse thwack,  
 The loaden Seats and Claffles like to crack;  
 The Emperor and Emperess in State,  
 The Conscript Fathers, and the Commons fate.  
 When the Scene opening, from a large *Bosage*  
*Androcleus* comes to meet the *Lion's* Rage;  
 His Breast, his Shoulders, brawny Arms, and Thighs,  
 Waste slender, Manly Face, and sparkling Eyes,  
 In Matrons stirring Pitty, kindled Flame,  
 And all his great Accuser much did blame.

The *Lion* then, on purpose fasting kept,  
 Forth to his Prey eager with Hunger leapt,





Feast prepar'd, then ready to attack,  
 His Face beholding, suddenly starts back;  
 When he his dearest Friend perusing knew;  
 Then in an humble Posture near he drew,  
 Kissing his Feet, his Hands, and well-known Face;  
 Then they each other hugg'd in dear Embrace.  
 He knows the *Lion*, though so curl'd and kemb'd;  
 And he *Androcleus*, guiltlessly condemn'd.  
 To see the Monster that should him assail,  
 Down like a Spaniel, wag his bushie Tail;  
 And him that stood an Offering to be slain,  
 Then clap his Back, stroking his shaggy Main;  
 His admiring House made with Applauses ring,  
 And Purfes him of Gold and Silver fling;  
 Hundred thousand Hands speak loud Applause,  
 And the Defendant scap't the *Lion's* Jaws.  
 All cry, *The Gods do Innocence protect,*  
 And by their Great Example Men direct  
 In Piety and Pity; and that he  
 By their Mercy, should be streight set free.



## S E C T. XXXI.

W HEN a Prime Herald, after Silence made,  
Thus in the Emperor's Name, & Senate, said  
This Slave, by Heavens especial Favor blest,  
Straight by their Order here must be releast;  
They also him a Golden Talent give,  
And that at *Rome* as Free-born he may live:  
The *Lion* him the Emperor doth present.

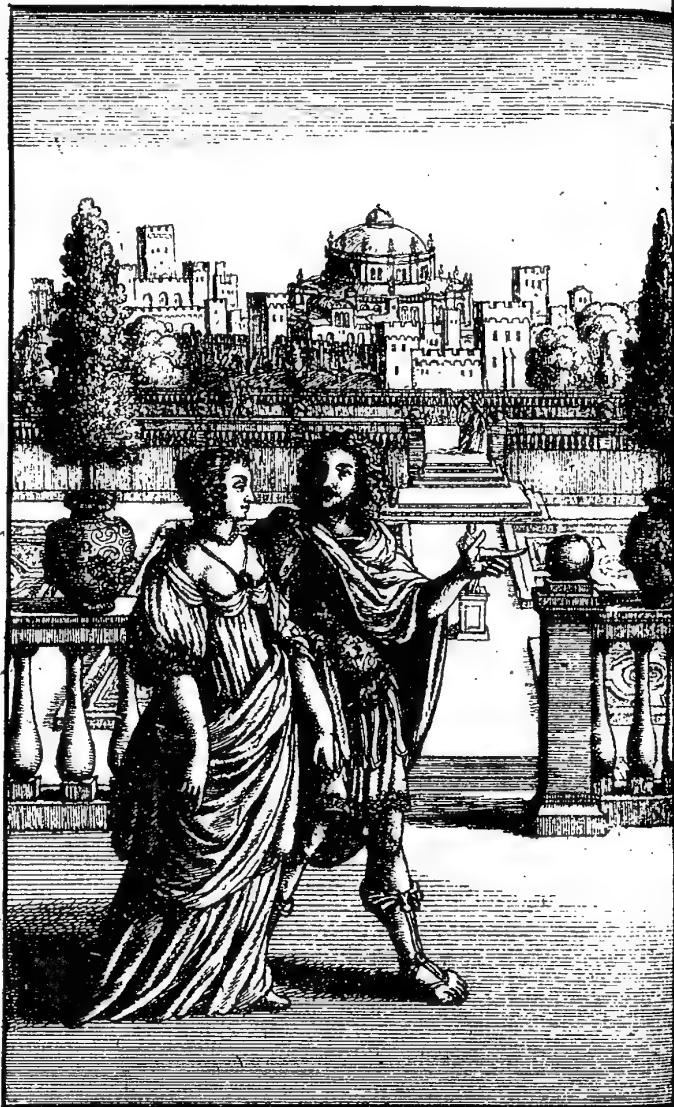
Joyful Applauses scale the Firmament.  
But when *Androcleus* them his Story told,  
Showers from the Galleries, Silver, Gems, and Gold,  
Rain'd on his Head, and pour'd into his Hands.

Thus freed from cruel Death, and servile Bonds,  
He from the *Theater* in Triumph led  
His Friend releast, whilst thus the People said;  
As they in busie Throngs about them prest;  
*The Man and Lion! see, the Host and Guest.*

The Senates Gift, and what Spectators gave,  
Turn'd to a Wealthy Citizen a Slave;  
Recovering soon his Father's Morgag'd State,  
His Houses, Jewels, and embezell'd Plate.

*Andreas* now *Maria* did espouse,  
And solemn Nuptials kept in his own House;  
Fair Issue had, in Reputation dwelt,  
Nor Storms of Persecution ever felt,

All Emperors themselves pluck'd Idols down,  
Got for Piety and Zeal, Renown.  
But of the *Lion* after what become,  
Soft Writers are defective, some quite dumb:  
One says, He resum'd his Shape agen,  
From Ruling Beasts, became a King of Men,  
By *Christian* Pray'rs; and how the Senate had  
Order for his Restauration made,  
By which he his *Egyptian* Realm regain'd,  
And many Years in Peace and Plenty Reign'd:  
If so, or not, I shall no more insist;  
Thus far I Dreamt, Dream out the rest that list.



THE  
EPHESIAN MATRON:  
OR,  
WIDOWS TEARS.

SECTION I.

AT *Ephesus*, of old so much Renown'd,  
Whose lofty Tow'rs *Diana's* Temple crown'd,  
To whom (when leaving Mansions of the Gods,  
That Worlds Wonder settling her Abodes)  
Tha't Votresses with Vows and Offerings came,  
Whose Power despising, and the *Cyprian* Dame:  
The Cold Infection through the City spreads,  
To Girls of Pleasure scapes, nor sportive Beds,  
Beauty and lusty Youth at *Cupid's* Shaft,  
Pointed not, forsooth, with Marriage laugh'd;

\* Q 3

Whilst

Whilst great at *Ephesus Diana's* Name,  
Kept chaste Court-Madams, chaste the City-Dame.

'Mongst these Exemplars a fair Lady dwelt,  
With whom kind Fates auspiciously had dealt;  
She and her Spouse so eminent a Pair,  
That all the City their Admirers were.

When seven fill'd Circles brought their Holiday,  
The last of seven in perpetual *May*,  
On which they yearly kept the Wedding Feast,  
Their Friends and Kindred still invited Guests;  
They in their Garden walking Arm in Arm,  
The Spring in all her Gaiety and warm,  
Changing his Note, he in a sadder Tone  
Than ever they discours'd in, thus begun:

My onely Happiness, my dearest Wife,  
More lov'd than Day, than Joys of Health or Life;  
Who would not leave the Hopes of Heaven to be  
As you and I, so blest on Earth as we?  
Since our seventh Stage so happily we reach,  
Without one Cloud, the smallest Flaw or Breach,  
More than the Gods can boast, though stil'd the Blest,  
Them anxious Fears and Jealousies molest,  
That some suppose the Stars are all but Spies,  
And Constellations, Guards with watching Eyes.

But now sad Fancies harbor in my Breast,  
And Melancholy, ne're before a Guest:  
Why vex I thus my self with idle Fear?  
Startle at that I ne're shall see nor hear?  
I'll tell thee, Love, my Happiness is such,  
That the Felicity I Princes grutch;

Though

Though Fate did as your Servant me employ,  
Thou art too good for any to enoy.  
I fear that you and I e're long must part,  
Something I feel fits heavy at my Heart:  
To die not grieves me, but to leave thee here;  
What signifies *Elizium*, thou not there?

For your own sake then live a Single Life,  
And let my Dust be proud you were my Wife:  
Though Stories I suspect, and idle Talk,  
That in the Night our troubled Spirits walk;  
Which if they should, my angry Ghost, I fear,  
Thee from th' Embraces of a King would tear.  
Take this my last Will, which doth thee declare  
My sole Executrix, and onely Heir:  
Nor are you bound by loss of Part to be  
My Relict: no, Dear, I have left you Free;  
But as my last Request, I onely sue,  
As you my Wife are; be my Widow too.

She weeping, ready to make large Replies,  
And Protestations; Oh! I'm sick, he cries;  
A dire Distemper shoots through every Part,  
My Head, my Back, my Stomach, ah, my Heart!  
Over my Eyes Nights sable Curtains spread:  
Dearest, farewell; keep chaste our Marriage-bed.  
She shrieking out, streight Friends about them swarm,  
Finding the Dead and Living Arm in Arm:  
The sad News flies, invited Guests depart,  
And leave high Treatments with a heavy Heart.

## S E C T. II.

**T**HIs dire Disaster routing such a Feast,  
 A Face of Sorrow, not to be express,  
 Fill'd the sad House, thence carried up and down  
 By woful Friends returning, through the Town:  
 Such were his Merits, so concern'd they were,  
 Who not for him contributed a Tear:

But she sate mourning in a dismal Room,  
 Dark as that Night shuts up the Day of Doom,  
 When o're Sun, Moon, and Stars, no hope of Dawn  
 Foul *Chaos* hath eternal Curtains drawn:

Whilst for his Funerals they seek whate're  
 For Shew and Pompous Sorrow fitting were;  
 First into Blacks they *Tyrian* Scarlets dy'd,  
 From *Egypt* and *Arabia* provide,  
 To make the Corps Pomander, Nard and Spice,  
 And odoriferous Gums, at any Price.

Which done, when Tears a short Cessation gave,  
 She drest th' embalmed Corps in Garments brave,  
 Then his pale Cheeks with tinct'ring Vermil dyes,  
 Corrals his Lips, sets Jewels o're his Eyes,  
 And on a Pillow, as his Marriage-Bed,  
 Curling his Tresses, bolsters up his Head.

Her Friends mean while got Consecrated Ground  
 Without the City, Trench'd and Pal'd in round;

Amidst



amidst digg'd deep, then arch'd a gloomy Vault,  
 Which Sun, nor Stars, nor Winds could e're assault;  
 And o're, a Lodge with all Convenience made,  
 Where her old Servant, if they could persuade  
 There to attend their Lady, as at home,  
 Where she, truce took with Sorrow, up might come,  
 And leave sometimes the Herse, the better so  
 To spin out Grief, and prosecute long Wo:  
 For she resolv'd one Year ne're to adjourn,  
 But in the Tomb o're her dead Husband mourn.  
 And now Solemnities expected come,  
 The Corps to follow to its latest Home;  
 All march as they by Heralds Order'd were;  
 The Magistrates and the whole Senate there.  
 After the Herse she comes with Shrieks and Cries,  
 Forc'd Tears from Kindred, Friends, nay, Strangers  
 Sense of her Loss now more than e're she felt, (Eyes:  
 Cursing the Stars so hardly with her dealt.  
 But as the Corps descended to the Vault,  
 Her tender Bosom giving an Assault,  
 Tearing her Hair, she leaps into the Cave,  
 And there resolv'd to dig her self a Grave;  
 Shrieks from beneath, above a general Cry,  
 Like Thunder, volleys through the echoing Sky.  
 Thence all dispersing, to their Homes retreat,  
 And leave the Mourner in a doleful Seat.

## S E C T. III.

After the noising Concourse were return'd,  
 Both sad Beholders, & their Friends that mourn'd  
 When conquering Night Days Standard down bore  
 And drove the Sun into another World; (hur'd  
 Then settled in her solitary Vault,  
 New-muster'd Sorrows her afresh assault;  
 The Herse before her, and a glimmering Lamp,  
 Infolded Arms, the sad Cave cold and damp:  
 She triumphs in her Grief, her Woes seem brave,  
 With Misery surrounded, and the Grave;  
 The Novelty of such a dismal Place,  
 Put Majesty in Melancholies Face;  
 Then kneeling by the Coarse, in such a Shade,  
 She smiling at her new Condition, said,

How blest am I, that shall within this Cell  
 With thee a Year, perhaps for ever, dwell:  
 Thus said she weeping, and unveils his Face,  
 Which when she had beheld a little space,  
 She stood, her Hands and Eyes erected, calm,  
 As if some God had given her healing Balm;  
 With a full Deluge then, and Sighs more loud,  
 Thus raves she, thundring from the broken Clod:  
 Ah! that when first I came into this World,  
 A Storm had me on barren Mountains hurl'd,

There





There to have starv'd, or been to Beasts a Prey,  
Or made my Cradle in the swallowing Sea;  
Then I had never seen this woful Hour,  
And thee, cut off, lie like a faded Flower,  
Cold as a Rock wash'd at the Mountains feet,  
Nothing of what thou wert, but onely Sweet:  
Speak then, my Dear; come, rise, and let us walk,  
Of Love, ah me! and former Pleasures talk:  
In such a Place we never were before,  
Rocks all above, an Adamantine Floor;  
Here comes no Sun, no South-winds sultry Breath,  
These are the pleasant Shades of quiet Death;  
How couldst thou die, that always hadst thy Health,  
Friends, and fair Houses, Happiness, and Wealth,  
Whate're for Use or Pleasure in this Life;  
Nay, more than all, hadst Me, thy loving Wife?  
What will you speak no more now you are dead?  
Them your last Words, *Keep Chast our Marriage-Bed?*  
To be Exemplar, therefore, here I stay,  
Else I with thee had gone that woful Day;  
And now I long to seek thee under Ground,  
Mongst Regions ne're by lying Mortals found;  
Then we'll not part, till you are soundly chid:  
What Follies, ah! my raving Fancy feed?  
Lie still in peace, thy Spirit, never fear,  
Me, raging, from a second Spouse should tear:  
Should *Jove* himself, descending from the Sky,  
Nuptials propose, and lay his *Funo* by,  
Thunder in one, Heavens Crown in th' other Hand,  
I'll bid him fire, and, though a God, withstand: ¶

Here



Here in this Bosom dead thou shalt survive,  
Or else let Earth first swallow me alive;  
Let me with changing Thoughts sink down to Hell;  
And there 'mongst Fiends in endless Tortures dwell.

Then ran she all the Keys of Sorrow o're,  
Till she could Weep, nor Sigh, nor say no more.  
When *Somnus* gliding softly from the Pole,  
Smooth'd the swoln Passions of her troubled Soul,  
Sprinkling her Temples with *Lethæan* Drops,  
Infus'd a Golden Dream, all Joy and Hopes;  
Down in her Chair close by the Herse she sat,  
And Woes, as if they never were, forgot.

## S E C T.

## S E C T. IV.

THE night that rose with Constellations crown'd,  
Her Purple Robe with Seed-Pearls broider'd  
Suddenly *Boreas* husk'd in fullen Clouds, (round,  
And all her great and lesser Glories shrowds;  
With Rain, Hail, Snow, drawn up in three Brigades,  
He the fair Issue of the Spring invades,  
Large Sheets of Snow in Pennance hides all o're;  
The like not seen in many Years before.

The Morning past on the adjacent Plains  
A Malefactor they had hung in Chains:  
The Martial, there a Place of Eminence,  
Left that his friends should steal his Corps from thence;  
On pain of Death attended by Command;  
This foul Night hapning, long he kept his Stand,  
Till Numbness seiz'd his Bosom, Lifes warm Hold,  
At last he shrinks, o're-power'd with eager Cold.

When thus he said; How shall I live till Day?  
Who in this Storm the Corps can hence convey?  
If for past Service better may deserve;  
I'll rather suffer, than stay here and starve.  
But whither shall I fly? where shelter find?  
For there's no running, though before the Wind;  
The Gates are shut, all miserable dark,  
No Glimpse appearing, nor the smallest Spark.

When

When like a Glowworm through th' opacous Night  
He from the Lodge perceives a glimmering Light;  
Thither he hastes, there he his Life must save,  
His last Redemption in a dead Man's Grave;  
When knocking gently, thus he shivering spake:

Ah! save a Life; if e're, now pity take:  
My Spirits fail, quite almost out of breath,  
Else on your Threshold I shall freeze to death.

The Maid reply'd; No more, I pray Sir, knock;  
So late I dare not for the World unlock,  
My Lady to disturb, who this foul Night  
Took first possession of her dire Delight.

Who trembling said; Pity, without Reply;  
Oh take me in, or else I here shall die:  
Your Lady mourns; her Sorrow will be more  
To find one dead to morrow at her Door.

SECT. V.



Whispers and growling Tempests, like a Bell,  
 Alarum'd Vaults of the resounding Cell,  
 Waking the Mourner from a pleasing Dream,  
 Second Spouse, new Marriages the Theme.  
 She thought her Husband rising from the Dead,  
 Crowded all o're, pale, standing by her Bed,  
 Told her his Pass to Bliss would not be sign'd,  
 Till he revok'd what her he last enjoy'd;  
 And her forsake that melancholy Tomb,  
 Make for another Lord and Children Room,  
 Deny'd them seven glad Years by spiteful Fate)  
 That should inherit their improv'd Estate:  
 The Shade with Tears imploring, earnest seem'd,  
 That he from suffering so may be redeem'd.  
 Awak'd, she felt all swelling Passions calm,  
 Her Breast as if some God had thrown in Balm,  
 And at the Lodge she heard a Man complain:  
 Soft Thoughts her tender Bosom entertain,  
 If he might suffer, or be ruin'd quite,  
 In such Condition, in that woful Night.  
 She calls her Maid, commands streight let him in;  
 Those to help in Want, what greater Sin?  
 Let him sit there, and shelter from the Storm,  
 Or up the Fire, that he himself may warm.

She

She who Compassion took on him before,  
 Commission'd thus, glad, opens soon the Door :  
 A goodly Person, almost starv'd with Cold,  
 Ent'ring in Arms, amaz'd her to behold :  
 Then by the Fire a Chair for him she sets,  
 And with a Manchet and a Bottle treats.  
 Her Mistress to accustom'd Grief returns,  
 And like sad *Philomel* her Losses mourns,  
 Her Nest new ranfack'd by a prying Swain.

Whilst thus old Lessons she runs o're in vain,  
 Her wandring Fancy hankers oft, and stops  
 At her late Golden Dream, so full of Hopes ;  
 And something whispers still, That Stranger see,  
 Thus Weather-beaten, whatsoe're he be.

When hast'ning down, her Servant thus began ;

Oh Madam, Madam, here's the bravest Man  
 E're Eyes beheld ; tall, streight, and Shoulders broad  
 Who looks, recovering Spirits, like a God ;  
 Quick burns the Fire, and you must needs be cold ;  
 This Person of some Quality behold,  
 A Wonder see : Come up, dear Madam, come,  
 Take Truce with Tears, and leave this dampy Tomb  
 Your self refresh, your Cheeks look pale and lank,  
 I scarce remember when you Eat or Drank.

Sparks long in Embers sleeping, she awakes,  
 Soon she resolves, as soon the Cell forakes,  
 Following the Light, trips softly up the Stairs,  
 And him surpriz'd there sitting, unawares :  
 Up starts he, and a while did gazing stand,  
 Then in most humble posture kist her Hand ;

And

And thus begun : Blest Lady, may the Gods  
 Bring Comfort to these sorrowful Abodes,  
 And you for Hospitality repay  
 That best may please you, and with least delay,  
 That me in such Necessity reliev'd,  
 And from inevitable Death repriev'd :  
 Where you need a Heart, a Sword, or Hand,  
 And Life you granted, they're at your Command.

\* R

SECT.

## SECT. VI.

**W**Hen thus she modestly, with cast-down Eye  
In a sad Tone, furing her Dress, replies;  
Condemn'd to Solitude, and little Room,  
My first Night in my hapless Husband's Tomb,  
Though drown'd in Woes, though buried in a Gray  
I'm glad, Sir, such Relief for you I have.

This said, the Table her old Servant spread,  
Set a cold Bak'd-meat on, brings Wine and Bread;  
Down opposite, in prospect full, they fate,  
Where on stoln Glances Love might hang his Bait:  
She now refresh'd, though close drest, all in Black,  
Did with a budding Blush her Guest attack;  
Her Mourning seem'd a Foil, a Sable Ground,  
That best sets off the sparkling Diamond;  
And now and then a short Survey she stole,  
Which made no small Impression in her Soul;  
So much his *Miene* and Person her surpriz'd,  
That she with irksom Sorrow less advis'd:  
But what most rais'd in her a fair esteem,  
She thought that she had seen him in her Dream,  
Soon as her Husband's Shadow did depart,  
Warm Comfort shooting first into her Heart.  
A while both fate, nor interchang'd a Word,  
And active *Cupid* Flames new kindled, stirr'd;



At last she boldly makes the first Attack,  
And calling for a Glas of Wine, thus spake,  
Paying the God's Libation on the Board;

It seems, Sir, that your Business is the Sword,  
And my dear Husband of the Civil List,  
Though much esteem'd, perhaps your Ear hath mist;  
Seven Years we liv'd in a continual Calm,  
Each Word we chang'd to other, healing Balm;  
And though he left me all his fair Estate,  
Yet I my Life, and all Lives Comforts hate:  
I but this Duty to his Memory pay,  
Only twelve Months with him Intomb'd, to stay;  
Yet may his Ghost more satisfaction give,  
The Year expir'd, to bide here whilst I live.  
Be pleas'd, Sir, (*Women Questions love to ask*)  
If I implore not an unpleasing Task,  
In compleat Arms, what Business of the State,  
Or your own Private, kept you out so late?  
And how you lighted on this woful Cell,  
Where I, surrounded with my Sorrows, dwell:  
Your Wife, Sir, if y' are Married, you this Night  
Being thus abroad, puts in no small affright.

## S E C T. VII.

SInce, Madam, you have put me to a Task,  
A little farther I'll your patience ask,  
That, if not irksom, I may render you  
Of my whole Life a brief Account, and true.

In *Thrace* I boast my Birth, a Martial Soil,  
Whose hardy Race love stubborn War and Toil;  
My Father well extracted, dwelt in Arms  
Whilst young and strong; grown old, in purchas'd  
Breeding me up, as soon as I could go, (Farms;  
To throw a Spear, and draw a little Bow,  
And me with Arms, a Childish Corset, stor'd,  
A nimble Target, and no ponderous Sword;  
My Brows did with a crested Cask impale,  
Which wagg'd each Step, and wav'd with ev'ry Gale:  
Soon bravely I, in stead of wanton Toys,  
A Captain, led a Regiment of Boys;  
From thence preferr'd to be *Lycurgus* Page,  
He in his Wars me after did engage,  
Where by my Sword I purchas'd some small Fame,  
And recommended to this City, came  
With Letters from the King, here to instruct,  
And then their raw *Militia* Conduct.

Seven Years the Martial's Office I enjoy'd,  
And Chief Commander oft have been employ'd:

A

A Beauteous Virgin then I did Espouse,  
Children we had, and kept a Noble House:  
Now I observe, you strangely me surprize;  
Such Checks she had, such Lips as yours, such Eyes;  
And like you and your Husband, Day and Night  
We in high Pleasures spent, and full Delight:  
But the last great Contagion swept away  
Her, and my Children, in one woful Day.

What me so late detain'd, and in this Storm,  
Madam, I shall as briefly now inform.

A Villain, one the most unparallell'd,  
That in the highest Wickedness excell'd,  
For an unheard of Fact, an odious Crime,  
*Diana's* Priestess in Devotion-time,  
The Wooden Goddess looking on the while,  
Did in her *Penetralia* defile;  
For which condemn'd to suffer torturing Pains,  
And after that to hang and rot in Chains,  
Fearing this Night his Friends might steal the Coarse,  
Blot out the Obloquie with sudden Force,  
The Senate me commanded there to stay,  
And with a Party guard the Corps till Day;  
Therefore I Arm'd, expecting we should fight,  
But little dreamt of such a bitter Night;  
Whence by foul Weather driven, and the Cold,  
I by your Light found shelter in this Hold.

Thus your Commands I, Madam, have obey'd,  
And of my Life a short Relation made,  
Which here must end, if you should cruel prove;  
*Despair makes slight Wounds mortal, given by Love:*

\* R 3

But



But I in high Distemper Fever'd fit,  
The Cold was nothing to my Burning Fit;  
Shot from your Eye, here sticks the fiery Dart,  
Will turn to Cinders soon this bleeding Heart:  
'Tis, Madam, in your Pow'r, since I'm your Slave,  
Cruel to kill me, else in pity save.

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SECT.

## S E C T. VIII.

But whilst he told his Tale, the Woman slept,  
 And *Venus* Vigils, not *Diana's* kept;  
 She with a Bottle by her self had slunk,  
 And twelve Go-downs on Reputation drunk.

When from the Board she rising with a Frown,  
 As if her Rage could ne're be Conjur'd down,  
 Rolling her Eyes, high-swoln her panting Breast,  
 Her deep-conceiv'd Displeasure thus exprest.

Art thou that Fury Lust, sent hot from Hell,  
 To tempt me in my solitary Cell?

One of those Monsters which in Humane Shapes  
 Commit dire Murthers, and unbridled Rapes:

That such a Brazen Front hath, to presume  
 To hint thus Folly in my Husbands Tomb:

Of such an Impudence, who ever heard?  
 This for my tender Pity! this Reward!

I took him in; his Life, he says, I sav'd:

Oh Heavens, how ill have I my self behav'd!

Beyond Chaste Bounds, to give the smallest Hope,  
 At first sight with one in Arms durst cope.

This said, she stalks about: her Bosom stung,  
 Love's *Functo's* there, far differing from her Tongue;  
 He following close, with melting Words persuades,  
 And her with all Loves Elements invades,

\* R 4

Begging



Begging her Favour not to be so rash,  
 To judge the Motion a Gallanting Flash;  
 Who die would for her Honor on the Spot;  
 He meant chaste Love, Marriage, that Gordian Knot.

Whilst he his Cause thus pleads, out forth she breaks,  
 And seeming not to mind him, louder speaks.

Go to your Business, to your Gibbet-Task,  
 And Counsel of your hang'd Companion ask,  
 How to out-act him, and possess his Room:

He in the Temple, you but in a Tomb!  
 So both together sink from Church and Cell,  
 To be gaz'd on as Miracles in Hell:

O chaste *Diuna*, now, or ne're, be kind;  
 Strike this thy bold Prophaner dead, or blind,  
 Or stake him on some barren Mountain straight,  
 For Rain, and Hail, and mouthing Winds to bait.  
 Her Knife then drawing, said, Look to your Throat,  
 'Twere good to bleed such a libidinous Goat;  
 Keep where you are; if once you stir a Foot  
 To follow me, be sure, kind Sir, I'll do't.

This said, a Smile amidst her Frowns she blends,  
 And turning to her Husbands Herse, descends.

A while he musing with himself advis'd,  
 Then boldly said, All Danger be despis'd,  
 I'll do't; A single Woman, and one Dead!  
 Rare Sport, and New! a Monumental Bed!

This said, he eager, streight reprints her Steps,  
 And, like a Lion, after down he leaps.

## S E C T. IX.

Mean while did *Venus* and her Son descend,  
 The Worlds Continuation to attend ;  
 Who first joyn'd Atoms, *Chaos* did disperse,  
 Raising the Wondrous Structure *Universe*,  
 Lovers to couple, Chastity supplant,  
 Left pregnant Breasts convert to Adamant.  
 When she to *Cupid* said, My dearest Son,  
 Well hast thou plaid thy Part, the great Work's done ;  
*Diana's* Temple burns, I needs must smile,  
 The Wooden Goddesses looking on the while ;  
 Had she not Marble been, a senseless Log,  
 The Sight had set her Goddesses-ship a-gog.  
 But where's she now, a Conqueror bringing forth,  
 An *Alexander* to subdue the Earth.

No Mother, *Cupid* said, the News abroad  
 Is, That this Morning she to *Paphos* Rode,  
 There to revenge her Cause, our Dames convert,  
 That they your Rites and Temple may desert :  
 But better she had gone to chace the Stag ;  
 And Transformation of *Actæon* brag ;  
 Some of her green-sick Train, with Wastes so lank,  
 E're they return, shall burgeon in the Flank.

By this our Work is finish'd in the Tomb,  
 From whence we never yet brought Conquest home ;



I with my fanning Wings blew out the Lamp,  
Whilst he beat up all Quarters of her Camp.

Then thus she said, Bid *Boreas* send a Blast;  
May in the Grove the Corps suspended cast:  
Thanks for his Storm, so well and timely came;  
And *Somnus*, for the Widows pleasing Dream;  
Say that I'll send a Lady shall next Night  
Him more than ever any did, delight;  
Dispatch with speed, I'll tarry your Return.

To *Paphos* gone, and let her Temple burn!  
The Fire that we have kindled in that Pile  
Perhaps may shrink the Wonder to an Isle:  
A Populous City, and a frequent Court,  
Chast Madams all, no Wagery, no Sport;  
Here Wives for Propagation will, or so,  
After like Beasts the Males no more will know.

These our late Conquests once divulg'd by Fame,  
Down Continnence, and up goes *Venus* Name;  
They o're the Monument for me shall build  
A Temple, and erect my Conquering Shield:  
*Diana's* Fane and wealthy Shrine destroy'd,  
Her Virgins courting then to be enjoy'd,  
*Ephesus* shall like other Cities look,  
No green-sick Damsels, veil'd with Stole and Heucke,  
But Beauties in their Hair, drest fresh and trim,  
He making Court to her, and she to him.

Whilst thus she spake, *Cupid* on Wings display'd,  
Gently alighting, to his Mother said;

*Boreas* your Will hath done, but lays a Claim  
On your late Promise, a fair *Paphian* Dame,

That

that him, grown old, might comfort on her Lap;  
Who, forc'd to forage, lately got a Clap;  
And well recover'd, vows no more to roam;  
At keep contented with your Gift at home.  
I will, said she, streight send him one that shall  
Keep warm his Bed, and well become his Hall.  
This said, she *Cupid* gives especial Charge,  
And takes her own Commission out at large.

SECT.

## S E C T. X.

**M**Ean while the Knight and Lady under ground  
Take up all Differences, and soon compound  
Ceremonious Rites, as Superstitious, wav'd,  
And like a Wedded Pair themselves behav'd;  
Huddl'd up Promises and hasty Vows,  
Then one another kindly did Espouse:

No Place convenient for Loves sweet Commerce,  
Her self she settles on her Husbands Herse.  
While thus they busie were, the mouthing Storm  
Grew silent, and the Sky serene and warm;  
The Danger then came fresh into his Head,  
And bold Adventure; when to her he said,

I beg your leave some Business to dispatch,  
My Charge to visit, and relieve the Watch;  
Then I'll return, and further Homage pay,  
Nor shall one Minute lavish in delay.  
Him, mixing Tears, a thousand times she kist,  
And softly opening the Lodge Door, dismiss.

Her drowsie Woman though not slept so fast,  
But she heard stir about a Measuring Cast;  
Knowing the Party gone, up streight she gets,  
And thus vpon her musing Mistress sets:

Oh Madam, I the pleasant'st Dream have had;  
Me thought in Marriage-Garments you were clad,

Go

Going to Church with a brave second Mate,  
With Friends attended, in all Pomp and State;  
And that this melancholy Place forsook,  
You never in your Life did better look:  
Faith, Madam, leave these sad and dampie Rooms,  
Or tarry till some Fiend to tempt you comes,  
Who, like a *Satyr*, or *Hyena*, dwells  
In Charnel-houses, and such duskie Cells.  
Were I as you, before I'd tarry here,  
Keep such a putter o're a Dead Man's Bier,  
I'd wed a Bear, or with a Boar would lie,  
And suckle Pigs up in a nasty Stie.

Madam, I know what's what, and would advise,  
And take my Counsel, Lady, if y' are wise;  
To morrow morning, whilst the Work is warm,  
Walk to the Temple with him Arm in Arm:  
Abroad each where both Court and City Dame  
Flight Censure, Gossips Prate, and gagling Fame;  
All ply their Works as varying Fancy leads,  
Shame not in Streets forbids them open Beds,  
But that still those that do the Match survey,  
Would, finding fault, teach Gamesters how to Play.  
Then she reply'd, Thou my old Servant art,  
Be careful lest my Reputation smart;  
We must tread wary through this winding Maze,  
And I for ever will thy Fortune raise.

This her so kind Expression pleas'd her well,  
But more to leave that melancholy Cell;  
Then up she stirs the Fire, the Candle tops,  
Both full of various Fancies, Fears, and Hopes.

S E C T.

## S E C T. XI.

**W**hen at the Door they heard the Party tap,  
Who entering, straight his Face shew'd like  
Of dire Mischance, a dismal Horoscope,  
Not any Aspect of the smallest Hope.

When thus he said, I, who this horrid Night  
Did with the Gods and Lords of Tempests fight,  
Stood like a Cedar 'gainst all Winds that blow,  
My Shoulders like a Mountain hid in Snow;  
Scarce warm by this your charitable Fire,  
Obtaining Favors what I could desire,  
Am fall'n from All, from such a Heaven of Bliss,  
To utter Ruin in a deep Abyss.

My Office, no contemptible Estate,  
And Life, which but for you I should not rate,  
Are all snatch'd from me, like a Golden Dream,  
Which, were not you concern'd, I should condemn;  
For if the Kindness that you shew, you have,  
Ynu'll grieve to hear that I'm deny'd a Grave:  
The Corps his Kindred in my absence stole,  
And I must die; but what more racks my Soul,  
I nothing to your Merits can bequeath;  
The Senates Sword once drawn, they never sheath:  
My forfeit Life not all the World can save,  
My Place, and all falls theirs, whate'er I have.

Relation

Relations for my Office soon will sue,  
Being of Profit, and of Honor too:  
What will not be by Friends and Bribes procur'd?  
Ah that I had that bitter Storm endur'd,  
There stood a frozen Statue wanting Breath,  
Than suffer such an ignominious Death!  
Not onely Die, I must supply his Room,  
And fleeting Air, suspended, me Intomb:  
(Madam) For ever, dearest Madam, now farewell;  
When after Ages shall my Story tell,  
The varied Joys and Woes of one short Night,  
Will say, Cross Fortune did her utmost spite.  
Then she, whilst Tears distill'd in Pearly drops,  
No way to scape, no Eye of Help, no Hopes:  
Then you shall see what for your sake I'll do,  
I'll save you, and untwine this knotty Clew:  
Let us not, trifling, precious Minutes spend,  
But down with me into the Vault descend.  
First, of our tender Sex I pardon ask;  
A Woman must perform no Womans Task,  
But to a Wolf transformed, rob the Grave;  
Who would not, such a Life as yours to save?  
Her Maid and he, much wondring what she meant,  
Down with her to the gloomy Arches went.

S E C T.



## S E C T. XII.

N O sooner entred, she without remorse  
Rends off the Sear-cloth from her Husband's  
And laid the Body out both sweet and hard, (Coarse  
Preserv'd with Spices, and perfuming Nard :  
Then thus to him in Desperation spake ;

From me your Cure, this dreadful Cordial, take,  
Which Fortunes Forfeit, and your Life regains,  
Supply it with the Malefactor's Chains.

Then he reply'd, So fair a Corps as this,  
No where disfigur'd, not resembles his,  
The Change will be perspicuously too plain,  
And this your Condescension prove in vain :  
Sentenc'd by Law, his Right Hand off was lopt,  
His Nose slit, Lips cut off, his Ears close cropt.

Then she reply'd, What I present thus, take,  
What Maims you please, and Mutilations make :  
You that in Wars and Bloody Works have been,  
Mow'd down like standing Corn whole Squadrons seen  
And no small part in such dire Business shar'd,  
To mangle one defunct will not be hard.

When thus he sigh'd, Though Soldiers rugged are  
They with the Dead keep Truce, and never War :  
I who so oft in many a bloody Strife  
Have lopt off Legs and Arms, Life after Life,

And



And from the Battel come besmear'd all o're  
With Enemies, and my own recent Gore,  
For all the World, which less I prize than you,  
Could no harm to one resistless do.

When like a *Bacchanal*, she thus replies,  
Had, *Argus*-like, this Corps a hundred Eyes,  
As many Ears as Fame, as many Hands  
As once *Briareus* had at his Commands,  
Off they should all, my self them mangle too,  
And, though so late acquainted, all for you.

This said, she strips her Arms, her Breast unlac'd,  
Her self in posture for the Business cast ;  
Her Knife, the Edge obtuse, she nimbly whets,  
Thus Arm'd, upon her Husband's Body sets :  
And first his Hand, which she so oft had kist,  
Without Compunction sever'd from the Wrist ;  
His Ears cropt off, his Right Eye out she tears,  
Where once small *Cupids* danc'd in Crystal Spheres,  
His Nostrils slits, his Lips, where oft she sipt  
Nectar mixt with Dew of Roses, off she whipt :  
When thus she said, If this, Sir, will not serve,  
Say where you please, and I shall farther Carve.

Then he reply'd, No more, the Body spare,  
The Work is finish'd must conclude my Care.

All three, this said, ready assistance gave,  
To drag the Corps from Sanctuary in the Grave.

## S E C T. XIII.

**T**Hus quick dispatch with many Hands they made  
 And to the fatal Tree the Corps convey'd;  
 Good at a dead life still, his loving Spouse  
 Hands him up to his open-window'd House;  
 In State the Body on her Shoulders fits,  
 Whilst he his Collar on of Effes fits,  
 And several Iron Tackle buckles fast,  
 And hoop'd a Brazen Belt about his Waste,  
 Puts on a Truss of Steel, and all his Trim,  
 That thence he might not drop down Limb by Limb;  
 But so compacted, well together hold  
 Many Years bleaching, both in Heat and Cold.

The good Work done, the Mistress and her Maid  
 Back to the Lodge with speed themselves convey'd,  
 And he himself in former Station plac'd,  
 The Fright and Trouble o're, and Danger past.

When to himself he said, I am destroy'd,  
 If I this wicked Monster not avoid;  
 Whose memory I loath, and mention, more  
 Than Filth engendring on a Common-shore;  
 Her first high Impudence, and Sea of Lust,  
 That Prophanation of her Husband's Dust!  
 But since she Scenes hath acted to such height,  
 Would amaze VVonder, Terrors self affright.



I stood like Marble, when the Corps, long dead,  
 Afresh as she prepar'd for mangling bled.  
 'Tis true, she's VVealthy, Young enough, and Fair,  
 Those Queens of Pleasure, so the *Sirens* are,  
 That Singing fate all day on gilded Thrones,  
 Built up of Skeletons, and Dead Mens Bones.  
 Her Marry? Sooner I'll betroth a Mare,  
 And Monsters get, a *Centaur* make my Heir:  
 But ah! in her Concealment lies my Fate,  
*Love slighted, soon reversing, turns to Hate;*  
 They'l themselves ruin, nay, the VWorld unhinge,  
*What will not frantick Women, for Revenge?*  
 Now for present Safety must advise,  
 Had she a hundred Lives, the Strumpet dies;  
 The onely way my Life and State to save,  
 That Bawd and her to bury in one Grave:  
 With the same Knife when she fain'd War proclaim'd,  
 With which the Corps she mangled so, and maim'd,  
 I'll kill them both: So well I'll play my Part,  
 That they that find it sticking in her Heart,  
 Her VWoman dead, when on the Corps they sit,  
 Shall call't Self-murder in her Frantick Fit:  
 And who'll tax me, that never heard her Name,  
 Till by my Gates her Husband's Funerals came?  
 I promis'd to be there in half an Hour,  
 And Balm must find in one short Bloody Show'r.  
 This sad, he to the Lodge in secret stole,  
 Swoln Passions raging in his troubled Soul.

## S E C T. XIV.

**W***ing'd Mischief flies:* soon at the door he knocks;  
 Her ready Maid, waiting, as soon unlocks :  
 Who entering, finds the Lodge, so dull of late,  
 Made for Adresses now a Room of State ;  
 More Lights, and greater Boards, with Damask spread,  
*Vulcan* triumphing on a Golden Bed ;  
 The Floor and Windows rubb'd, all neatly drest,  
 To entertain a kind, not cruel Guest.  
 VVondring at such a Change in so short space,  
 No mark nor sign of the old fullen Face,  
 He softly said, Behold a handsom Stage,  
 VVhere might *Alcides* or *Orestes* Rage.

Not long he gaz'd about, when forth she came,  
 Drest up in Glory, a most beauteous Dame :  
 Close Mourning's off, that fullen Curtain drawn,  
 She entred shining like a Golden Dawn,  
 VVith such a Majesty, so comely *Miene*,  
 She seem'd a Goddess, or at least a Queen :  
 Stuck thick with Jewels which the Stars out-vi'd,  
 Dimm'd by her brighter Eyes in all their Pride ;  
 Her Bosom open, where in Vales of Snow  
 Sate *Cupid* lurking, with no idle Bow ;  
 A Heaven of Beauty set off in her Hair,  
 By Time unblemish'd yet, or VVintry Care.

Thus

Thus, like a Bride, on her seventh Marriage-Feast  
 She was in this most gorgeous manner drest ;  
 But at the sudden Change, off them she tore,  
 Lying in Sack-cloth on the dusty Floor :  
 Which her old Servant up by chance had laid,  
 And thither 'mongst some other Weeds convey'd,  
 Then little dreaming e're th' ensuing Morn  
 In Bridal Weeds she would her self adorn.

Down falls he on his Knees, as she had been  
*Juno, Minerva*, or the *Paphian Queen* ;  
 On her he gaz'd, but not one Word could speak,  
 But sigh'd, and wish'd she would Compassion take ;  
 His o're-charg'd Bosom ready to unclog,  
 All his foul Treason there to disemboque,  
 Had for intended Murther, Pardon crav'd :  
 She wondring why himself he thus behav'd,  
 Kindly saluting, rais'd up by the Hand,  
 Thus putting routed Reason to a stand.

Why look you troubled thus ? why, Sir, so sad ?  
 I hope all Business still goes well abroad ;  
 Ifitting thought this Treatment to prepare,  
 You to refresh, wearied with Grief and Care,  
 Part of the Night, long yet e're day, to pass  
 With a cold Morfel, and a seasoning Glass.

So down they fate ; *Rich Wine and Beauty warms* :  
 Grown brisk, he takes his Heaven in his Arms,  
 Admiring how such Plots he could devise,  
 Treason contrive against her conquering Eyes ; (Arch,  
 Earth's proud Commander, Hell's, and Heav'n's bright  
 Shackled, by *Love's* Triumphant Chariot march.

\* S 3

S E C T.

## S E C T. XV.

**W**Hilst thus in joyful *Vigils* past the Night,  
 And *Cupid's* Revels acted to the height,  
*Diana* sent one of her Virgin Train  
 To spoil their Sport, and damp Love's jolly Vein;  
 A Water she puts in their Wine unseen,  
 Which many Ages had a Dy'mond been  
 In Earth's hard Bosom, fix'd in lasting Cold,  
 A Star in Dust, made never to grow old;  
 Free both from Fire and Steel, all Force whate're,  
 Which will dissolve in Juyce of Maiden-hair.

This mix'd with *Bacchus*, Sweets of *Cupid* sow'ns,  
 And, *Salamander*-like, Love-flames devours:  
 Who were before so fond, lov'd ne're so much,  
 Not one another will endure to touch:  
 In high distemper of this chilling Plague,  
 The Male a Fiend, the Female seems a Hag.

Not soon the Poyson wrought, nor very sharp,  
 But by degrees they cavil first, and carp,  
 Next louder jangle, like disorder'd Bells;  
 At last the baneful Operation swells,  
 And bitter Thoughts stand ready out to burst,  
 When his Distraction thus brake Prison first.

Fly Vizards off: All Women I detest,  
 For thy sake, Witch, who rather art a Beast;

Who

Who hast a Heart so salvage, Blood so hot,  
 The Mongrel of a Tyger and a Goat,  
 Or by a *Harpie* and *Hyena* bred;  
 That Wept'st so late, now Triumph'st o're the Dead:  
 How thy Eyes sink, thy Cheeks so painted fall;  
 Oh how those Curls. *Medusa's* Serpents, crawl!  
 That hast this Night spent with so little shame,  
 Committing Crimes that Fiends would blush to name!  
 Who thy dear Spouse didst as thy Pillow use,  
 His Monument converting to a Stews!  
 Oh Heav'ns! flitting his Nose, on me she snil'd!  
 What Cave, what Hell a Monster shews so vild,  
 So fierce, so shameless, such a Sea of Lust,  
 With which, then hot, she warm'd her Husband's dust!  
 And in this Gaiety she makes her Brag,  
 That forth her Spouse did to the Gallows drag:  
 A great and fair Example! Brazen-face,  
 Thou hadst been fitter to supply his Place,  
 That mad'st the Noose, and lifted up the Coarse,  
 Without reluctance, or the least remorse.  
 Why rant I thus 'gainst what she means to boast:  
 I'll Sacrifice her to her Husband's Ghost,  
 Or, could I possible, send quick to Hell,  
 Where Soul and Body might in Tortures dwell.

\* S 4

S E C T.

## S E C T. XVI.

BY this in her the dire Infection works,  
 And like a Fury conscious Fancy jerks;  
 Her self she hates, loaths him, and all her Faults:  
 Her Breast in uprore with such wild Assaults,  
 From the Board starting, Sorrow, Rage, and Shame  
 Her Bosom swells, her Eyes like Beacons flame;  
 Then him perusing with disdainful look,  
 Wondring so much that she could be mistook,  
 Bursting with Poyson, and contemning Pride,  
 Thus, like a Fury thundring, she reply'd.

You speak to purpose, bravely, Sir, and well;  
 But I'll now ring you such another Peal:  
 Ingrateful wretch, hast thou forgotten quite  
 That twice I sav'd thy Life this very Night?  
 First in my Bosom, Serpent, starv'd with Cold,  
 Scarce warm, thou took'st possession of the Hold:  
 No other means, next, to redeem thy Life,  
 I put off Woman, left to be a Wife:  
 And spitt'st thou now thy Poyson against me,  
 That my self Ruin'd in preserving thee?  
 And dost thou me from my own Table spurn,  
 A Monster call? Nay I'll a Fury turn.  
 Revenge, ah sweet Revenge, I'll thee engage,  
 And open all the Flood-gates of my Rage;

Thou

Thou for thy Gibbet-bird, and my sad Rape,  
 Hadst thou a thousand Lives, ne're hope to scape:  
 Friends will stand by me, when I Truth inform;  
 Thou Conjur'st, but I'll raise the greatest Storm.  
 What I decree, would'st thou with Tears implore,  
 Would Sands out-number on the *Lybian* Shore,  
 Shall never be revok'd; thou soon shalt know  
 How high an injur'd Woman's Rage may grow.

These Words the Poyson wrought to such a height,  
 All former Projects were forgotten quite:  
 Slighting his Safety, rising from the Board,  
 He with a dreadful Count'nance draws his Sword,  
 Then raging said, Thy Soul to Heaven bequeath;  
 Pray if thou canst, thou hast not long to breathe.

Then she reply'd, laying her Bosom bare,  
 Villain, this Breast, too kind to thee, not spare;  
 Ungrateful wretch, so long? why dost not strike?  
 Or Heaven or Hell shall do for me the like.

S E C T.



## S E C T. XVII.

When on a sudden they rare Musick hear,  
 Vocal and Instrumental, drawing neer;  
 The Fire grows dim, the Tapers lose their Light,  
 As a new Sun had shot through gloomy Night;  
 Roofs open fly, and let in purple Dawn:  
 With Silver Doves, a Golden Chariot drawn,  
 They saw from Heaven descend, and Seats of Joy,  
*Venus*, and standing at her Feet the Boy.  
 The Lodge streight widens like a Princes Hall,  
 He drops his Sword, and down they prostrate fall:  
 To them then praying, they from their Caroch  
 Lightning with Heavenly Majesty, approach;  
 When *Venus* to her Votaries thus said:

This grand Disturbance hath *Diana* made,  
 Which here I end for ever, thus atone,  
 Free by the Vertue of my powerful Zone:  
 Right Reason now return'd, will soon inform  
 What slender Quarrel rais'd this dreadful Storm;  
 What she, o're-power'd by Love, hath done for you,  
 A thousand Stories strangely will out-do:  
 With a dead Husband to make bold, what harm:  
 Many have kill'd them in their Bosoms warm:  
 Upon the Corps! Gamesters when they are in,  
 Make living Spouses Bolsters to their Sin;

They



They Socery consult, Steel, Aconite,  
And all to change the Pleasure of a Night :  
Sometimes they make me Chafe, then Blush & Laugh,  
To see with what dexterity they Graff;  
This *Ephesus* Dame *Chastity* makes dull,  
The VWorld each where is with such Stories full.  
But to the Business : VWhatsoe're she did,  
We Authors are of what your Fates decreed ;  
Play to your best Advantage this fair Game,  
To stop vulgar Ears, and Mouths of prating Fame.  
His Parts your Husband's Body hath resum'd,  
And lies in Sear-cloth whole again. Intomb'd :  
Your Malefactor you in Chains shall find ;  
Thank me at *Paphos* the next favouring VVind.

*Venus*, this said, her Chariot ascends,  
And *Cupid* with his Choristers attends.

They thus conjoyn'd, liv'd long a happy Life,  
From publick Troubles free, and private Strife,  
Fair Issue had, whilst *Cynthia*'s Power went down,  
And *Cytherea*'s Faction Rul'd the Town :  
VVhen they without offence grown very old,  
At their own Table oft this Story told.

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F I N I S.

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